STRANGE STORIES THAT JAFSIE TOLD by FULTON OURSLER

APRIL 18, 1936

Liberty

5¢

SEWELL BOOTH

Which Teams Will Win he Pennants This Year?

A Prophecy by America's Leading Sports Writers

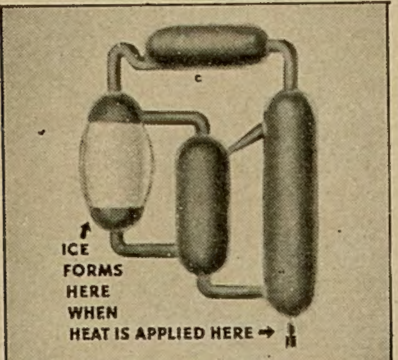
THE FAIRY GODFATHER AND THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS CINDERELLAS

ITS *Silence* IS PERMANENT

because its operating method is basically different

ELECTROLUX STAYS SILENT BECAUSE

"the flame that freezes" takes the place of all moving parts

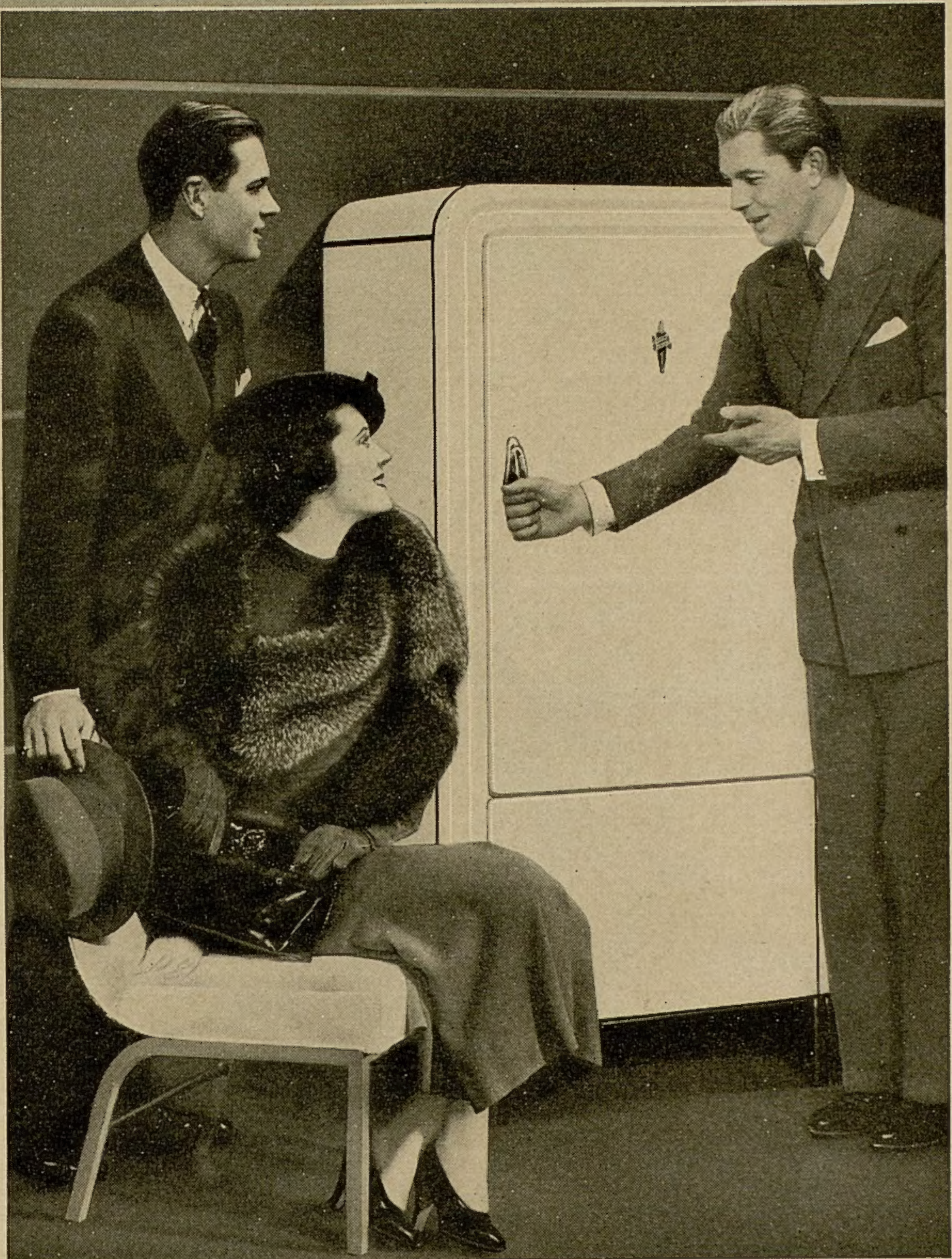


This simplified diagram shows why Electrolux needs no moving parts, and parts that do not move cannot wear.

THIS MEANS a remarkably low operating cost . . . minimum wear throughout its long life . . . and perfect service every day you own it

LIGHT a gas flame today and it is silent. Light it twenty-five years from today and it will still be silent. And there, in a few words, is the reason why Electrolux runs in constant quiet . . . day after day, year after year.

This refrigerator actually has no moving parts . . . a tiny gas flame takes their place. It circulates a simple refrigerant which, by being first heated, then cooled, quickly freezes ice and produces constant cold. Such simplicity offers you a low running cost, fullest food protection at all times and the practical absence of all wear. Electrolux is the only refrigerator that can give you truly silent refrigeration over a long period of years.



SAVES MONEY THREE WAYS

Electrolux saves money on running cost and on food bills. In addition, it gives you a *third* important saving . . . the saving on depreciation that only a refrigerator with no moving parts can offer. The new models are on display now, at the showrooms of your gas company or local dealer.

GAS COMPANY SERVICE

Remember this, please: the gas industry more than any other group is noted for thorough testing of the products it sells and for prompt and willing service, should you ever need it. The fact that your own gas company stands back of every Electrolux it sells means a lot more than mere words. (Electrolux also operates on bottled gas.)

FOR FARM HOMES IT RUNS ON KEROSENE

Electrolux now operates either on gas or kerosene. This means that you can live miles from the gas mains and electric lines and still enjoy the same perfect refrigeration that has made Electrolux the choice for finest city homes and apartments. Let us send you further information. Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Division, Evansville, Indiana.

***New Air-Cooled* ELECTROLUX**

THE SERVEL *Gas Refrigerator*

USES NO WATER

ENDORSED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN GAS INDUSTRY

"Dandruff was driving me crazy till I discovered Listerine"

I tried every kind of treatment but still my head and scalp itched and burned something fierce.

Next my hair began to fall out. I got worried thinking what a funny-looking fellow I would be, bald.

On top of that it seemed every time I went anywhere I wanted to look my best, those miserable particles of dandruff would drop off on my coat shoulder where everybody could see them.

In desperation, I called up my old friend Doc Harvey, and he gave me a swell tip. "Try Listerine," he said, "it worked wonders for me."

The Doc's advice is usually pretty good so I took it; everything to gain, nothing to lose. Out came the Listerine.

I let the old bean have it—full strength—and then put the scalp through a tough massage for about 15 minutes every day.

Did that Listerine go to work! I'll say. You could almost hear the dandruff flakes as they hit the floor. My scalp felt marvelously clean.

Boy, did I feel swell! That awful itching and burning was relieved at once and my scalp felt as cool as a cucumber.

After ten days I found a trace of dandruff when combing my hair, so I went back to the Listerine treatment.

My scalp and hair have never been healthier. Listerine sure does a job for me.

So cooling, so refreshing

If you have any evidence of loose dandruff, if your scalp feels hot and itchy, try Listerine now. Don't wait. Man after man has demonstrated to his satisfaction how quickly this safe and pleasing antiseptic attacks ordinary cases of loose dandruff. It has often triumphed even against stubborn cases, but usually such cases are best treated by dermatologists. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

RELIEVES ITCHING, BURNING SCALP

APRIL 18, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 16

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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Washington's Record—Unparalleled Waste, Appalling Inefficiency

BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE dole will some day be looked upon as the Great American Tragedy. It is bad enough under any circumstances, but managed directly from Washington, without one single thought of the economic principles so important during a depression, it has brought disastrous results that in many instances will never be cured.

Unearned rewards are always dangerous. The development of character depends upon the efforts, the struggle which is ordinarily necessary to earn a livelihood.

Self-respect is an asset of incalculable value. A continuous victim of charity ultimately develops a hangdog expression. Self-reliance disappears, courage is gone, he cannot face life, he often becomes a coward.

In all previous depressions every community made the sacrifice essential to feed the hungry, to take care of their own citizens, and economy was a factor of great importance.

But in this depression the Washington authorities swept the local officials aside. They established the dole. In some instances they gave families a greater income than they had ever had before. They handed out jobs at wages often greater than were being paid to regular local workers.

A parallel case to Washington's financial benevolence might be described as that of a young man who came to a town in the midst of a financial depression, having inherited a huge fortune earned by his forefathers. This young man was very charitably inclined. He took upon himself the job of feeding the hungry, of furnishing employment to the jobless. He was liberal in his allowances. The wages he paid were far above the local standard, and his fortune rapidly diminished. After about two years his money was exhausted, his charity victims had to be taken care of by the town, his workers had to find real jobs.

It is not by any means an exaggeration to say that these people whom he had assisted so generously were in a worse condition than in the beginning. He had established a condition that could not be lived up to by the local officials, and the eventual suffering that had to be endured by the recipients of his generosity was considerably intensified because of the false standard created by this charitable young man.

This is almost an exact picture of the procedure adopted by our Washington authorities in thousands of our communities. Washington is now feeling the pinch necessary to reduce expenses. It took the administration more than two years to realize the need for economy which should have been an outstanding requirement in the first instance. And now that the financial shoe begins to pinch, local authorities will be compelled to take over the work of feeding the hungry, now greatly complicated by the false standard of an improvident government.

The Democratic platform upon which the present administration was elected called for relief by states, and if the states were unable to meet the financial demands, assistance was to be rendered by the federal government. If this plan had been followed, billions of dollars would have been saved and the morale of the people who were assisted would not have been injured. There would have been no false standards created and the difficulties associated with this depression would have been lessened.

Now we are saddled with debts of colossal proportions—taxes that will throttle the nation, that will greatly restrict the expansion of business interests and materially add to the unemployment evil.

A happy contented citizenry should be the outstanding object of every government, and financial assistance extended without intelligent consideration of its future effects on morale and character is bound to be disastrous.

Bernarr Macfadden

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and nearly a half-million people have bought used cars from these dealers so far this year!

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has been carefully checked and reconditioned as shown by (✓) marks below

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TRANSMISSION	✓	GLASS	✓
REAR AXLE	✓	FENDERS	✓
STEERING	✓	FINISH	✓
BRAKES	✓	TIRES	✓
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By *Your Chevrolet dealer*

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Do as 1,425,209 people did in 1935, and as thousands of other people are doing every week. *Buy your used car from your Chevrolet* [illegible]

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DEALER
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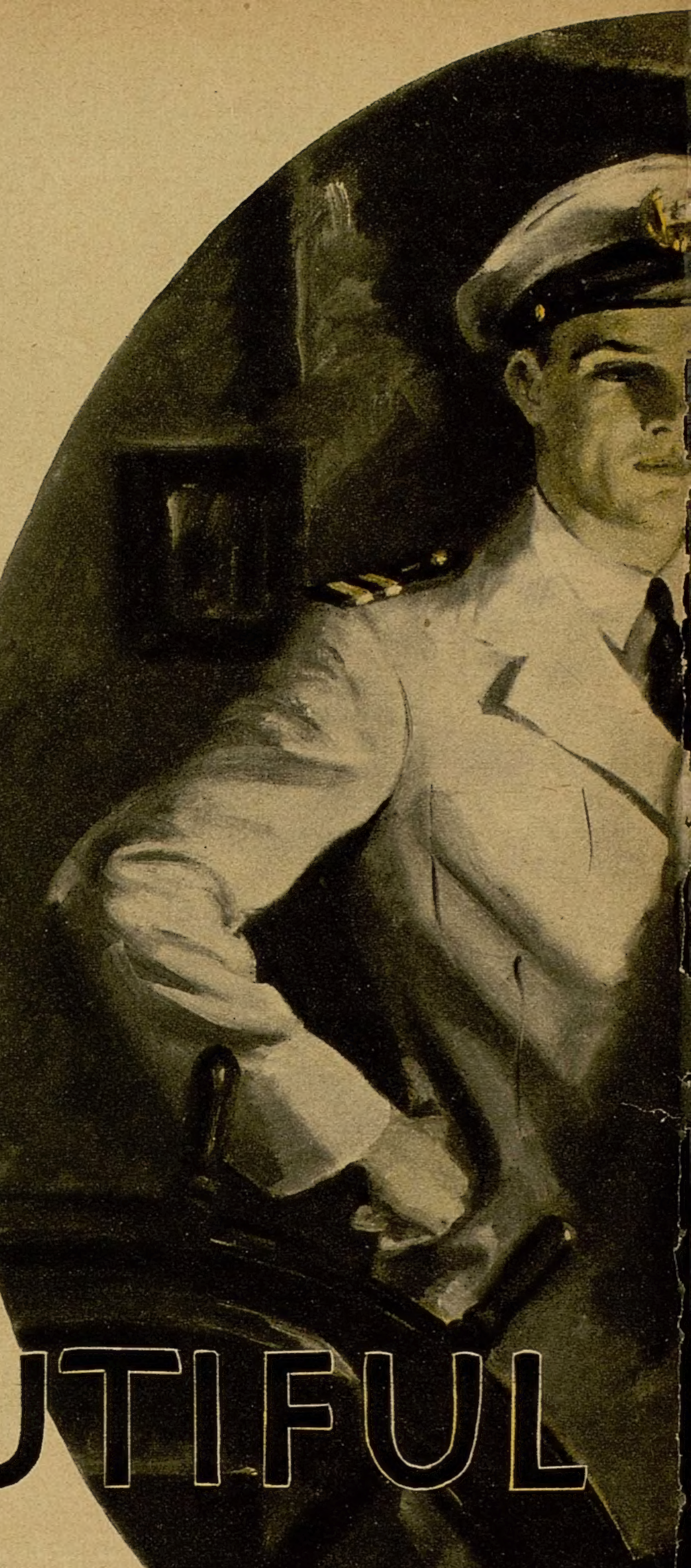
with an **OK** *that counts*

HIGH SEAS, HEART TROUBLE, HAVOC, AND A GIRL . . . HERE'S AN ADVENTURE IN CHUCKLES!

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

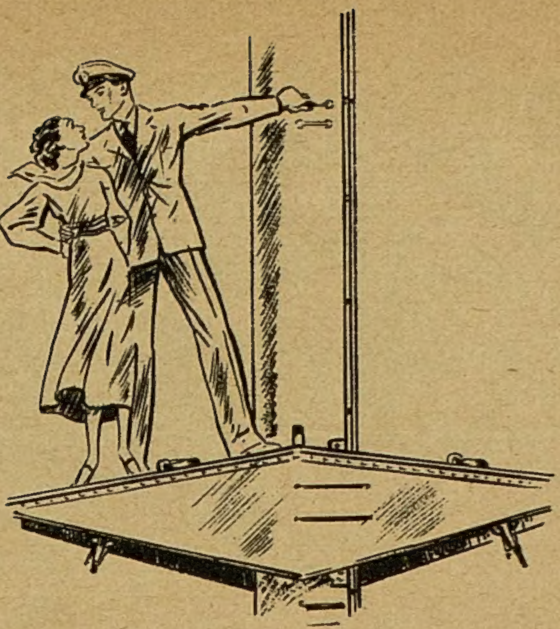


19
AND BEAUTIFUL

BETTY MARCH was nineteen and beautiful. Her eyes were the darkest of blue, her hair nearly black and of the kind that swirls easily in the breeze. Her interest in life was intensely romantic—not the restricted romance of love, but such things as what is really beyond the farthest star, and what do ants say to each other when they make that two-second pause on meeting?

At an early age Betty became enamored of small bugs; later she collected stray dogs; and at ten brought two colored gentlemen home to dinner. Shipped out to a dude ranch at fifteen, she studied the art of the cowboy with such intensity that she was shipped back with two fractured ribs, a sixty-pound saddle, and several miles of hair rope. At nineteen she awoke to the romance of the air and bid in a secondhand monoplane with a damaged tail. Her family dragged her from the cockpit in the nick of time, held her by the collar of her jacket, and consulted with one another. It was decided to send Betty to visit Uncle Joe in San Francisco. Uncle Joe grew petunias. Betty fought hard to go by air, but the family conducted her up the gangway of a cabin-class steamer bound through the Canal. Her interest in ships awoke with the first blast of the whistle. At dawn the second officer, a sinewy young man with a line-of-duty jaw and nice eyes, discovered a strange lump on the crossarm of the foremast some seventy feet above the deck. His hands squeaked a protest as he slid down the companionway rails. Betty, aware of a rhythmic vibration transmitted by steel cables, discovered him running up the ratlines toward her.

"I only wanted to see how everything looked from



by GILBERT WRIGHT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

here," she said reasonably as the second officer arrived and promptly threw a hard young arm around her. "But, madam — miss —" He paused, for he was out of breath. Betty took advantage of the wait and looked to the east. The faint rose stain was spreading. She had already been waiting an hour.

"You'll have to come down," said the second officer firmly.

Betty nodded. "Why does the ocean look like a bowl from up here?" she asked. "We seem to be in the center of a big gray dish—"

For a moment the second officer studied her face. He suddenly realized that this was not the kind of girl who fell from places; but he did not remove his arm. "It's a matter of contrast," he replied. "Come now, miss—better go below. Very much against the rules for passengers to sit here."

Slowly they descended to the cargo deck. Betty still kept her eyes on the glow in the east. Jerry, the second officer, felt an urge to take the disappointment out of her face. "I'm sorry. Somehow, it seems all right for you to sit up there. But the Old Man will be on the bridge any time now—"

"Why aren't you the captain?" asked Betty.

He shrugged. "Some day, maybe—I've got my ticket. But long before that I've got to work up to chief officer."

They reached the promenade deck. "When will that be?" asked Betty.

"I've been chief on freighters," he answered; "but I haven't had much experience handling passengers."

Betty paused by the engine-room ventilator, captivated by the heavy rhythm far below. "Do you suppose," she asked wistfully, "I could see the engine?"

He grinned. "I don't see why not. I'll speak to the chief, Mr. Ricotti—"

She took his hand. "Which way?"

The second officer stepped to the rail and took a quick squint at the bridge. A Chinese boy was just walking along the boat deck with Captain Adams's coffeepot on a tray. Jerry turned to Betty. "This way." . . .

On a very warm afternoon ten days later the chief steward appeared in Captain Adams's doorway. The chief steward was a trifle plump for a tropic run, and he patted his face for a moment with a large purple handkerchief.

Captain Adams lifted his eyes.

"What now?" he asked. "Don't tell me that March girl has been found in the hold with an auger!"

"Not yet, sir," replied the chief steward darkly. "But she brought an iguana aboard yesterday. It come a-hissin' out at Wong when he went to make up her bed this morning. He's always been delicate, for a Chinaman, and—"

Captain Adams rose, his whiskers in his fist. "I thought the worst was over," he mused, "when she caught those needlefish all over the promenade at Cartagena."

"But," complained the chief steward, "it was not until Colon that we found the last fish—the one in the fold of Mrs. Goodrich's deck chair. And it was in the Canal that

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
FINDS A WONDERFUL PIPE IN A BURIED CITY
THAT'S A QUEER LOOKING PIPE, JUDGE – INDIAN, I SHOULD SAY
YES, BUT OF A LONG LOST RACE. I DISCOVERED IT BELOW THE MEXICAN BORDER MANY YEARS AGO
WHILE HUNTING STRAY CATTLE FROM OUR RANCH IN THE NORTH, I MET WITH AN ACCIDENT –
GOOD HEAVENS, THE WHOLE SIDE OF THE CLIFF IS CAVING IN!
MY STARS, PONY, I'VE STUMBLED ON TO A HALF-BURIED CLIFF-DWELLERS' CITY
THE ONE SOUVENIR I PICKED UP WAS THIS POTTERY PIPE
THIS PLACE IS SPOOKY. LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
I GUESS THEY HAD PRIMITIVE IDEAS ON SMOKIN' TOBACCO IN THOSE DAYS
YES, YES, FOLKS THAT ARE USED TO PRINCE ALBERT DON'T REALIZE THEIR BLESSINGS. WITH P.A. BEING SO MILD, IT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE!

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A "PIPE PAL" IF EVER THERE WAS ONE!

Load up your friendliest old briar with Prince Albert. Note how the golden-brown tobacco packs snug in the bowl. Light up. Take a deep whiff of its mellow, tempting fragrance. Pull away to your heart's content. You're off to a smokin' thrill! P. A. is made from choice, mild tobacco, "crimp cut" for coolness. It does not bite the tongue. Prince Albert is great for roll-your-own cigarettes too. See offer below.

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CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

OUR POSITIVE NO-RISK OFFER
"You must be pleased"
Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*)
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

she got that baby crocodile. And then, sir, how about last Monday night off Costa Rica, when she gave that chop-suey party in her room for the bath boys—"

Captain Adams held up his hand. "Now, regarding this iguana. Tell her pets are prohibited in staterooms. If she doesn't want to chuck the beast overside, the freight clerk can take it aft and charge her the regular rate on reptiles. You take on too much over this March girl, steward. Personally, I admire her. Fine figure of a girl—bright, interested. And she doesn't hang around the bar, and you don't find her messing around the boat deck in the graveyard watch with a Salvadoran sheik. She—" He broke off, blinked his eyes rapidly, and stared at something hanging over the edge of the chartroom roof.

CAPTAIN ADAMS walked ominously to the doorway.

The telephone rang.

Captain Adams plucked the instrument from his desk. "Yes?"

There was a long pause.

"I see," said Captain Adams. "Sixty, eh? Hm-m. Send her up to me."

The chief steward, who had taken advantage of the interruption to step to the rail and glance aloft, now sprang back to the captain. "Monkeys, sir! The shipment of monkeys is loose—swarming up the masts, they are, sir. Hundreds of 'em—"

"Only sixty," replied Captain Adams, seating himself heavily. "Sixty, or thereabouts." He fell to digging at his blotter with a celluloid triangle. "Sometimes," he murmured into his whiskers — "sometimes I wonder why a man wants to be advanced from the freight service."

The chief steward opened his mouth to reply, thought better of it, and went quietly below, mopping his neck with the purple handkerchief.

Betty March emerged timidly from the bridge companionway. The animation of her dark eyes was somewhat subdued, but it awoke as she regarded her surroundings. She had never been on the bridge before. Cautiously, but wonderfully interested, she entered the wheelhouse.

The quartermaster at the wheel did not appear to notice her. He kept his eyes on the binnacle and said nothing when she inquired for the captain.

Betty knew discipline when she saw it and, with a doubtful smile at the quartermaster, stepped toward the chartroom door. There was a button near the jamb, which, after a moment's hesitation, she pressed.

Instantly large bells began ringing all over the ship.

The quartermaster jumped. "Hey!" he yelled. "You mustn't—" Ceasing abruptly, he turned his frozen face to the compass. Captain Adams stood in the chartroom doorway.

"What's this?" he boomed. "I gave no order—" Then he noticed the girl. He regarded her for a moment and a faint sigh escaped him.

" Go ahead," he said resignedly to the quartermaster. " I suppose now we might as well have fire drill."

He stood aside for Betty as the ship vibrated under the continuous blast of the steam siren. " Just step this way, Miss March."

For quite some time, after seating themselves in the captain's parlor, neither spoke. Captain Adams tugged gently at his whiskers. Betty waited.

" I thought," she said at last, " that the button was your doorbell."

" Eh? Oh." Captain Adams regarded her. " Think no more about it, Miss March. The regulations require that fire drill be given when no one expects it. Of course, ordinarily I rather like to decide such things for myself, but—oh, well! "

" I—I'm very sorry about the monkeys," said Betty. " You see, I was just—"

Captain Adams waved his hand. " Think no more about it, my dear. What's sixty loose monkeys to a ship of this tonnage? And perhaps next time you travel with us we can arrange to have a cargo of lions and tigers and python snakes and—" Captain Adams's voice rose and began to quiver. He checked himself. " The iguana," he said pleasantly. " Tell me about it."

" I bought it yesterday from a native on the dock," said Betty. " They're perfectly harmless—and so prehistoric-looking."

" True," agreed Captain Adams. " But, you see, a four-foot lizard with spines—even though harmless—is apt to upset a delicate Chinaman. They have peculiar ideas about dragons."

" I'm awfully sorry," said Betty.

Captain Adams raised his brows.

" And Jerry—I mean, the second officer was very nice about the monkeys. He said they could be trapped when they get hungry. Have you seen them—I mean, where they are now? "

Captain Adams nodded. " I have."

" Well," said Betty eagerly, " they're all in clusters at the top of the masts. Now, I think if I climbed up there and—"

" No! " thundered Captain Adams. " I positively will not have you climbing to the mastheads for monkeys. If you so much as touch a ratline, I'll—I'll iron you! "

" Yes, sir," said Betty meekly.

Captain Adams's explosive order had lifted him from his chair and, rather than reseat himself, he chose to pace the floor. Each time he passed the girl he shot her a quick glance from under his brows. Once he paused. " Don't you ever play shuffleboard or read any good books? "

" It seems such a waste of time," replied Betty humbly. " I've never been on a ship before, and I've never seen any foreign countries, and maybe I never will again. There are only seven days left! "

" SEVEN days," echoed Captain Adams hopelessly. He continued pacing. But as his glances at the beautiful figure in the leather chair grew in number, an idea appeared on his mental horizon. The captain floundered toward it desperately. " Look here, Miss March. I can understand your interest in ships and countries. I can even understand your interest in needlefish and bath boys and—and all the other things. But let me tell you that you're overlooking the biggest bet that an ocean voyage in the tropics has to offer."

Betty sat upright, her eyes sparkling. " What's that? "

" Young men," said Captain Adams sententiously. " Young men—handsome young men at your beck and call under the spell of the—the—well, under the spell. The ship and the moon and all that sort of thing."

Betty considered. " Well, I do like Jerr—I mean, the second officer. But he's so busy. Could you give him a little time off to—"

" Second officers, Miss March, have duties aboard my ship, and I shall at once add to their number. We have half a dozen good-looking young men aboard—passengers. Do you understand? "

An hour later Betty appeared on the promenade deck. She was a dainty little craft, saucily rigged, sweet with new paint and brightwork—a masterly design of sheer and line and trim. There was a speculative light in her eyes as they rested upon a slender young South American. His name was Antonio Marquez and everybody knew that he was the son of a very old and very rich Spanish family. Just now he stood pensively at the rail, his profile showing up splendidly against the Pacific.

Betty walked past him slowly and seemed on the verge of smiling. Antonio followed her with an appreciative gaze, then began to walk after her.

But the instant Betty knew that she was succeeding in her first experiment she felt weak and uncertain. She seated herself in her deck chair and studied the tips of her toes. Antonio sauntered past. His feet, Betty observed, were very small and elegant.

Not so the feet of the man to her right. They were large and somehow seemed proud of the fact. In the chair reposed the great body of a blond young man who scowled. He chewed gum, not in a ruminative fashion but as though he hoped soon to demolish it. Betty knew that his name was Oscar Neilson.

The young giant read a thick book, occasionally whipping out a pencil to underline some passage in vigorous black.

PRESENTLY Oscar looked at her. He closed his book with a snap. " Nice day," he suggested.

Betty smiled. " Isn't it? "

Oscar slid his book to the deck. " I am afraid," he said, " that I have been remiss in my duties as a shipmate on this voyage. Shall we talk? "

" That would be nice," said Betty. " Social duties on board ship are important, aren't they? "

" All social duties are," he replied firmly. " In a society such as we live in today people of the same race and interests should band together for their mutual protection and enlightenment."

Betty looked intelligent.

" What," asked Oscar, " is your nationality? I mean, more exactly, that of your ancestors."

" English, French, Dutch, and some other things."

" Much French? " asked Oscar, frowning.

" Not much," said Betty apologetically. " A great-grandmother."

Oscar appeared relieved. " I myself am of pure Nordic stock, and for all practical purposes you have the right to consider yourself as such." He swung his large legs to the deck. " Shall we walk? "

He talked easily about himself. It seemed he was on his way to take a higher degree at the University of California. His subject was race problems and by the time he had guided Betty past Antonio he was well launched. " A voyage on a ship where there are so many Latins," he was saying blandly, " gives one an excellent opportunity to observe their points of inferiority."

Antonio turned slowly from the rail and watched them.

That evening, as Betty left the top of the dining-saloon stairs for the promenade, she almost bumped into Antonio, who was entering. Their eyes met soberly for a second, then his teeth flashed. " Pardon so much—" he said musically. " I doan mean to stan' in your way."

Betty smiled. " Quite all right." She did not at once step past him.

Presently they were standing side by side looking at the ocean. They stepped to the rail.

" The ocean—he so ver' beautiful," sighed Antonio.

" I love the water at this time of day," agreed Betty.

" Ah, but from the forward of the sheep we see the sunset also," suggested Antonio tenderly.

They walked forward, and Antonio placed his magnificent profile against the glow in the west. Betty, her eyes on the rising and falling bow—where she had never been allowed to go—sighed.

Antonio began to speak. He dwelt upon the wonders of his ancestral home and upon the greatness of his family; of the love which had come to him and vanished like a wisp of music; of the tropics and their friendliness and bounty.

" Thees large man you are talkin' wit'—" asked Antonio softly. " He is not the great important frien', no? "

" Not particularly," said Betty.

Antonio lifted his shoulders delicately. “Why always should he eat without the stop for swallow? He is of the very low class, is it not so?”

“Oh, but Mr. Neilson is the flower of his race,” said Betty.

“What a race!” sighed Antonio sadly.

Betty spent most of the next morning sitting in her deck chair beside Oscar—Antonio hovering in the neighborhood. The blond giant read choice passages to her from his thick book, the title of which was Nordic Supremacy. Oscar's voice carried very well; people round about looked up and became interested.

When Oscar held forth on the bar veranda after lunch all eyes were upon him. As was natural in a ship touching at Central American ports, a full half of those eyes were black.

“All real achievement,” quoth Oscar, “all advancement in science, philosophy, art, government, and religion, has been made by the Nordics.” He glanced about brightly.

GILBERT WRIGHT *has been a cowpuncher, sailor, radio operator, schoolteacher, pugilist, and practical electrician. For relaxation from writing he sails, hunts, and “hangs around the water front.” He is the author of several novels and his short stories appear in many leading magazines.*

A heavy-set man, Señor Arturo Rodriguez, put down his glass of Bacardi and spoke suddenly: “How about a Latin by the name of Columbus, my young friend?”

Oscar waved a hand. “Oh, everybody knows that the vikings discovered America centuries before Columbus was born! Research has established that even before he brought his ideas to the court of Spain he had been to Norway.” Oscar smiled condescendingly. “Columbus went north and asked the people who had been going over to America for hundreds of years how to get there. They told him, and the wily Latin promoted some ships and went out and discovered a new world.”

“I have heard also of a navigator named Magellan,” said Señor Rodriguez.

“And one named Sir Francis Drake, no doubt,” smiled Oscar.

“How about those great Latin, Cervantes, in literature?” asked a Spaniard at a near-by table.

“Hardly on a par with a Nordic named William Shakespeare, do you think?” smiled Oscar.

“Galileo!” hissed a gentleman named Petruccelli.

“Newton was also something of a scientist,” said Oscar blandly. . . .

Jerry, the second officer, was in the chartroom. His life of late had been filled very completely not only with his regular duties but with additional work which the captain fondly called the “economic integration of navigation.” Just now his brow was puckered over a problem. He heard Mac, the purser, enter the captain's parlor.

Their business concluded, Captain Adams expanded. “Have you noticed anything about the running of this ship lately, Mac?”

“Why, yes,” replied the purser. “There seems to be a general debate going on among the passengers. They have more interest in life than usual for this latitude.”

“Glad to hear it,” said Captain Adams. “But I meant, more particularly, have you seen any loose monkeys or strange iguanas or harassed Chinamen?”

THE purser grinned. “I get you. No; can't say that I have. Very peaceful ship. But I have noticed that a couple of the young hopefuls are going very, very hard for a girl by the name of March. She and that Brazilian, Marquez, were topside until one this morning. Last night it was that Swede, Neilson.” The purser smiled appreciatively. “I'll have to hand it to you, sir. By the way, how is Ricotti holding up?”

“Fine. One of the best chiefs I have ever had—stays below all the time, like a sensible man.”

“Queer,” mused the purser, “an Italian being chief engineer. They never struck me as seagoing, somehow.”

“But, good Lord, man—how about Columbus?”

The purser settled himself. “Columbus,” he said authoritatively, “got all his ideas from Eric the Red—from the Nordics.” He continued at length, quite to the admiration of Captain Adams, who was beaming at the finish.

“That's good, that's very good! So the Nordics get all the credit, eh? Tell you what, Mac—pass all this on to Mr. Wagner. He'll spring it on Ricotti and we'll have a little amusement.”

The purser left, and Captain Adams, quite satisfied with his world, rose and entered the chartroom. “Worked out that problem, mister?”

Jerry raised his eyes. “I have an answer, sir. I expect it will do as well as any other.”

“What do you mean by such a remark?”

“I'm sorry, sir. It was not my place to make any remark. But since I have, and since you've asked me, I may as well tell you that there is very little sense in this extra work I've been doing.”

Captain Adams swelled dangerously, then pursed his lips, then broke into a grin. “You're perfectly right, mister—absolutely right. I've been sending you for a left-handed monkey wrench. Glad to see you're smart enough to know it. Well, take a watch below and read a novel. The danger is over.”

The second officer rose. “The danger, sir?”

Captain Adams waved a hand. “It was that March girl. I suggested to her that she confine her attentions to the—ah—less humble members of the animal kingdom. To young men. She replied that the only young man on board that she'd taken a shine to was my second officer. And so—well—”

“I see.” Jerry turned toward the door. “Will that be all, sir?”

“That's all, mister,” smiled Captain Adams.

LATE that afternoon, as Oscar was returning from a dip in the pool, he was stopped by the large Nordic figure of Mr. Hans Wagner, the chief officer. “I vish to know your obinion uf Garibaldi,” he announced heavily. “I haf pin disgussing mit Mr. Ricotti.”

“I should say,” said Oscar easily, “that Garibaldi was a good man but of only local significance.”

“Yah,” nodded Mr. Wagner ponderously. “Yust a local poy. He iss nodt in class mit Bismarck?”

“Oh, my, no! Why, Bismarck's policies are still looked upon as gems of statesmanship.”

Rumbling with pleasure, Mr. Wagner rolled down the alleyway and opened a door leading to the engine room.

Toward nine o'clock the chairs around the dance floor had lost their symmetry as, little by little, their occupants hitched them to certain focal points where held forth champions of the Latin and Nordic races.

No one danced, and at each pause of the orchestra the saxophone player, Señor Piedra, and the drummer, Mr. O'Brian, immediately picked up the thread of their previous discussion.

Antonio and Betty were forward. They had gone there to watch the sunset, but Antonio had been talking ever since. Antonio was holding a brief for the great lovers of history, and it cannot be denied that he spoke convincingly in favor of Latin blood. He had carefully maneuvered to the point where only a practical demonstration was needed to clinch his point, when the sound of feet placed flatly on the deck caused him to turn.

“Good evening,” said Oscar, a noticeable edge to his voice. He took up a position at the rail on Betty's right. “I have just passed the dance floor,” he observed. “Isolated as we are on this ship in mid-ocean, we have a situation comparable to the world itself. The little groups sitting around the dance floor struggling with awakened race consciousness remind me of the various nations of the world with their diplomacies, their intrigues, and their militant patriotism. It is instructive to note that the most logical debaters are Nordics. And as a matter of fact,” he continued with a smile, “it occurs to me that the ruler of our little world, the captain, is also a Nordic.”

“Ah,” said Antonio in a voice like the drawing of a rapier, “it is then true without doubt.”

“What is?” asked Oscar.

“What I have long suspect,” replied Antonio gently. “Thees ruler of this so great world—the good God—He is also these Nordic, no?”

“Oh, I should hardly say that, Marquez,” laughed

Oscar. "But as a matter of fact, the most virile theology has certainly been produced by the Northern races."

Antonio drew away from the rail. "I am, in my country, called the *Señor* Marquez by the so inferior person."

"That's all right," said Oscar, also drawing away from the rail. "Did you say 'inferior person'?"

"*Sí!*" The word was a trembling hiss.

"One of the more objectionable habits of the Latins," said Oscar to Betty, "is that, when any large issue is being discussed, they are so apt to become personal."

"Stop it, both you boys," said Betty. "Look at the ocean and behave yourselves!"

Oscar took her arm. "Shall we dance?"

With a hesitant glance at Antonio, who said nothing, Betty yielded to the pressure of Oscar's masterful fingers.

The orchestra was involved in personal issues, the instruments laid aside. Oscar requested a waltz and was reluctantly obeyed.

As his arm went around Betty, the girl gasped. Toward them came Antonio, walking stiffly. His face was white and his arms were folded formally across his chest. In the right hand glittered a knife.

"HEY, get that man!" Mr. O'Brian, the drummer, slid across the floor and grasped Antonio. In a moment the Brazilian was surrounded and relieved of the knife. He stood, pale and immobile, in the center of a circle of Nordics. On the outer rim of the circle all the Latin males in the vicinity gathered, one by one. Señor Piedra put down his saxophone and asked a shrill question of Antonio in Spanish.

Antonio replied in a clear voice.

"He has been insult!" cried Señor Piedra.

"I'm not carin'," interrupted Mr. O'Brian hotly. "No spig can carve up a white man whilst I'm around."

"Speeg!" screamed Señor Piedra. "He callin' me speeg! I feex heem!" He turned, took three rapid steps, and stuck his foot through Mr. O'Brian's bass drum.

The resultant detonation, like the boom of a sentry gun, was the signal for the general scrape of feet and the meaty smack of fists.

At 3.25 A. M. Captain Adams, the purser, the surgeon, the chief steward, and Jerry, the second officer, repaired to the captain's quarters to take stock and inspect minor injuries.

All passengers were confined to their staterooms. The orchestra was in irons. Mr. Wagner and Mr. Ricotti were in irons. The second radio operator and the first deck steward were in irons. "So far, so good," observed Captain Adams.

The purser said nothing; he was drawing a careful streak of iodine under the captain's left eye.

With a terrific squeal, a shirtless Chinaman bounded into the captain's

COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS AGAIN! THAT MEANS HE HASN'T A JOB YET!
I BET I KNOW WHY HE'S STILL OUT OF A JOB!
SO DO I...BAD BREATH! HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY, TOO. THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO HELP HIM... I KNOW!
SO ANN LEFT THIS HINT AT JIM'S PLACE
WHAT'S THIS? AN AD ABOUT BAD BREATH AND HOW IT BEGINS WITH THE TEETH... I WONDER NOW—
JIM INVESTIGATES
YES, IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE COMMONEST CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!
I'LL CHANGE TO COLGATE'S TODAY!

TEN DAYS LATER
HERE'S A REAL TIP FOR YOU AT LAST, ANN! I'VE GOT A SWELL JOB NOW!
OH, THANK YOU, MR. ROGERS!
I GUESS THAT COLGATE AD WAS RIGHT!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MILLIONS realize how true this is, and use Colgate Dental Cream for real protection. Its special penetrating foam removes decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and around the tongue—which dentists agree *cause* most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth, your gums, your tongue, with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will refund TWICE what you paid.

parlor, a large bread knife in his hand. "Oh, cap'n—hell loose! Hell loose! All China boy velly cut up. No'th China boy say mo' betta No'dic than South China boy. All-a-same battle fight. Whee!"

At a quarter past five Captain Adams, the purser, the surgeon, the chief steward, and Jerry, the second officer, arrived wearily at the captain's quarters for a general check-up. Eighty-seven Chinese had been disarmed and battened in the fo'c'sle.

"I don't think," said the surgeon, tentatively prodding a great lump above the purser's ear, "that there will be any fatalities. However, we're down to brandy for an antiseptic. By the way, steward, how are my bandages?"

"The stewardess is tearing up a lot of sheets," said the chief steward weakly. "She's going to sterilize 'em, if there's anything left of the galley." He drew his purple handkerchief and sat pulling it from one hand to the other.

Captain Adams turned to his second officer. "Did this thing contaminate the ship's working crew to any extent?"

Jerry regarded the barked knuckles of his right hand and helped himself to the iodine. "Not to any great extent, sir."

"Good. You'll take Mr. Wagner's duties until I've had the opportunity to cool him off. Better take a turn or two in the engine room and see how they're making out. I'll have a talk with Ricotti as soon as he stops screaming."

"Yes, sir."

When he was alone with the purser and the chief steward, Captain Adams eyed his subordinates for a moment. "I wonder," he mused, "how it all began."

"That big squarehead Neilson started it with his Nordic question," said the purser.

"Hum," replied the captain. "By the way, his deck chair is next to Miss March's, isn't it?"

"It is, sir," broke in the chief steward. "And if you want to know what I think—"

Captain Adams smiled severely. "I know exactly what you think, steward." He considered a moment. "I believe I will be able to cool off the ship's people so we can get back to something like normal operation. But I'll confess I don't know what to do about the passengers. I shall request Miss March to postpone her attentions to Señor Marquez and Mr. Neilson till she reaches port."

"Yes; but will she?" asked the purser. "She's had a taste of romance in the tropics, and all the—er—whatever it was you said you talked her into. I mean, suppose she likes it?"

The captain thought for a long time. "There may be a way out," he said at last.

As the purser left the cabin, Captain Adams stepped to the door and called after him: "Mr. Purser—I think it might be well if you let Miss March have her iguana back."

"But will it be enough, sir? Suppose strange animals no longer satisfy her?"

"It will be a nice gesture, anyway," said Captain Adams, closing the door.

Betty was highly pleased over the restoration of her pet. She thanked Captain Adams quite prettily as she came to his quarters during the morning in answer to his summons.

"My dear," said the captain, "we have only five days left until we reach home port. I have decided to give you the freedom of the ship. I've notified my officers to that effect. You are to be allowed to go anywhere at any time: up the masts, engine room, fo'c'sle head, taffrail—anywhere. I've relieved my second officer of all duties, so that he will be able to accompany you and answer questions. He's a nice boy—going chief next trip—and don't be afraid to work him hard. Now, this afternoon we touch for a few hours at Mazatlan. I happen to know that in the lobby of the hotel they have an eight-foot boa constrictor. Do whatever you like about it. The only condition I make is that you let your attachment for Mr. Neilson and Señor Marquez go by the board and that you make this very plain to both of them."

BETTY'S eyes were dancing. "That's just *too* perfect, and I don't care anything for either of those boys. Don't you remember that I told you right at first that the only man I liked was Jer—your second officer?"

"Yes, yes, my dear."

"Ah—captain. May I really go up to the crow's-nest now?"

"You certainly may. If you want your lunch sent up, I'll have the chief steward attend to it personally."

During the remainder of the voyage Betty had a lovely time. She spent hours on the bridge with the second officer, steering the ship. He swore afterward that she never varied three degrees.

Just as the pilot boat came out of the murky dawn, Betty skipped around to the captain's quarters as the Chinese boy came for the empty coffeepot. Captain Adams followed him out.

"Good morning," smiled Betty. "The pilot's boat is alongside."

A vast wave of relief swept over him. "Well, well," he sighed. "So we're actually in port at last!"

Betty hesitated. "I—I want to thank you for the most wonderful trip a girl ever had. No one has ever treated me so sweetly. And—and the second officer—well, he's been all right, too."

Captain Adams smiled and stroked his whiskers paternally. "Well, well, my dear. I'm glad you've had such a good time. Now that it's all over, I don't mind saying that I've enjoyed—er—hum-m—that is, I like to see passengers having a good time," he finished weakly.

"Do you know what I've decided?"

"No-o," he said guardedly.

"Well, the second officer says you'll have a whole week unloading and loading in San Francisco. That will give me plenty of time to see my Uncle Joe. I mean, I ought to return to my family."

"But, my dear—good heavens, girl!"

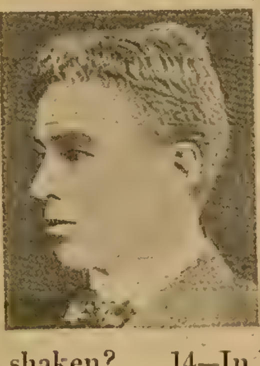
"I've decided they'd want me to be married at home, so—so will you save my old cabin for me?"

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—His great-grandfather built and captained the first steamboat to operate between New York and New Brunswick, New Jersey; his father was president of several railroads and director of more than thirty-four others; his son was a newspaper reporter and is a Liberty author. Who is the subject of the early photo at the right?



2—Why does halite have to be shaken?

3—What is the nationality of "Dracula" Boris Karloff?

4—When were cows raised chiefly for their hides?

5—Where in the Bible is a nagging woman compared to a rainy day?

6—Which state first adopted the Australian ballot?

7—The parents of what remarkable human collection refused Hollywood and other commercial offers?

8—The farthest aft of the Normandie's three funnels serves what purpose?

9—What liquid, other than water, is most extensively employed in medicines?

10—Why is a weakfish so called?

11—The name of what musical instrument begins with x?

12—For what did Terrence MacSwiney become famous throughout the English-speaking world?

13—Why do brown eggs usually taste richer than white?

14—In how many states may license plates be transferred with the car?

15—Did George Washington have false teeth?

16—Is a waterspout at sea composed of salt water?

17—In law, what is embracery?

18—Who sets the standard of quality to which all tea imported into the United States must conform?

19—What player won the American League batting championship in 1921, 1923, 1925, and 1927?

20—Who painted the Last Supper on a wall in a Milan monastery?

(Answers will be found on page 29)

Laugh, World, Laugh!

How Do We Make You Do It? This Is All I Know, Says the "King of Clowns"

by FELIX ADLER

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Here's "Funny Felix, King of Clowns"—

SURE-FIRE laughs? Huh! They've all got to be sure-fire. If you are a clown in a circus, you get your laughs or you get out. That's why so many old familiar gags hang on. The crowd expects them.

I, for example, have tried every new trick known to clowning in the twenty-four years since I stole out of my mother's house in Clinton, Iowa, to watch the Ringling show go bumping down the road toward Davenport. But if I am remembered at all after I've taken my crazy act to heaven or the other place, I'm sure it'll be as much for Phyllis as for myself.

Phyllis is my pig. A very remarkable one, too. She has an almost human mind. I tell her to slide down the chute. She does so, face forward. I pretend not to watch her. "I didn't see you do that," I say. She goes back and slides down again. Rear first this time, and the laughs are plenty. Then I say "Fine!" and give her a pull at a baby's milk bottle, and everybody is happy.

During the Three Little Pigs excitement I had a couple of other pigs besides Phyllis. She's my pal, though, both on and off. I'd hate to lose her. She has a fine singing voice, too. She's been on the air—

But the point I'm trying to make is that a clown is known by the sure-fire laughs he creates.

It may be that the gag associated with a particular clown is not elaborate but just seems to belong to him. You may have noticed that old alarm clock I sometimes wear on my ankle in the manner of a wrist watch. It isn't a very funny gag, really. Dozens of other clowns have tried it, and never get a giggle. But for old Felix it's sure-fire. It was the same way with Al Miaco. You've heard many a clown reciting phony Shakespeare without going into convulsions of mirth. But Al was a real Shakespearean clown from the English pantomimes, and nobody could keep a straight face.

A lot of the old-time clowns wouldn't go so big in the big top of today. It's a different game now from what it was when they were at their peak. The clown today has to furnish the comedy relief for a great big spectacle; but in the old days he was the spectacle itself. When the Ringlings started out from Baraboo, Wisconsin, in 1884, with their first show, their menagerie consisted of one lonesome hyena, but they had plenty of clowns. And P. T. Barnum, another good man in the big top, used to say that "the clowns were the pegs to hang the circus on."

These first Joeys had things pretty much to themselves. Nowadays we have to fight every minute to get attention in the midst of that five-ring, five-level jamboree! Then the gags themselves must be much more up to the minute than they used to be. I told you about the Three Little Pigs. Well, this last year it was the five little Dionnes. I fixed up a long baby buggy with an old-fashioned honking horn and a huge nursing bottle on a rope and pulley, and five baby dolls sitting in a row, and I built myself up into a huge grotesque Mother Dionne. The act went big, especially with the kids. There was a sign on the baby carriage: DESIGNED FOR QUINTUPLETS. One smart youngster took a look at the sign, then at my bulging curves, and yelled, "Hey, Felix, does that mean you or the carriage?"

—and here he is without his clown make-up.

There are, however, certain sure-fire laughs which are the staples of clowning today just as they were twenty-four years ago. The simpler the trick the better, so long as it contains the element of surprise. No one is too proud to laugh at that ancient gag of blowing water into one ear and shooting it out the other. Of course, the water doesn't go into the ear at all. It goes into a little copper tube that runs around the back of the head from the top of one ear to the tip of the other.

We never know what is going to be a sure-fire laugh until we try it. Often it's the last thing in the act that we'd suspect of being funny. As a boy, one winter I was with a Ridgley act—a vaudeville turn in which the big strong Japanese man lies on his back and kicks the little Japanese boy around in the air on the soles of his feet. I was the little Japanese boy who got kicked around. And plenty! Whenever I didn't do my stuff to suit the old pay check on the floor, he'd let me come down hard instead of easy on those old flat feet of his. You could feel and hear the thud way up in the peanut gallery. But after a while I noticed that these "stingies" got more applause than anything else in the act—and I began playing for it.

There is nothing so funny as somebody else in pain. I got the laughs. I got fired, too, for getting them. Damned clever, these Japanese!

A LOT of surprise stuff can be done with fires. In one of my entries I wear a high hat with a concealed pilot light in its top. I am drunk—which also seems to be funny to some people—and I am drinking out of a bottle. As a matter of fact, each time I raise the bottle to my lips, I blow down a rubber tube that runs up my sleeve into the hat, which is filled with a dusty inflammable powder called lycopodium, which shoots up through perforations in the top of the hat, ignites on the pilot light, and bursts into a terrifying conflagration.

I ask you, "Why is that funny?" And you answer, "I don't know." But, believe me, it is—to two million people a year under a big top that weighs eleven tons!

It's an interesting business, though, the circus. I know a rich banker in Spokane—his name is Harper Jay—who spends his month's vacation with us every year, dressing up and doing clown tricks to get the handclaps of the crowd. The thing gets into the blood. And Joey the Clown is just as much of an artist as a tragedian is, or even a matinee idol.

And he's no brokenhearted Pagliacci, either! I've worked with plenty Joeys. They are normal young men, healthier than most and happier, too, just trying to get along—and doing a pretty good job at it, as jobs go these days.

THE END

STRANGE STORIES THAT JAFSIE TOLD

What Manner of Man Is the Enigmatic Go-Between of the Lindbergh Case?—Here Are Some New and Intimately Revealing Sidelights on His Character and Motives

by

FULTON OURSLER

EDITOR OF LIBERTY

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"WHAT do you really think of this old fellow Jafsie? Is he on the level? Has he got all his buttons? Or is he just a charlatan who likes to see his name in the newspapers?"

Hundreds of people have asked me these questions—and others somewhat less polite—in the last few months. It is not easy to give answer. Once I told Jafsie that he was an enigma. The term pleased him and more than once he has repeated it about himself with satisfaction. Today he is more of an enigma than ever before—a curious problem in personality. Certainly Jafsie is neither charlatan nor liar; he is not a crackpot. From the first, I believe that his motives have been honest, his actions honorable, and his mind as clear as most human beings' that magazine editors meet. Then what is Jafsie afraid of? That he does have some great secret fear I feel sure. That is why he remains to me an enigma, curious, tantalizing, and slightly preposterous, as he stands with patronizing smile in the very midst of horror.

I first met Jafsie in the autumn of last year. For a long time I had been trying to induce him to tell all that he knew about the Lindbergh case in a narrative that we could publish in Liberty. Finally I invited him to spend a week end at Sandalwood, my home outside New York City. The reply from Jafsie was characteristic:

"I shall be glad to accept this invitation if I shall be able to attend Mass on Sunday morning."

And on the long drive from the railroad station to my home, Jafsie labored faithfully with our chauffeur, who, it appeared, had not been to Mass for a long time.

Although he had been traveling all night, Jafsie showed no fatigue. His eyes twinkled. His smile was expansive. In spite of his mighty bulk—he is a huge man, a former boxer and football player—he moved with brisk and hearty tread. At first I felt that his manner was a little too urbane, too soft, too complimentary. Broadway people might call him a "smoothy." His voice had the husky sweetness of an angel with a slight cold; his smile was childlike and arch, his dancing eyes were positively liquid with affection for us all. He chose the most uncomfortable chair he could find, spread his palms over his knees, declined tobacco and alcohol, and promptly began to talk.

Then I discovered at least one characteristic of Jafsie that set him apart from all others. Probably he was the most talkative man who ever lived. His voice rose and fell in measured cadence; his hands moved in pliant, dramatic-school gestures; his face was by turns frightened, surprised, amused, aghast—all in punctuation and illumination of his talk.

At first I had thought him insincere. On second thought, he seemed to me only a childish and wandering old man. In both instances I was mostly wrong. But, for that first hour, incoherence itself seemed to sit in my living room, talking glibly and endlessly. The fault, however, was not in Jafsie but in me. It was true that, in his ineffable garrulity, his excited interest in every facet of what he calls "the case," he did bounce, glide, slither, and leap from one point to another with bewildering agility. He did ramble, but the main trouble was that he assumed I already knew many facts of which I was not at all aware. So we began very badly and went from bad to better.

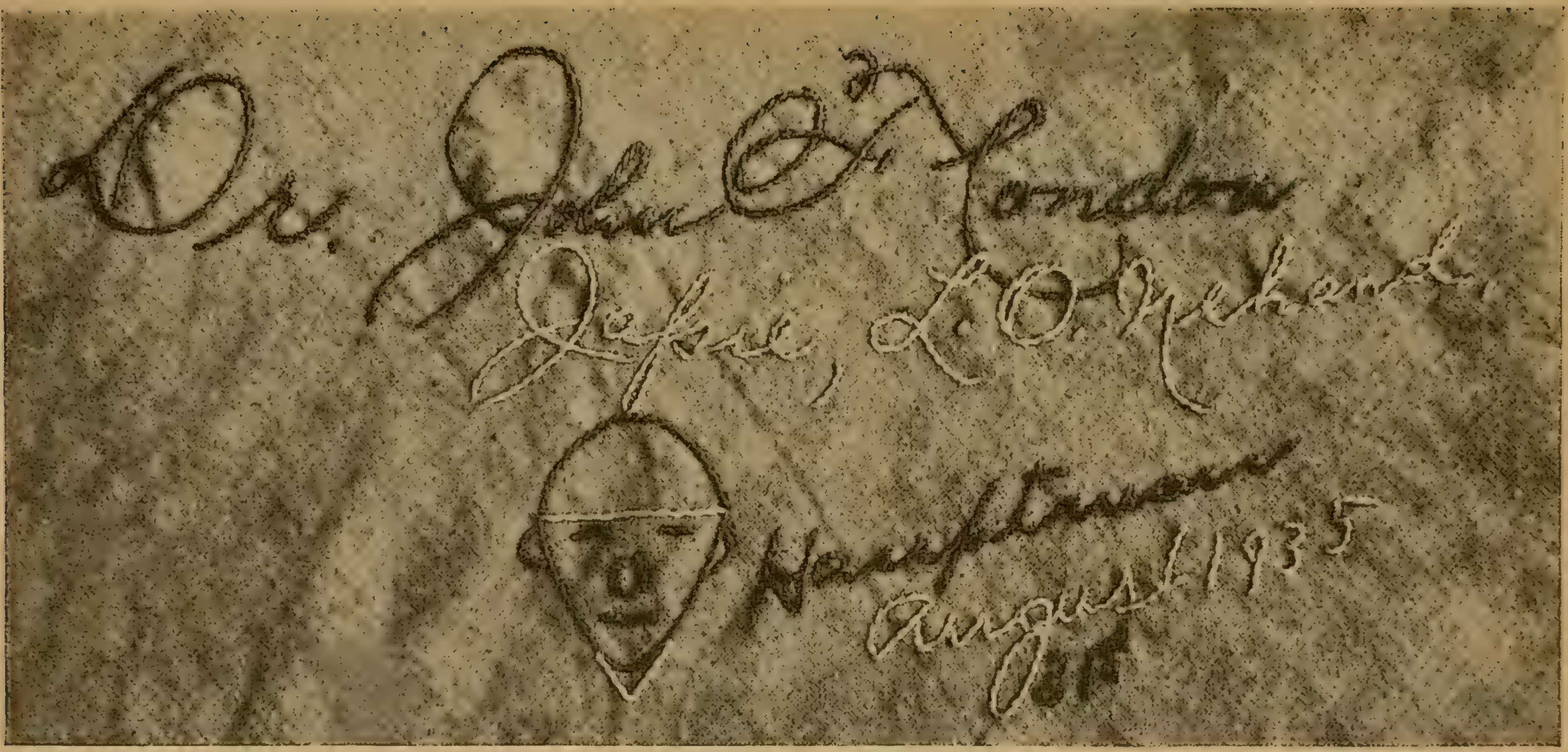
Slowly I obtained from him a clear outline of the major steps in the ransom negotiations. With this firmly in mind, I suddenly found myself not only able to understand Jafsie's limitless oration, but fascinated with it, beguiled with his discourse, held as if under the spell of a great storyteller. When midnight came, Jafsie was still talking and all of us were still entranced.

Early the next morning he left to attend Mass. During service there occurred one of those gaudy episodes which are a clue to another side of Jafsie's enigmatic character. The truth as I see it—and I think this episode helps to prove it—is that Jafsie is at heart what Broadway calls a "ham actor." Perhaps that is his greatest fault, and God knows it is a harmless one. It is not an illness peculiar to Jafsie alone—there are very few of us who have not known its sweet infection. Jafsie does love the limelight, loves to see his name in headlines, and pouts when some one else steals the front page.

Naturally, when he went to Mass at St. Patrick's Church in our little town and was not recognized by any of that quiet congregation, Jafsie was disappointed. The time came for the ushers to take up the collection. A sedate young man came to the pew and offered Jafsie the collection box. The mystery man put a dollar in the box, then leaned forward and in a stage whisper said to the collector:

"Will you please meet me outside as soon as the service is over?"

The sedate young man stared blankly and passed on. But when the Mass was over Jafsie waited outside on the stone steps until he appeared. Then, with forefinger and thumb, Jafsie seized the young man's necktie. In a confidential tone he said:



Jafsie's geometrical sketch of Hauptmann, with his three signatures as Dr. John F. Condon, Jafsie, and "L. O. Nehand," all embroidered as he penciled them on a curtain in the author's library at Sandalwood.

"My boy, please don't misunderstand me. You probably realize who I am. Doctor John F. Condon—Jafsie. Surely you have heard of Jafsie."

A great light dawned upon the young man, whose name, by the way, was Arthur Parent. He shook hands and asked what he could do for Doctor Condon.

The visitor smiled, with a hint of deep mysterious knowledge in his twinkling eyes.

"I would like to exchange neckties with you right here and now," proposed Doctor Condon. Releasing his hold on Parent's cravat, he began to untie his own, meanwhile casting a merry smile at all the faces suddenly ringed around the two of them.

"But what for?" faltered the young man.

"Or," said Jafsie, "if you don't like my tie, I'll buy yours anyway."

The young man shook his head in bewilderment.

"If you would like to have my tie," he said in a low voice, "I would be proud for you to take it, Doctor Condon, and I would be proud to wear one that you had worn. But I *would* like to know why you like my tie."

By this time Jafsie had an attentive audience of perhaps half a hundred people. He held up the young man's necktie in his hand and pointed out the pattern and its significance. It was a yellow tie figured with intersecting circles. The reader will recognize that this was a resemblance, no doubt accidental, to the symbol that appeared on all the ransom notes in the Lindbergh mystery.

Jafsie wearing the church usher's tie, patterned with intersecting circles, for which he gave his own in exchange.

Not even the solemnity of that hour in church, the dimness of light streaming through stained-glass windows, nor the lulling music of the organ could distract those truant old eyes from mystic symbols which had played so hellish a part in the greatest disappointment of his life.

There you have Jafsie, a part of him at least, summed up in an episode. He is essentially histrionic; he must be important and cut a figure. For that reason, Jafsie will festoon his simplest acts with some inexplicable mumbo jumbo, and then triumphantly demonstrate before he is through that it is all really very logical if you have the right key.

There was, for example, later that Sunday, the curious business with the picture he drew on the curtain.

If the reader will forgive a necessary personal reference, there is a small stage for children's plays set up in the library of Sandalwood. The curtain for this tiny stage consists of long pieces of unbleached linen on which house guests have inscribed their autographs. These signatures, with comments, pictures, and other whimseys, are embroidered in bright colors.

Just before lunch that day, we asked Jafsie if he would register on this curtain. He chose for himself a blank space bounded on the north by Mary Pickford, south by Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, east by Bernarr Macfadden, and west by Victor "Throttlebottom" Moore. Instead of signing his name, Jafsie began by drawing what seemed to be the upper half of an apple pie. Under this half-circle he drew an isosceles triangle. The combination of the two gave a geometrical suggestion of a human head, which he emphasized by rounding the chin and inserting eyes, nose, and mouth.

"This," explained Jafsie, "is

YOU LOOKED LIKE A TRAMP!

YOUR WHISKERS WERE SIMPLY DISGRACEFUL.

OKAY! I'D RATHER LOOK LIKE A TRAMP THAN SHAVE AGAIN IN THE EVENING!

NEXT DAY

. . . AND HE SAYS HE CAN'T SHAVE CLOSE IN THE MORNING BECAUSE OF HIS TENDER SKIN!

TELL HIM TO TRY THIS COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM. ITS SMALL BUBBLE LATHER IS WONDERFUL FOR TOUGH BEARDS AND TENDER SKINS.

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!

BIG BUBBLES LEAVE STUBBLE

SMALL BUBBLES SHAVE CLEAN

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

NEXT NIGHT

WHY, JIM, IT'S A MIRACLE! YOUR CHIN HAS NEVER BEEN SO CLEAN THIS LATE AT NIGHT!

NO MIRACLE, HONEY . . . JUST A COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE AT 8 A.M. AND MY SKIN FEELS SWELL, TOO!

COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES

40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

a duplicate of the drawing that I gave the federal detectives as I remembered 'John' after I had talked with him by the tool house across from Woodlawn Cemetery. Tell me, does it look like Hauptmann or not?"

We thought it did. The reader may form his own opinion by studying Jafsie's drawing reproduced in these pages. Notice also the signature "L. O. Nehand." Jafsie signed this with a flourish. Hands folded across stomach, he smiled benevolently and explained how that was his code signature for correspondence with Colonel Lindbergh. But when he wrote Lindbergh a letter signed "L. O. Nehand" (lone hand) the Colonel forgot the arrangement and thought the letter was from a crank.

LATER that day he mystified me with two stories that still need straightening out. I repeat them here because they seem to have a definite bearing on important issues in the Lindbergh case.

The first story was told as a result of an impertinent question.

"I hope you will forgive me, Doctor Condon," I began, "but I think you ought to know what some people say about you."

"I know already," he replied mildly. "Some think I belong to the kidnapers' gang; others that I am a crackpot—they call me 'wacky'!"

That word "wacky" is one of Jafsie's pets. He uses it to mean crackbrained. He repeats over and over again that he is not and never was "wacky."

"People say," I persisted, "that you told different stories day after day to the reporters, and that often one story did not agree with the other."

"That's true."

His eyes looked off into the distance and he lifted a forefinger like a clergyman.

"I did that deliberately. I was told to do it. I did it at the request of the two Colonels—Lindbergh and Breckinridge. It was part of a deliberate plan to mislead the defense. They thought I was muddlebrained, senile, wacky. Reilly thought he would make mincemeat of me when he got me on the stand. Well, read the testimony. I convinced the jury, at least, that I knew what I was talking about."

Here was what seemed to me a new and extraordinary angle. Before I could follow it up at that time, Jafsie skipped to another astonishing disclosure.

"There is one point which I have never revealed," he declared. "It has to do with my conversation at the tool house with Hauptmann. I asked him where he left the first ransom note in the nursery. He told me 'on the crib.' That did not sound right to me. All previous statements had placed that note on the window sill. When I went back and told Colonel Lindbergh, he declared that this detail proved conclusively that the man at Woodlawn was the man who had taken the baby. As it was explained to me, the place of the first ransom note was purposely misstated in order to provide a means by which a ransom negotiator could definitely prove he was the actual kidnaper."

Jafsie made this statement and has several times reiterated it. Yet all the testimony in the Lindbergh case still places that note on the window sill. Here is an extract from the testimony of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh at the trial:

Q. Did you see a note in the room—a paper or what?

A. Yes. I am not at the moment certain whether I saw the note at that time or the next time I entered the room.

Q. I see.

A. But either the first or second time; I came back very shortly.

Q. How much time intervened, did you say, between your first visit into the room and the second that you refer to?

A. I should say not over five minutes.

Q. At any rate, on one of those occasions you found the note there?

A. I had found a note unopened on the window sill on the southeast corner of the room, on the window facing east.

Q. Did you find it? Or was your attention directed to it by any one?

A. No, I found it.

Q. I see. And I understand you to say on the window sill?

A. On the window sill.

Here, so it seems to me, is a question of fact that deserves investigation. To this day, Jafsie insists that the man in the cemetery said he put the note on the crib. And Jafsie also maintains that Colonel Lindbergh confirmed the extortionist's statement; that the reports given out were intentionally misleading. Yet, two years afterward, under oath, Colonel Lindbergh testified he found the note on the window sill. What is one to judge from this? While there may be some perfectly simple explanation for this discrepancy, is it not too important to be ignored? Certainly, if Jafsie was mistaken, it was the only time I was ever to catch his memory off guard. Not only did he remember events clearly, but with astonishing precision, especially in small details. Moreover, his mind was both alert and subtle.

FOR example, when he bade us good-by on that first visit, I stood at the open door of the car and asked:

"One final question, Doctor. Are you absolutely certain in your own mind that Hauptmann had no accomplices?"

"I think he did have an accomplice," he replied.

"Who?"

"I will answer that by telling an old Irish story. Says Mike to Pat, 'What do you think of a woman who deceives her husband?'

"Says Pat to Mike, 'She's terrible.'

"Says Mike to Pat, 'What do you think of a man who deceives his wife?'

"Says Pat to Mike, 'He's a miracle man.'"

And laughing softly to himself, Jafsie rode away.

In the months that followed, Jafsie worked closely with us while putting down on paper the grim and heartbreaking story that only he could tell. Then suddenly one day Hauptmann, in the death cell in Trenton, New Jersey, broke his long silence. It was an ominous, almost accusing utterance, in which he said:

"I earnestly wish this gentleman [Doctor Condon] would make a full confession. Not only do I wish this in my interest, but also in the course of justice. Because he is holding the key in this case, and with it the key of my cell."

WAS Hauptmann about to confess? And if so, did he mean to drag Condon down with him in that confession? I telephoned Attorney General David T. Wilentz of New Jersey, who had prosecuted Hauptmann. From Wilentz I had the assurance that the prosecution still had full confidence in Doctor Condon.

Meanwhile, I had also arranged to talk with Doctor Condon in New York over that Arabian Nights machine of modern times called the teletype. Here is the conversation that went back and forth on the electric typewriter:

SECRETARY: In the office right now is Doctor Condon.

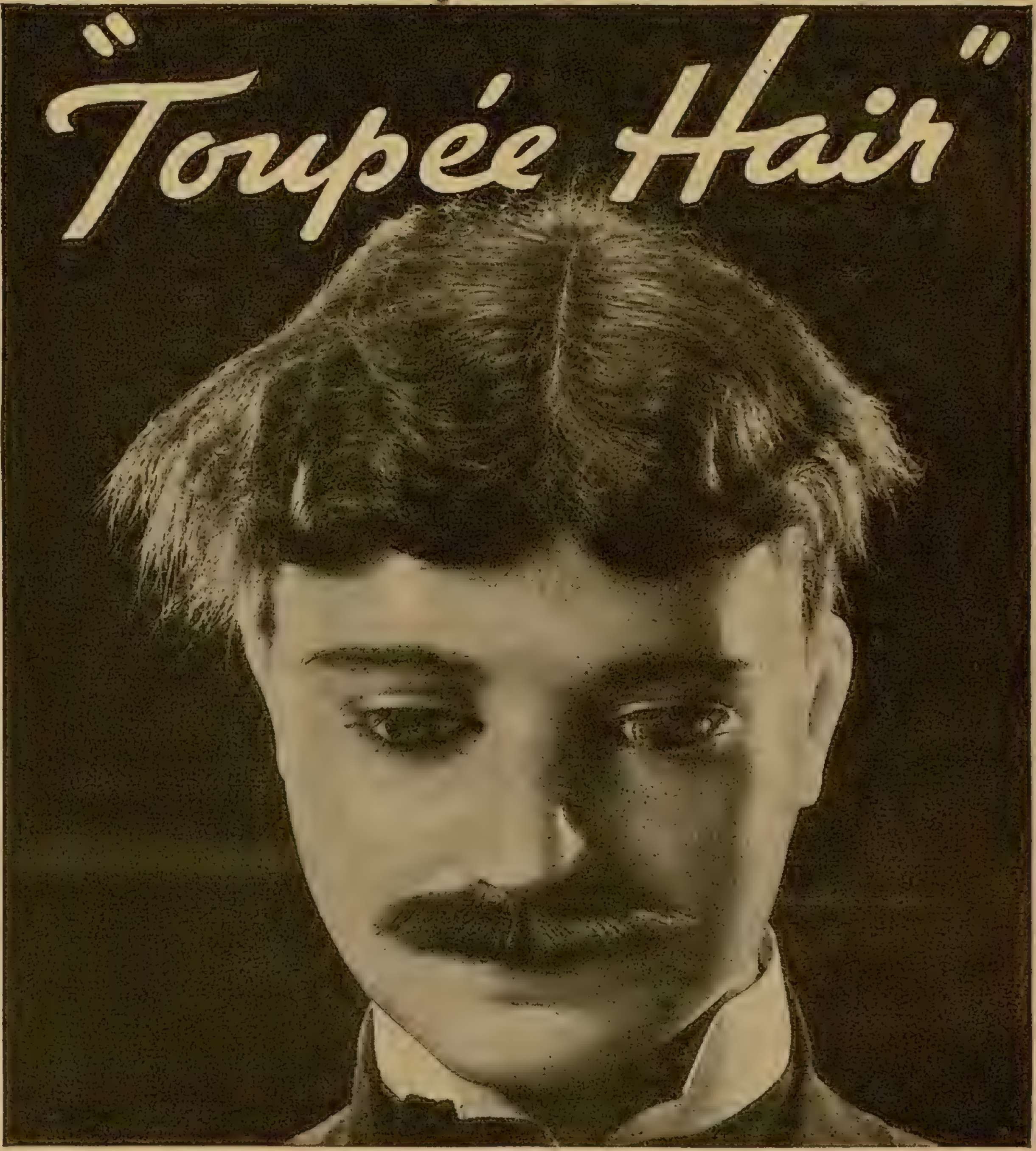
F. O.: Hello, Doctor Condon. I am delighted to be able to talk with you again and hope you are in good health and your usual fighting spirit.

CONDON: I am exceedingly well pleased to hear from you and hope you are well.

F. O.: Now, Doctor, I don't know how you feel about taking sudden trips, although I know you have taken some exciting ones. But it does seem to me in view of the dispatches today that your story has suddenly assumed an even greater importance in the mind of the public than ever before. I think you and I should have the opportunity for a full and careful discussion and I would therefore appreciate it if you could come up here for another visit.

CONDON: It is a delight to my soul. It is most remarkable that I put on my old coat—the one that I offered to Hauptmann on the Saturday night in the woods. As far as I am concerned, I am practically there. There must be some way for a human being to carry out his wishes now and again, and I wished that some little message would come from you and that wish has been granted. As in every other case during my life, I have been faithful to my trust. I have not betrayed any confidence and have given unreserved whatever came to my mind one hundred per cent in connection with the most dastardly case of all times. It seems to me that any admission by the culprit at any time now will redound to his discredit and act as a boomerang in his case at a time when he needs all the penitence and retribution that can be marshaled in his behalf.

You don't have to wear a wig to have



Too much water is bad for hair. It washes away the natural scalp oils that make hair pliant, give hair lustre.

Stop soaking your head with water every time you want to comb your hair.

Get Kreml, that marvelous new oil-tonic that restores the oil balance and makes hair look alive.

Here is a combination hair-dressing-tonic that makes the most stubborn hair behave without giving its user that patent-leather look.

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Not sticky or greasy, it is a joy to use and a boon to sufferers from "Toupée Hair."

Kreml is marvelous, too, for dandruff; keeps the scalp clean and healthy. It also stops excessive falling hair, the first threat of baldness.

Ask for Kreml at your barber's. Use it daily at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

Use this olive oil shampoo. It simply billows with cleansing, purifying lather.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

"One more night like that and I'll be PUSHING UP DAISIES!"
HEAD THROBBING UNTIL
ANOTHER PARTY AND I'LL BE IN MY GRAVE
CHEER UP, PAL-WE'LL GET YOU A BROMO-SELTZER
• VERY SOON •
A FAST WORKER, THAT BROMO-SELTZER! MY HEADACHE'S GONE
IT SETTLES THE STOMACH, STEADIES THE NERVES, TOO

● Next-morning headaches call for *fast* relief! Bromo-Seltzer stops them *faster*, doctors find, than any other remedy they've tested. Quiets the stomach, too, and calms nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in the blood, caused by overindulgence. At drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it in your medicine cabinet.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

F. O.: Well spoken. Can you make it up here?

CONDON: I am ready to start now.

By midnight he was on the train. The next morning, in a barbershop in Providence, the reporters found him and plied him with questions. He arrived at Sandalwood bearing a basket of lovely flowers which he had purchased from a roadside nurseryman. That flower man did recognize Jafsie and named a dahlia after him. By the time he reached the house, newspapers were telephoning from all over the country. He promised to give them a statement later that afternoon. Meanwhile we talked over many disputed points in the case. Some of Doctor Condon's remarks I shall give here from stenographic records taken at that time.

But let me pause to point out one curious happening—a mystification that the Doctor never did clear up. He arrived wearing that mighty coat of which he had spoken in his teletype conversation. Its huge folds covered him from ears to ankles. Upon his arrival he placed the coat carefully on a divan in the living room and solemnly requested that no one touch it or go near it. Then we repaired to the library to go over disputed points in evidence.

We were there for hours. When we finally returned to the living room, the coat had disappeared. Seeing this, Jafsie at once manifested intense dismay. His face had the tragic air of one who has lost his all. Of course the mystery was quickly explained: some one, forgetting orders, had hung the coat in a closet. When I lifted it from the hanger, I was astonished at its weight. There was something in the bottom of that coat that weighed many pounds. I put the coat back on the divan, and there it remained until late that night when Jafsie left. Why was he so concerned that no one go near his coat? What was it that weighted it down so heavily? I do not know.

As a result of those talks with Jafsie in the library, however, I did get to know more about his theories of the case. Point by point we checked on objections that were being broadcast by defense lawyers.

THERE was, for instance, the matter of the man with the handkerchief. Partisans of Hauptmann declared that when the story of the ransom payment was first aired in the Bronx courthouse, it was stated that Colonel Lindbergh, while waiting in the car outside of St. Raymond's Cemetery, saw a man go by with a handkerchief to his face, and that he dropped this handkerchief as if in signal to some accomplice. During the murder trial at Flemington this story was not told. People were asking why. Jafsie, who was at St. Raymond's with Colonel Lindbergh, dismissed this report as unimportant.

"The man with the handkerchief," he said, "was seen only by Colonel Lindbergh. It would be impossible for me to see him, inasmuch as my back would be toward him for the entire distance to 'John' in the cemetery. It would be physically impossible for that man to be Hauptmann or 'John,' because I kept my eyes riveted on the spot from which the voice came with the words, 'Hey, Doktor,' and no man crossed me or crossed between me and 'John' during the entire transaction. It would be impossible for any man to get where I saw the man, or Hauptmann, without my noticing him as I went toward him, if he had come from the spot where Colonel Lindbergh said he saw him drop the handkerchief. No one else but the state prosecutor could answer the question as to why this matter was not introduced at the trial."

ANOTHER mystery which has been frequently discussed was the absence of fingerprints in the nursery. Not only were no fingerprints of intruders discovered: apparently the police found no fingerprints whatever. Surely, it was argued, there should have been fingerprints of the baby, the mother, nursemaid, and others somewhere on the furniture or woodwork. I asked Jafsie what he thought of this, and he said:

"As far as the family were concerned, the care of the furniture by a good housekeeper would necessitate the rubbing of all polished surfaces if the person working cared much about his job and took a pride in the appearance of the room.

"Second, the one who took the baby might have had—and this is my belief—gloves on.

"The nonappearance of fingerprints, in my opinion, is not altogether true, because on the side of the window casement, just about the height of a man around my height, the impression of the thumb and the base of the thumb was plainly marked on that casement, and I called Colonel Lindbergh's attention to it on the night I slept there. Now, a man taking a left hand that way could have the burden in his right hand, and that is all you need have. And it also demonstrated that the man carried the burden in his right hand and leaned on the casement getting out of the window. Now, that was my impression all the time. I do not know whether the Colonel called the attention of the police to that or not, but he was the one I was helping.

"There is one mystery about the case in the room where I slept—the nursery. I was informed that there were no fingerprints in that room. The smooch I called Colonel Lindbergh's attention to seemed to have been passed over. But, taking an angle of about thirty degrees above the floor and looking out the southerly window, I saw foot-tracks from the foot of the cradle on the rug—from the foot of the cradle right out the window—which no one noticed. That brought me to the theory that the baby was dragged down to the foot of the crib rather than being taken from the head of the crib.

ere were no fingerprints of ly in the room, I will concede mystery I cannot explain."

nother point which has been d against Jafsie was the reduc- in the amount of the ransom money. Lindbergh and Condon brought seventy thousand dollars to St. Raymond's Cemetery. But Condon, by arguing with Hauptmann, got him to accept fifty thousand dollars. To many minds this seemed an unreasonable thing. Why did the kidnaper take less? During our conference I put this up to Jafsie, and here is his reply:

"I have made a very deep study of the known bent of criminal minds. I wish to state, first, that no such statement was ever made to Hauptmann by me that I had seventy thousand dollars with me. I valued my life too much to make any such statement whatever, for any man who has been in the professional field will tell you, and I have been told by those who are the greatest in the United States, that that was the time he would have shot if he wanted to get away from me—the high point and crucial moment—and I knew it.

"I merely said, 'It was so hard to get seventy thousand dollars—why don't you stick to what you promised in your note to me?'

"I said, 'I suppose that you are aware that times are hard. That is, I mean, in that sense hard—depression.'

"We are in the time of depression, and I told him it was exceedingly hard for Colonel Lindbergh to get that amount of money.

"HIS exact words were: 'I suppose, since we can't get seventy, I must take fifty.'

"You can rest assured I did not wait after that, but said: 'Please give me the note.'

"'I haven't got it with me.'

"'How can I get it? I can't give you the money without the note.'

"He said: 'I'll go and get it in a few minutes.'

"I said: 'Well, you go and get the note and I'll go and get the money.'

"The statement that I told 'John' that I had the seventy thousand dollars is not correct. I never made the statement, nor did I state to any one until the articles came out that I had the seventy thousand dollars — because I didn't. The Colonel had the seventy.

"I was in constant touch with G-men, with the police department and state troopers, present during their questions and the answers given to them, and the accounts of their investigators, especially the G-men.

"It was reported in my presence by these authoritative powers that in stocks and bonds in Hauptmann's name, given in April, 1932, which was the month I gave the money, they figured it all up to $49,680. The bank account, the stocks and bonds, added to the $14,000 and the $5,000 specified, would make up 49,680, making a balance of $320.

When Light Came in the Door...

Doctor and Nurse save one more life in Emergency Call down by the Levee

Death flew out the Window

Mary B. Thomas who aids sufferers in levee country

"It was a 'hurry-up' call . . . as so many of them are down here among the levee camps where government engineers are trying to make Old Man River behave.

"In this case, as in so many others, our Eveready flashlight was on the job before the doctor and I could be . . . lighting our way through barbed wire fences and thickets to the ramshackle cabin where Death stalked, and a smoky oil lamp seemed only to deepen the gloom.

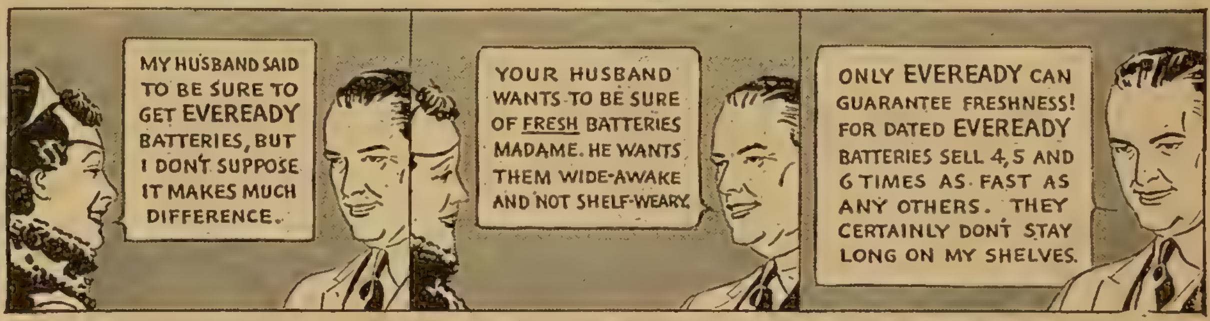
"The poor ignorant sufferer couldn't know it, of course, but her life depended that night on fresh Eveready batteries just as much as it did on the skill of the doctor, or anything I might do. There had to be a hypodermic injection *quick!* And it had to be an accurate dose, too. Our flashlight saw to that. Again, an anaesthetic must be administered, so I sat at the head of the bed, chasing the children out while I gave it, the doctor watching with his Eveready, first the amount I was giving and then the patient's reaction.

"Fresh Eveready batteries illumined the operation that followed, and saw us back through the tangled undergrowth to the doctor's car. All in the day's work for us . . . and for Eveready too, I guess. One more life chalked up to fresh Eveready Batteries."

Nº 950
EVEREADY
EXTRA LONG LIFE BATTERY
NATIONAL CARBON CO. Inc.
JULY 1936

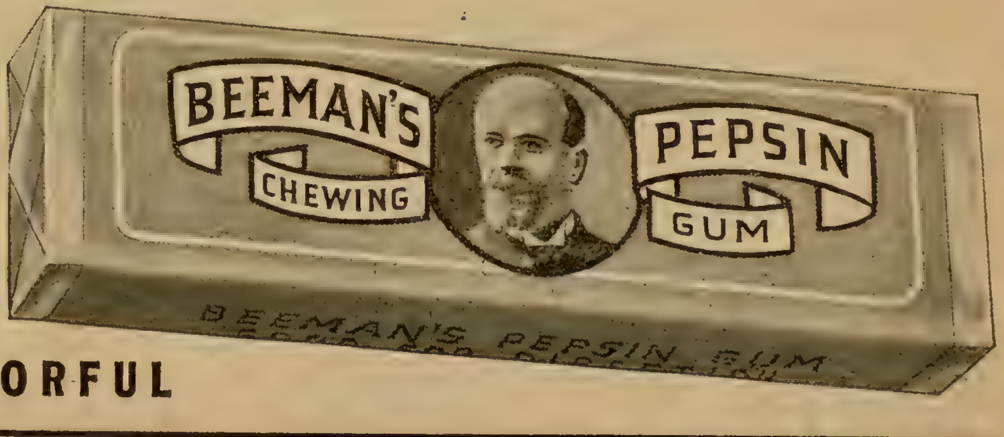
EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE *FRESH* BATTERIES

***Once more the* DATE-LINE is a LIFE-LINE**



MY HUSBAND SAID TO BE SURE TO GET EVEREADY BATTERIES, BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE IT MAKES MUCH DIFFERENCE.
YOUR HUSBAND WANTS TO BE SURE OF FRESH BATTERIES MADAME. HE WANTS THEM WIDE-AWAKE AND NOT SHELF-WEARY.
ONLY EVEREADY CAN GUARANTEE FRESHNESS! FOR DATED EVEREADY BATTERIES SELL 4, 5 AND 6 TIMES AS FAST AS ANY OTHERS. THEY CERTAINLY DON'T STAY LONG ON MY SHELVES.

"OFF YOUR GAME"? CHEW BEEMAN'S
ITS FLAVOR CHEERS . . . IT SOOTHES
YOUR NERVES, AND AIDS DIGESTION



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WATCH
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The experience of making 150 million Ingersoll Watches is built into it... explains why such a fine watch can be bought at such a low price. Plain or fancy model, beautiful link band or leather strap which perspiration won't stain. It's as modern as the minute—tough... dependable...convenient. Other Ingersoll Watches from $1.25.

CONSTIPATION
MADE WORK MISERY

'TIL HE DISCOVERED ALL-VEGETABLE CORRECTIVE

For years he suffered with constipation. Blamed it on his work. Then a friend told him about the natural all-vegetable corrective, Nature's Remedy. **NR** Tablets contain a balanced combination of the laxatives provided by nature in plants and vegetables. See for yourself. Note how differently they work. No griping. Gentle but thorough action, leaving you refreshed, alive. Wonderful for headaches, bilious spells. Non-habit forming. Only 25c—all druggists.

NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

FREE: Beautiful five-color 1936 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 73D-8, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE
beautiful guide map "L" of New York City.
Rates from $2.50 for two
Hotel EMPIRE
BROADWAY at 63rd STREET, N.Y.

"I considered all matters with reference to the ransom bills of signal importance, inasmuch as I placed that box with the money in it on my left hand, extended my right hand out to the kidnaper, and simultaneously gave him the box as I took the note. The box contained $50,000, of which $49,680 have been recovered, $320 to be accounted for still.

"It may seem strange that I paid such minute attention and have gone into this money matter in detail, but the honor of my family and my own reputation depend upon a true statement regarding this financial deal. Unkind people have said to me:

"'Will you give me half?'

"'What did you do with the money?'

"'Where did you get the fur overcoat?'

"'Did you put it over the hedge and let Al Reich it?'

"These did not annoy me, but they did hurt members of my family, who begged me not to enter the case at all under any consideration whatever.

"Regarding the ransom notes—and I handled every one of these notes except the first three, which came to Colonel Lindbergh and Colonel Breckinridge—I opened the notes, handed them to Colonel Lindbergh in my home. I just opened them and read them and handed them to him. He handed them to Colonel Breckinridge.

"After, he said: 'May I take these?'

"I told him he could have everything in the house. If there had been any doubt in my mind (as to my own innocence), would I have surrendered any of this evidence?"

AS Jafsie paused and listened, a knock came at the door of the library. Reporters were waiting. As I opened the door Jafsie gave a start of surprise; for leading the procession was a man in uniform—the local police chief. The strain under which Doctor Condon had been laboring for weeks was plainly evident in the start of surprise he gave at that moment. Then he passed it off with a laugh and shook hands with the officer. But in that moment he had earned my pity. The man was afraid.

He was still slightly nervous as he gave to the reporters the statement which appeared in all American newspapers the next day and which concluded as follows:

"Furthermore, even after the conviction I have continued my efforts in investigating disputed points of the case. I do not hesitate to say that at the present mome dealing with matters that me to be new evidence of firs portance, and if people will re from interfering with me, in a time I hope to have the entire mystery cleared up. However, I feel bound to add that this new evidence, which seems almost certain to be proved correct, not only confirms my testimony at the trial but also adds to it."

Science Says the Lindbergh Baby Was Killed in Cold Blood

Thirty-one days before the body was discovered, a medical psychologist, studying the ransom notes, said the kidnaper had murdered his victim!

Ten days after the tragic discovery, the same scientist said the murderer lived in a certain part of the Bronx and could be identified by looking up his car license. Two years later it proved to be true!

Equally startling deductions by this scientist anent details of the case that are still mysterious will be disclosed for the first time by Leigh Matteson

In Liberty Next Week

That new evidence of which he spoke has already been printed in Liberty of March 28.

It was after the reporters were gone and we were at dinner that Jafsie told the strangest of all his stories, of something that had happened to him, so he said, a long time ago: "I was manager of our football team and we had traveled to Chicago. I was staying at the Palmer House, where you could see the silver dollars in the lobby floor. I was in my room at the hotel when a knock came at the door. My caller was a little man I had never seen before. He said:

"'Doctor Condon, you must come at once to save a human life.'

"But I shook my head and explained I was not a medical doctor.

"'Nevertheless,' persisted the curious-looking man who had come out of the night, 'you must come to save a human life.'

"I have never turned a deaf ear to such an appeal. I went with him.

"He took me to a house somewhere in the labyrinth of Chicago. He opened the door with a key, and took me upstairs into a room, the door of which he locked. Then he took off his coat and hat and drew a pistol from his pocket. He commanded me to sit in a curious-looking chair across the room. Then he bound my arms and legs to the chair.

"'Now, Doctor Condon,' he resumed, 'you have been brought here to answer a question. If you answer the question correctly, you may go out of here unharmed. It is your own life that you came here to save. If you fail, then that head of yours which now sits so snugly on your broad shoulders will join those others who have also failed. You can see them for yourself.'

"I looked up, and what do you suppose I saw? There was a row of glass jars on a shelf—large glass jars—and in each one was a human head preserved in alcohol! I knew I had to think quickly. What was the question I had to answer?

"The little stranger looked at me with a smug air.

"'The question,' he said, 'is very simple. Who was the greatest man that ever lived?'

"I thought a moment. To me there is only one answer to that question and I gave it automatically:

"'George Washington.'

"My captor laughed with great delight.

"'No, no, no, you are wrong!' he crowed. 'You have only two more guesses. Go on—go on!'

"This time I was slightly more deliberate. Finally I ventured my second guess:

"'Abraham Lincoln.'

"The stranger gave a squeal of pleasure.

"'Wrong again!' he gloated, rubbing his hands. 'You've got only one more left. Hurry up, now! I can't wait much longer. It's your last chance!'

"I looked at him. He was a little fellow. In one hand he held the pistol. The fingers of the other were thrust between the buttons of his vest. His posture was familiar. It gave me a clue. Suddenly I said:

"'Napoleon!'

"Weeping with despair, my captor unbound me, produced the key, and unlocked the door. I went back to the hotel unharmed, leaving the stranger crying bitterly in the company of his pickled victims."

Without exaggeration, that is the story Doctor John F. Condon told in the presence of a number of witnesses at the dinner table. What did he mean by it? He stated that he had often told the story to his classes. Was it some mistaken exercise in narrative technique? Or an exposition of some theory in the psychology of attention? Did he think that we would believe it had really happened? Did he himself believe that it really happened? I simply cannot decide.

But somewhere in the obscure recesses of that old gentleman's tantalized spirit there is a great fear. Jafsie is afraid of something. Perhaps it is a dread of retaliation from Hauptmann or his friends. Or it may be a fear of something unknown, something we cannot even imagine—some nameless dread.

Whatever the thing is, it is with Jafsie always. He talks too much of not being afraid of anything—he doth protest too much. Is it because of this fear that he talks so boldly of being able to protect himself even at his age? Was it for this that his coat was so heavily weighted down? Does this inner fright explain his sudden departure into the jungles of Panama? Is that not why his mind dwells on such fantastic stories as the room with the pickled heads?

I have seen that fear in many guises. When I visited his home at the time he showed me the places and reënacted the scenes of his adventures with Hauptmann, he took me to his bedroom—a small cubicle, its walls hung with a dozen violins, the paper scraped from the walls because, so Jafsie told me, government detectives had got into the house and looked for ransom money. Fear showed itself in some of his letters. Under date of December 11, he wrote me:

"My letter was opened and our mutual friends are like Sherlock Holmeses looking for a scent. I am swamped with officers, eavesdroppers, and busybodies."

Surely no man was ever more harassed. One simple fact stands out—that Jafsie did what he did out of a genuine desire to be helpful. He risked his life, not once but several times. He was brave and honest, and I believe the story that he told was true. His foibles are those of an old schoolmaster who, whenever he told a joke, was sure the children would laugh. Fifty years of teaching American children is enough to make any one tell strange stories. But it is also enough to build something strong and true in the character of any decent man, and that is how I think Jafsie comes finally into focus—decent, strong, and true, with an instinct for play-acting that cannot be cured.

I have told these things to Governor Hoffman of New Jersey. The Governor visited my rooms at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria at 12.30 A. M., March 13. From then until 4.30 in the morning we discussed various angles of the case. The Governor asked me my true opinion of Dr. Condon. The paragraph above was my answer.

THE END

HAL KEMP *broadcasts "April Showers"*

"G&W'S GRAND NEW *Drink of the Month...*"

YOU'LL thank Hal Kemp, popular radio star and orchestra leader at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York, for his mixing hints when you make this delicious new "Drink of the Month." And you'll thank G&W for its full, satisfying flavor when you taste it!

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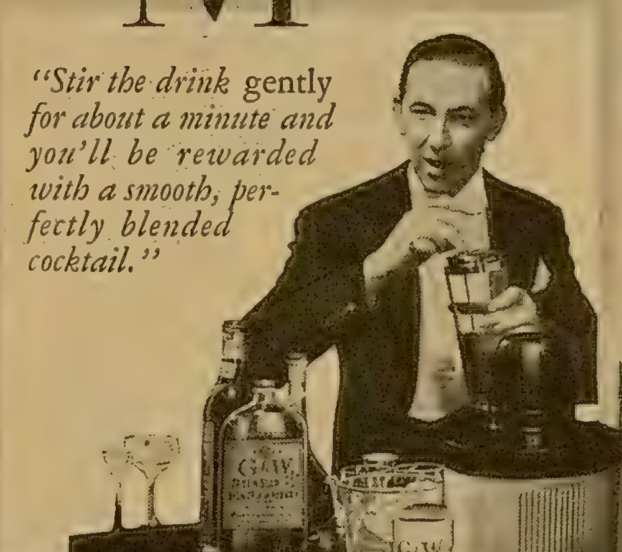
"Better use your jigger and measure carefully —unless you're a professional bartender and can mix your drinks by eye!"



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⅔ jigger G&W Two Star, Five Star, or Seven Star Blended Whiskey... ⅓ jigger French Vermouth • 1 dash Bitters • 1 dash Grenadine.

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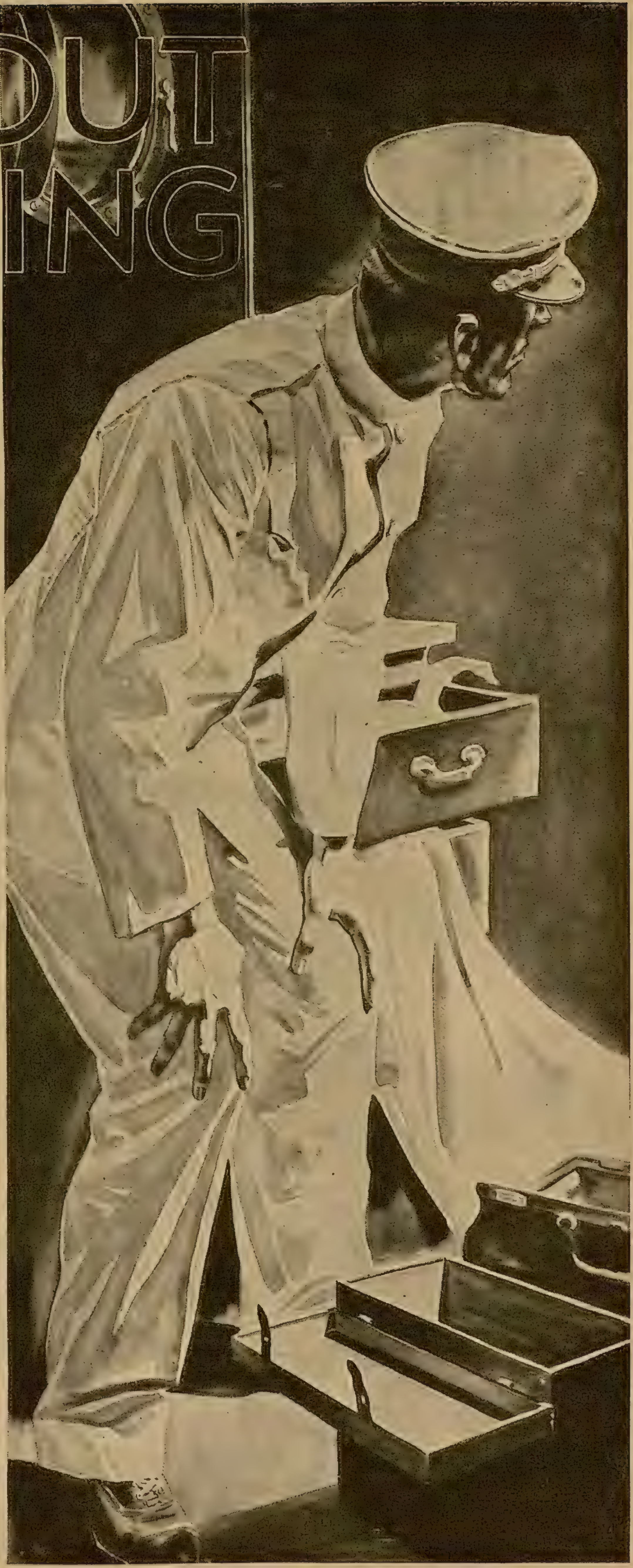
WITHOUT WARNING

A Swift and Terrifying Novel of East and West, and War as It Might Be Fought in 1937

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 11 SECONDS



OVERHEARING a drunken German in a Yokohama bar boast of having designed a supersubmarine for Japan that could go to California and back without refueling, Lieutenant James Thurlow Grant, U. S. N., is alarmed at the suggested peril to his country and decides he must see that undersea dreadnought. Rumors of war between East and West fill the air in those early months of 1931.

Impetuously, young Grant makes a beeline for his hotel, where he compels his devoted henchman, Mike Delevan, a former service man, now a beachcomber, to let him have his disreputable clothes. Disguised in them, his face grimed, the naval lieutenant obtains rope and grapnel and uses these implements to scale the Yokosuka dockyard wall. Narrowly he escapes being shot, and manages to lose himself in the darkness and amid the milling crowd.

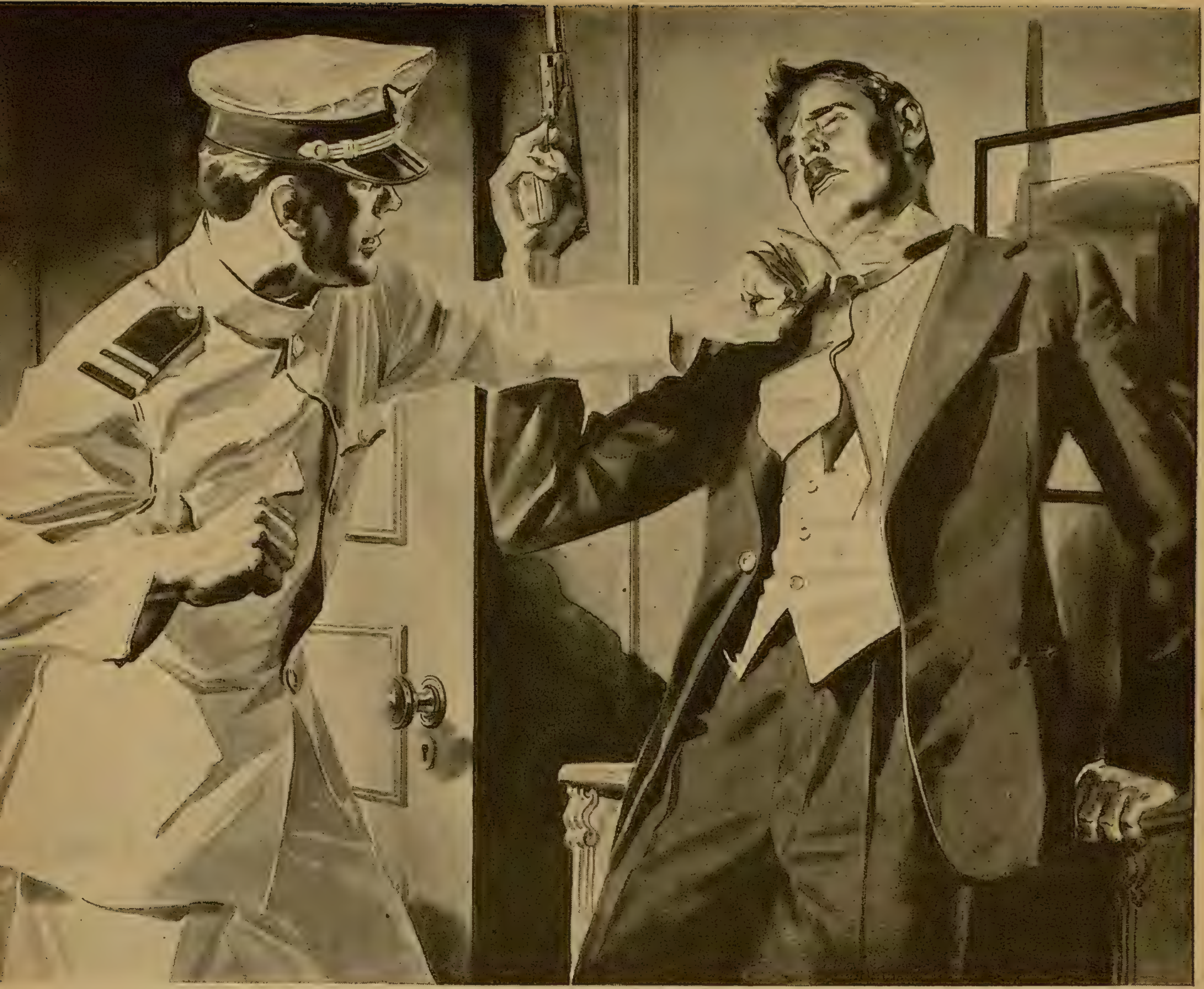
Lieutenant Grant senses that important preparations are going forward, and when at length he catches sight of three giant submarines in the basin, he is sure that his gravest fears are not without foundation. He has one great duty to perform—he must inform the American consulate of his discovery and have the United States forewarned of its danger. To get back swiftly to his hotel is all-important.

But in his effort to get out of the Yokosuka dockyard he is discovered by sentries, who lead in pursuit of the interloper. In desperation Grant dives into a magnificent motorcar that is parked on the road. There is a beautiful young white girl in it. He pleads with her for help. She covers him with a big robe as he crouches at her feet.

When the pursuers appear, she asks them how they dare invade her privacy in the most revered limousine of Prince Kakagawa! Immediately the sentries withdraw in confusion.

His savior advises the naval lieutenant to hang on to the undercarriage of the car and in this way be conveyed out of the dockyard. He follows her advice. In that moment he has fallen in love with her. But returning to his hotel, he is visited by two Japanese naval officers who inform him that Prince Kakagawa commands his presence!

Grant goes with them, thinking: "Am I to be shot as a spy?"



I threw myself at him just as the shot roared. "First down," said Mike. "Shall I go on with the search?"

PART TWO—"GOD HELP THE UNITED STATES!"

by MAJ. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT AND EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

OUTSIDE the hotel the tramp of soldiers' feet kept pace with us as we walked through the corridor. There must have been thousands. It seemed to me I could see them through the walls and far below in the streets, marching four abreast, columns of them reaching farther back than any eye could see. It seemed I could even catch the glint of stars on their fixed bayonets.

The cheers and cries came faintly up from the streets, came in through the windows and the doors and the brick and steel and plaster and wood, came faintly and confused, but horribly eloquent—the raw voice of war!

We said nothing as we walked along the corridor, nor even as the elevator dropped us swiftly down. What was there I could say?

The prince, in the evening dress of the Occidental world, a few miniature medals dangling from his left lapel, rose from a table in a corner of the great dining room and greeted me with a welcoming smile and an outstretched hand.

"My dear lieutenant!" he exclaimed delightedly. Hope shot up in me like a sudden flame. I was evidently not a prisoner but an honored guest. The war lord had not forgotten me. And he was not suspicious of me.

"Your Highness!" I said.

I didn't know how to greet him here in his own land, in his own company of satellites and courtiers. I didn't know how to pay him the respect that was his due.

So I clasped his hand, and bowed and smiled, and merely uttered, "Your Highness."

"I have only now learned you were stopping here," he said. "You will pardon my seeming discourtesy in sending for you so abruptly. I'm sure you will. But I am so busy, my dear lieutenant, and I have such little time!"

"I am honored," I said, "and rather flattered."

He was a little man, neither young nor old. His face gave no hint of his age. There was no wrinkle in it. A round face, a bland moon face that beamed good nature and—just now—nothing more.

He turned me, placing his hand affectionately on my arm, and introduced me to his already assembled guests.

They were a group of little old men in uniform, their tunics glittering with medals, with the jeweled insignia of the Rising Sun and the Sacred Treasure. They were august, important, benign, aristocratic old men, generals and admirals, nobles of Japan. I felt embarrassed in their presence, an inexperienced stripling, an uncultured barbarian. How dared I stand before them, talk to them as an equal? I who had neither a ribbon nor a bit of metal to do me honor, I, a young man scarce done with his schooling and not yet tested by fire?

I murmured their names, one by one, as the prince pronounced them—and made it seem that I had some difficulty.

We walked around the table from the vacant chair that had been reserved for me. Every now and then the prince paused to give his guests some of my football history, to wait until the clamor of the street subsided a little and he could make himself heard, or to say a word of praise for the man whose name he had just mentioned.

It was quite a formal series of introductions. Each man got up from his chair. Each man saluted. Each man bowed. Each man thrust out his hand. Each man said, in English as good as mine, that he was pleased and honored to meet me, that he hoped my visit to Japan had been most pleasant, and that he had visited my wonderful country some few years ago.

So preoccupied was I over these introductions, and that constant distant rhythm of feet that marched through cheers, and the necessity of remembering names and faces, and the chatter of my host, that it was not until the very last that I recognized two faces dear to me.

Ah, yes; I think even then her face was dear to me, though I had but glimpsed it in the light of a match.

When we came, eventually, around the table to one of those dear faces, all dignity went out of me. I threw my arms about that old man, the only one save Kakagawa who was not in uniform.

“Kato!” I cried. “Kato!”

I almost crushed him in my embrace.

He had been dear to my father in my boyhood days in Tokyo. I had learned to call him “uncle.” He had been dear to me in my youth in California.

Tears came to his kindly old eyes as he held me in his arms.

“Jimmy!” he said. “Scram!”

The prince looked astounded, offended at the word.

Kato released me, and looked at me fondly, and then turned smilingly to the prince.

“That's what his teammates called him,” he said. “Scram.”

“Scram?” said the prince.

His eyebrows made carets over his dark almond eyes.

“Scram?” every personage at the table echoed him.

“Scram,” said Kato.

“But that,” the prince objected, “means run, go away, vanish, disappear.”

Kato laughed again, and took my hand, Western fashion, and put his hand on my shoulder and turned me so he might exhibit me proudly to all the room.

“And when he had the ball,” he said, “how he could run, go away, vanish, disappear, scram!”

Strange those men should know so much about football. But they did. They understood perfectly. I realized that later, listening to them talk to each other about me, not careful of their language.

“And this,” said the prince finally, “is Miss Marian Lamar, an English lady, a journalist of distinction.”

All the time, going around that table, studying faces, repeating names, listening to the prince, listening to the tread of armies, I had been aware there was a woman at that table, seated at the right of my host's chair. I had merely looked in her direction. I hadn't seen her. I had thought her some foreign ambassador's wife or daughter—in plain, some woman who would not matter at all to me.

How can I describe the elation I felt seeing her there in the light of the dinner candles? Candles on a table in Japan! That beautiful white face among the faces of Orientals!

Her hair was the color of ripe wheat. It shimmered and spumed like waving wheatfields in the sun as the candles flicked lights and shadows on it. And her eyes were clumps of larkspur beneath the sheaf of her hair.

Polite waiters leaped forward to seat me as I walked away from her to my place. Orchestras somewhere were playing Western music. Somewhere close by, people were dancing, laughing, chatting. Outside thousands and thousands of feet continued to pass by the hotel.

At our table toasts were drunk, polite little speeches were made, food was brought and taken away. The prince asked me many questions about America, things that had happened since he saw me in my last game.

I talked mechanically, reminded him of the presents he had sent me after he left New York—where I had been permitted to be his guest and his guide for an entire week. I spoke of our night at Coney Island when he had missed everything he had thrown at or shot at. I spoke of parties to which I had accompanied him during that week; of a ball at the Waldorf where he had danced with a society deb and a show girl and a movie star and the Miss America of that year.

But all the time I talked, and all the time I listened, I was conscious of only one thing—the presence of the girl at the prince's right.

My embarrassment at being included in this alien and

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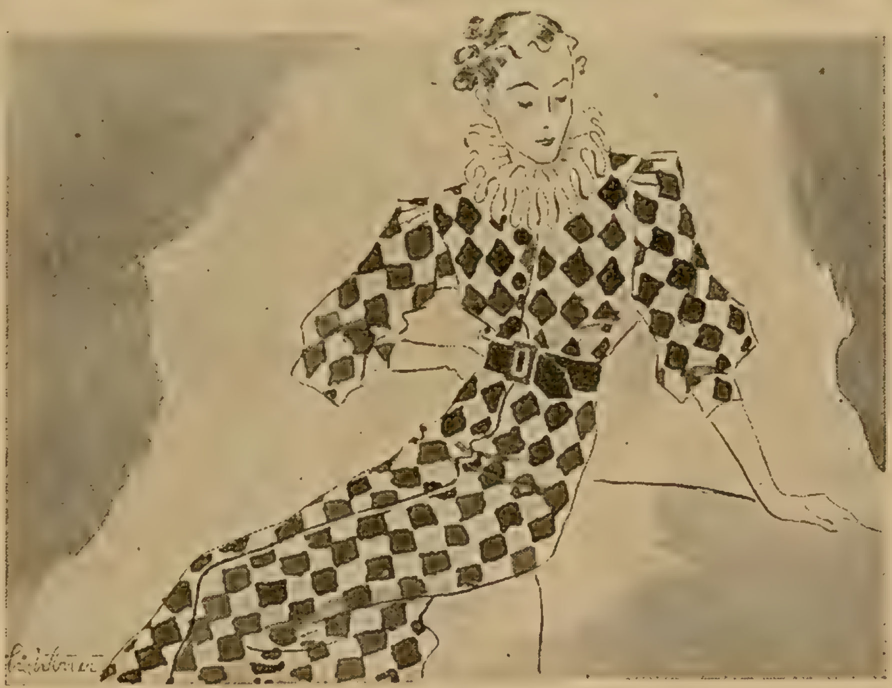
The mystery, intrigue, allure, and mad gaiety of the carnival of Venice are reflected in the summer fashions inspired by the Italian *Commédia dell' Arte*. Harlequin prints, Columbine skirts, Pierrot collars, and Punch caps are all present. Black lace masks worn high above the forehead make evening coiffures, or, if you want to be incognito, slip them down over the eyes.

The latest fantasy in a jester's evening dress has been designed by Molyneux for Marie Bell, the shining stage and screen star. Its full pleated white organza skirt is covered by a fringe of red and blue ribbons, all sewn with little silver bells, and even the organza capelet is bell-edged.

But—don't wear it, girls, if you're hiding in cozy corners between dances, because your husband will know just what you're up to.

—DORAMILLER.



distinguished company—every medal of theirs was a scar in my pride of country and self—vanished when I looked into her eyes.

Mike's abrupt entrance woke me as from a spell.

He came across the floor as though he were on parade, dressed in my uniform but without my tabs of rank—on his bosom more medals than any chest about the table boasted, and medals more dearly bought.

Ah, I was proud of him in that moment, proud of America, proud of myself because I was a countryman of this hero.

Mike was drunk, but you wouldn't have known it.

That in itself was unusual; for Mike was a man who not only loved to drink but loved every one to know he was drinking.

The bum in him had gone. The marine had taken his place.

I saw him coming, but I was still full of the thought of Marian Lamar, and I hardly knew him until he spoke.

He stood a few paces from me and saluted stiffly.

"Your bags are packed, sir," he said.

Instinctively I pushed back my chair and rose. I looked at Mike. He stepped back two paces and saluted again. His face was impassive, telling me nothing.

"Oh," said the prince, with a commiserating smile, "I have been so happy in your company, lieutenant, that I neglected to tell you. We go to practice army maneuvers; and the people think it war."

He laughed, disparaging his people.

"It is deplorable, but there are too many rumors of war in Japan; and all foreigners are in peril. Already several have been badly hurt. Mobs are ugly things, lieutenant, as you perhaps may know. You cannot reason with them. You can put them down only with troops. And as the troops are leaving for maneuvers—"

He shrugged his shoulders, and clasped his hands together, rotating his thumbs about each other, and gave me a smile that asked me to understand and bear with him.

"And so," he went on, "I thought to save you and Miss Lamar and other Americans and Europeans from annoyance and harm. There is an English ship in the harbor which sails at midnight. I have made reservations for you and your valet. I am desolated that such a condition should exist in this empire! You will think us barbarous. But it does exist."

And so we sailed at midnight on the Ledyard Lass, Marian Lamar, a few diplomats, an English couple named Harris, a nice young pair on their honeymoon, Mike and I, and a dozen others I have forgotten.

Kato came with us straight from the dining room—Kato and a few squads of soldiery. We marched in silence to the dock, soldiers walking before us with our baggage, soldiers walking on either side of us and in our rear, all with bayonets on the muzzles of their rifles. Crowds watched us, silent, curious, not hostile, rather awed by all this display of military swank.

At the foot of the gangplank Kato put one arm about my shoulders. And again I saw tears in his eyes.

"Good-by, Jimmy," he said. "Good-by, Scram. And tell your papa, my honored friend—"

His thin fingers dug into my shoulders. He turned abruptly and left me, not turning again. I stood there looking after him a long time. I had known him most of my life. He was one of the kindest and finest men I had ever known. But I never knew his first name, nor his title if he had one, nor his history, nor his business or profession. He was only Kato to me, or "Uncle Kato." Peace to his ashes! Banzai to his memory!

When I think it was my hand—

I hadn't much hope, going up that gangplank, that I would be allowed to send a wireless from the ship. I knew Kakagawa was smart enough to confiscate or destroy the ship's sending apparatus. I knew it wasn't consideration for us that induced him to put us aboard the Ledyard Lass so much as it was to rid the empire of possible spies.

Marian knew that, too.

We stood at the taffrail of the Ledyard Lass almost until dawn that morning, talking. And I gathered she

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was not only a journalist but also a secret agent. Not that she said so. Not that she looked like she might be. No. One looked at her and thought only of wheatfields and old-fashioned gardens, and shady cool swards under sheltering trees, and tinkling waters running over shiny white pebbles like her teeth. One got the impression from her talk, and from her silences. One felt it in her wisdom, her knowledge of world politics and army and navy matters, her acknowledged acquaintance with statesmen and warriors and others who breed wars.

"I knew you at once," she said. "I was praying for your safety, not knowing where you were, when you came stalking in, a giant steered by pygmy Japanese."

I was glad she had remembered me—and flattered.

Mike came sauntering to us as we started to go below. He was trying to sing The Star-Spangled Banner; but he didn't know the words and he couldn't remember the tune.

"Hi, lieutenant! Say, what'd you give to get one of them little monkeys that put us on this tub and run a string through him and dangle him up and down? Wouldn't that be fun? Can I give the lieutenant a drink?"

The Ledyard Lass was a tub with rather more cargo space than passenger accommodations. She was little more than a tramp, but she had speed. She could do something like sixteen knots if you pushed her; and if the quarters were cramped, the food was good.

The skipper, Captain Ivor Jones, was a good-natured old Briton, but he hated the Japanese and damned them to eternal punishment for dismantling his radio.

"Aye," he admitted grudgingly, "they're polite. They said they were sorry. They offered to pay. But so's the man polite who hangs you, says I. And if I had my way—"

He looked furtively about the chartroom, bent closer to Marian.

"There's a chap aboard," he said, "who thinks he can build a sending set that will do until I can get another."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"Chap name of Harris—him the black-haired girl is always mooning over. Ah, well—we're only in love once. On their honeymoon, they are. Going around the world, poor things. And he builds radios. His daddy does, anyhow. Not half bad, what?"

ALL I remember about Harris is that he was nice and gentle and intelligent. What he looked like I cannot say. I have seen so many like him since, mutilated, shot, bayoneted, burned to death in planes, or drowned in the sea. Nice boys, gentle, intelligent, and brave—boys such as you see today growing up in a time of peace and talking lightly of war.

His bride found him dead, sitting on a chair before his improvised workbench in his stuffy little cabin. She had left him not ten minutes before. There was a hole in the back of his head. A gun was lying on the floor, a German gun with an American silencer on it.

We were four or five days out at that time. The sea was calm and the Ledyard Lass was pushing on her way fast through it on a direct line for Pearl Harbor.

"There's a spy aboard," Mike said, "and I know who it is, sir. It's that Heinie that won't buy a guy a drink."

HE came to me the next day, almost sober.

"That Heinie ain't a Heinie, lieutenant," he said. "Can you imagine a Heinie that never heard of Château-Thierry?"

He scratched his head and scowled ferociously.

"I lost two buddies there," he said. "We was walking through the wheat when all of a sudden—"

I had heard the story before. I gave him a bill. It was worth it to get him away from us. He annoyed Marian, or I thought he did; but she denied that. Mike was amusing, she said; a character, a really fine type. And so I came to realize when I began to see him through her eyes.

I left Marian early that night and went looking for Mike's suspect. If the old marine insisted on calling the signals, I'd try not to fumble.

There was undoubtedly a Japanese agent on board, though there wasn't a single soul in the crew or on the passenger list who wasn't white. A German weapon had been used. That didn't mean the German had used it. But if the man were falsely parading as a German diplomat he was fair game. I found the fellow in the bar.

Mike's hunch was right, I thought after half an hour's conversation. The man spoke German much too well to be a German. He had no idioms. He had no slang. He might be anything. He was a middle-sized man with washed-out blue eyes and thin sandy hair. He was about forty, I should say, and the type of man you never remember having met. His eyes looked at me squarely a number of times, but dropped and swung away. His hands were never still.

I began to tell him something about those great submarines I had seen in the Yokosuka yards. Then I knew that Mike was right.

"Not here," he begged. "*Mein Gott*, by spies we are surrounded, and you would talk of such things! Come to my cabin."

"Sure," I said.

Was he going to murder me?

We walked along together on the top deck till we came to a room on the starboard side, near a ladder that ran up to the bridge.

"In there," he whispered.

The room was dark. I pushed open the door. The next moment some one struck me so hard I saw the northern lights. Two great hands clutched my neck and a whisky breath all but suffocated me. I recognized that breath, but I couldn't cry out. I came up with my knee, and lashed out with right and left.

Back of me my new-found friend, screaming like a woman with fright, pounded my back as though it were the panel of a door that blocked his path.

I heard Mike grunt with pain. I heard him swear. I struck again and again. Three times I shot my knee upward into his abdomen; but his hands never let go.

I staggered him finally with a lucky blow that reached his jaw. He went backward, yanking me with him. Our suspect quit pounding, quit screaming. He turned on the light.

And then I saw Mike, and Mike saw me.

He let go.

"Glory be!" said Mike.

"What are you doing in my room?" the little man demanded.

"Your room, is it?" Mike returned. "Sure, that's why I can't find a single solitary drink in it. I might have known it was your room, bad cess to you!"

There was a gun in the man's hand, a German gun. I threw myself at him, tackling high, just as the shot roared. The bullet smashed the glass of the port. I looked up. Mike was standing there with a grin on his ugly face.

"First down," he said. "Ten yards to go. Shall I go on with the search, lieutenant?"

"Yes," I said.

The spy was lying where I'd dropped him. I didn't pay much attention to him, because I heard some one come flying along the deck, little heels drumming like mad. I knew who she was before I saw her.

"Jimmy!" she cried.

She stood there a minute, looking at me out of frightened eyes, her hands fluttering like wings.

"You're all right?" she asked.

"Sure," I said.

I never saw anything more beautiful than the fright ebbing out of those blue pools and the light of gladness seeping in.

"I heard the shot," she said, "and I came running."

SHE'D seen me talking to that fellow in the bar. She'd overheard some of our conversation. She'd followed us, keeping in the shadows. I told her what had happened.

"Is he dead?" she asked.

I shook my head. I really didn't think he was. But he was lying in a queer position, and it troubled me a little. I turned him over, but before I could make any examination I heard Mike's excited voice.

"Glory be!" he said. "I knew it'd be here somewhere. Look!"

I went over and looked, Marian at my side. There was a bomb in the bottom of the trunk, with a timing arrangement on it. Placed in the right position, it could have sunk the ship—or almost any other ship. We'd have gone down in less than five minutes.

The man was dead; but I think he died of fright more than from anything I did to him, in spite of the doctor's say-so.

We looked for papers, but found none of any value to us. If the man was a spy, he had nothing but the bomb in his possession to prove it. We buried him that night, and changed our course.

"You can't tell," the skipper said. "That chap might have had a date with a U-boat."

"A U-boat?" Marian asked.

"Jolly right," the skipper said. "A Jap U-boat. He'd get away all right. If his bomb didn't sink us, a torpedo would. Your friend the prince never intended the Ledyard Lass to reach Pearl Harbor, what? Fool if he did."

I SAW horror in Marian's eyes. It made me want to smash something.

"So we'll jolly well give the Japanese the slip," the skipper went on. "It may take us a day or two longer. But we'll be safer, what?"

"You're the skipper," I said. "Go out of your course. Zigzag. Repaint your jolly old tub. Camouflage her. Fly the Swedish flag. Do anything! Only put on all the steam your boilers'll stand and get us to Honolulu quick."

The poor devils in the hold worked like mad thereafter. We smudged the heavens with our smoke. We had plenty of coal, thank God. Men in the crow's-nests kept constant vigil. We ran without lights at night. We saw no sign of any vessel. We came steaming into Honolulu on the morning of May 28. It looked calm and serene and shamefully sleepy.

Marian and I stood at the prow.

A fever of impatience was burning in me; and yet I was sorry the trip was over. I must say good-by to her here. I might never see her again.

We said little to each other, just commonplaces. We smiled; but we didn't mean to. At least I didn't.

Her maid stood a few paces away from her—a funny old thing with a mustache. She had to shave it every day, Marian told me, but it would grow out again before night. Black it was, and bristly, and most embarrassing to her. She used to cover it with a handkerchief whenever she saw a man. Lots of passengers on the Ledyard Lass thought she was deaf and dumb because she never spoke to them nor seemed to hear what they said to her. Others thought she had a frightful cold.

"Good-by, Marian," I said at last.

"Good-by, Jim," she said lightly. "Good luck!"

The skipper had hung out a wash of flags, and a swift little motorboat came tearing out to take me and Mike into the presence of Rear Admiral Neville, no less, commandant of the 14th Naval District.

I took Marian's little hand and squeezed it, and went overside. I kept looking at her, kept standing up in the little boat, until she merged into the crowd along the rail.

Rear Admiral Neville greeted me warmly. He listened impassively to what I had to say. He asked no questions. He waited calmly until I had done.

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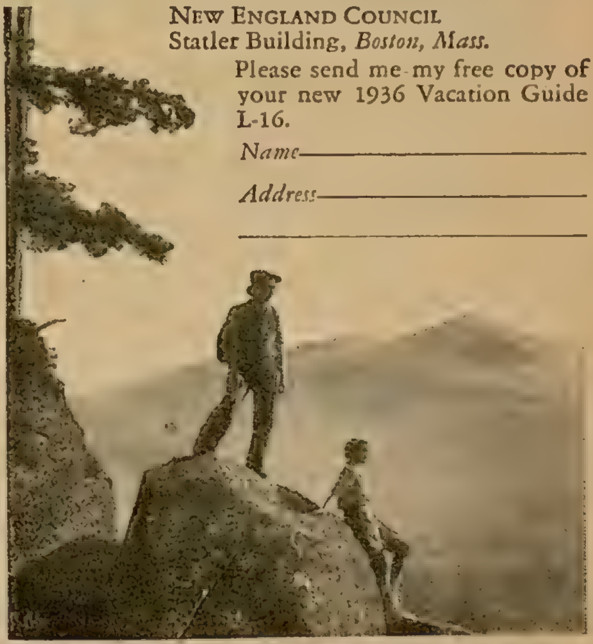

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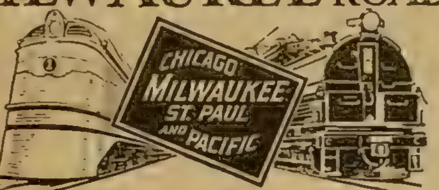

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FREEZONE

"Yes, it's war," the admiral said then.

He took up a pair of scissors and opened the blades, and rubbed his left thumb along them lovingly.

"The cable's out of commission," he said. "Can't get through either way, San Francisco or Midway. Our radio station has been bombed. The stations at Wailupe and Heeia, on the east coast, are silent. I suspect they've been bombed too. We can't reach Schofield Barracks by phone. All over the Territory of Hawaii, and especially here in Oahu, there has been suspicious Japanese activity—secret meetings, murders of soldiers and civilians, houses burned."

An orderly entered with a message. The admiral glanced at it, handed it to me.

"Lighthouse keeper at Kaena Point, extreme west end of island, reports by telephone several airplanes in sight, approaching rapidly."

The admiral issued orders, calmly, impersonally. He might have been a doctor speaking to interns in a hospital, giving each one his task.

"We're caught with our shoes off and the road full of tacks," he said. "We've had to send most of our planes to Admiral McDugel."

McDugel was in command of the Asiatic fleet.

"How is the old boy?" he asked. "Peppery as ever?"

He put the open blades of the scissors to his neck as though he meant to cut his throat, but to cut it very gently. I wanted to leap up and take the weapon from him.

"Yes," I said. "Peppery as ever."

"We had seven large fleet submarines of the V type—but they're at San Diego now for maneuvers with the battle force. They're going to Manila. We sent the light mine layers Breese and Montgomery to the Philippines. We sent the old carrier Langley to Manila by way of Guam, with three squadrons of reconnaissance planes. We heard the Japs were having some battle practice in the vicinity of their mandated islands in the western Pacific, and it worried us some. We thought the Langley could make a reconnaissance cruise, appearing to be engaged in nothing more serious than practice flights. There was a fourth squadron of planes dismantled and stored in her hull. We haven't heard from her. Don't suppose we'll ever hear from her again. Nor from the Wright."

THE Wright was an aircraft tender. She was ordered to accompany the Langley to Guam, flying the flag of Rear Admiral Eggleston. Her presence was intended to lend color to the "maneuver" camouflage. She was never heard of again. Neither was the Langley.

"And I have a number of craft out of commission. Out of commission because I haven't the men to man them."

We could hear the roar of planes now, could hear it distinctly.

"How about the army?" I asked.

"Don't know," he said. He held the blades firmly and rubbed his neck along the edges from right to left, from left to right, as a hog might scratch its back against the bark of a tree, but with much less enjoyment.

He threw the scissors down suddenly and smiled at me. The roaring in the sky was terribly loud.

"Let's see the show," he said.

We stood in the doorway, not far from the phone.

There were twenty planes or more, small, fast, single-seaters, fighting planes in excellent formation. Far behind were formations of other planes, undoubtedly bombers for whom the fighters were to clear the way.

"WE have only three pursuit planes here," Admiral Neville told me in that irritatingly unemotional voice, "and some old seaplanes. All our best planes and most of our good pilots have gone to McDugel. Our pursuits can't be more than half-warmed by this time, but there they go. Good man, Hendrick. Lieutenant Harry Hendrick. Know him?"

"What about the army?" I asked again.

I couldn't stand there saying nothing.

"Don't know. I sent two motorcycles to warn them. It's twenty-five miles to Schofield Barracks—Wheeler Field. They have at least two squadrons of pursuit planes there and I don't know how many bombers. But it isn't enough. We haven't enough planes anywhere. We never had! They wouldn't give us planes. The motorcycles won't get there in time. I allowed them twenty minutes. But it'll be too late. Pretty, isn't it?"

Hendrick was taking off.

"Pretty? Oh, my God!"

It was beautiful!

Hendrick was off. A second plane was after him. And then a third. There was only one thing they could do. Charge. Charge, and delay that winged array, give those motorcycle riders time to warn the army and save the army planes. Charge—and die!

Up they went, the three American knights, straight at that first V of the Japanese. I could see the red rays of the rising sun on the wing tips of the oncoming fleet.

Straight at the leader Hendrick flew, with a comrade on his right and another on his left, both a little behind and above him.

I could see tiny marks on the blue sky all around our three ships, little lines that told of tracer bullets, little lines of fiery glory.

At first I could not see very well because of the sun that glinted and glared on the fighting wings; but a cloud went over the sun and gave me a clear vision.

I saw the enemy leader swirl out of his place, go spinning down, burst into bright red flames and black thick smoke.

"An omen," the admiral said. "A lucky omen."

It didn't last long, that fight—not long enough for those harried devils on their motorbikes to make more than three or four miles. It was over before I realized it.

Squadrons of Japanese planes blanketed the sky. There were hundreds of them. Our planes were lost some place in their midst; under them or over them—I could not tell.

Planes dropped out of the confusion of silver wings and fiery lines that flashed across the blue.

Five I counted, after the first. I could not tell whether they were friends or foes. Six altogether down in flames, leaving a smoky trail.

Six, and then seven, the last one sideslipping and twisting and spinning, to crash into the sea somewhere off Kuakakai.

Seven planes, and then the Japanese air fleet passed on overhead, and I was sobbing like a baby. "God help the United States!" I said.

"Amen," the admiral answered. "Only God can help her now!"

Can anything stop Japan from destroying the defenses of the Hawaiian Islands and seizing the territory for its own war base? And can Lieutenant Grant do anything to save the California coast from devastation? The next installment in Liberty will give you a breath-taking answer. Order your copy now.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 12

1—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr.

2—Because it is a variety of salt (native salt, as found in the ocean).

3—English, despite his Russian name.

4—In the seventeenth century in New England. Governor Winslow imported some in 1624; by 1632 the market was so overstocked milk sold at a penny a quart.

5—Proverbs 27:15—"A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike."

6—Massachusetts, May 30, 1888.

7—Mr. and Mrs. Carl A. Morlok of Lansing, Michigan, parents of the quadruplets born May 19, 1930.

8—It is a "dummy" funnel, housing dog kennels and ventilating machinery.

9—Glycerin.

10—Because of its tender mouth.

11—Xylophone.

12—As Lord Mayor of Cork, Ireland, he was imprisoned for possession of seditious documents, dying October 25, 1920, as the result of a hunger strike.

13—Because of different methods of feeding the hens; the shell of an egg has no basic effect upon the flavor of its contents.

14—Twenty-seven.

15—Yes; the set consisted of two ivory blocks, held together at the back with springs and, according to present-day standards, crudely grooved and carved. They are still in existence, owned by the University of Maryland Dental School.

16—No; the spout proper is fresh water in the form of rain or cloud particles.

17—Influencing, or attempting to influence, a court, jury, etc., corruptly.

18—Seven professional teatasters appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture.

19—Harry Edwin Heilmann of the Detroit Tigers.

20— L da Vinci

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

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Mrs. E. H. Harrington 9-6-35
1138 Prairie St., Elkhart, Ind.

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E. V. Smith 4-15-35
521 E. Main St., Boyne City, Mich.

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I have this to say now and always. I sure could not and would not be without a Cascade for my own use. I also use one in my work on nearly every case I go on. I enjoy using it because I can always depend on good results; it never fails me. I surely have had some wonderful results by the use of the Cascade. I guess I could fill a book with my different cases and the results I have had; I just couldn't nurse any more without it.

Lena Lierman, R. N. 11-8-34
1731 Delaware St., Anderson, Ind.

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Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

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The Fairy Godfather and the Dionne Quintuplets CINDERELLAS

BABIES somehow belong to Easter, just as they belong to Christmas. There are innumerable Easter christenings in churches sweet with the scent of Easter lilies. Toddling small girls, solemnly blissful in their new Easter coats and bonnets, sing at Sunday school the special Easter music which they have been taught. Even baby chicks, ducks, and rabbits are associated affectionately in the world's mind with spring's high festival of joy—as are, most certainly, baby quins!

This is the second Easter in the lives of the Dionne quintuplets. That the names of tiny Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie will be remembered in many Easter prayers is promised by the hundreds of cards and greetings pouring in on the babies from all parts of the United States and Canada. What the writers and other people will be interested to know is that though these carefully tended and guarded infants cannot yet leave their cozy germproof nursery to go to church, even on Easter Sunday, nevertheless the church long since has come to them.

The little Dionnes are truly children of divine grace and have been so from the very beginning of their lives. Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, the physician who worked the miracle of their physical survival and growth, has been an equally zealous guardian of their spiritual well-being. Religious training is well under way and will proceed after the orderly sequence of their parents' Church; Dr. Dafoe, himself not a Catholic, is resolved on that.

It was he who baptized the babies a few minutes after their birth, when he felt uncomfortably certain that all five could not possibly live—after all, quintuplets never had lived before! He performed this brief all-important ceremony because he feared that the priest might not arrive in time, although he himself, at the earliest possible moment, hurried to bring the good father to the bedside of mother and children.

Just as soon as the new arrivals were strong enough, their christening took place in their own model hospital-nursery. Father McNally, the young priest summoned for this event from the Church of the Sacred Heart, where Mr. and Mrs. Dionne were married, is a warm friend and defender of Dr. Dafoe and extremely enthusiastic about the way in which the quins are being brought up. One of the first things any visitor to the nursery notes is the collection of sacred medals, blessed by high church dignitaries, hanging at the head of the ivory-enameled cribs, while each occupant of a crib wears a tiny gold cross, gift of New York's Cardinal Hayes.

Easter worshipers—oh, yes, the quins are among them! For the five—again, of course, by Dr. Dafoe's order—were taught to pray before they could talk. I have never seen anything more charming and touching than Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie performing their Church's gesture of grace before meat.

Each baby sits enthroned in her high chair. Her cheeks are pink, her dark curls tumbled—no matter how recently they have been combed—her satisfactorily hungry mouth as wide open as a baby bird's waiting to be fed. One tanned, dimpled fist reaches for the silver spoon in the yellow porridge bowl with her name on it.

But first a nurse gently seizes the little fist in hers. It is passed in the sign of the cross, from head to heart, then across from left to right shoulder.

"*Ainsi soit-il!*" murmurs the nurse; the phrase may be translated into the familiar English "Thy will be done!" Wondering and big-eyed, yet with a sweet gravity that seems to feel if not to understand, each small girl goes through the brief but sacred ceremony. It is repeated both before and after every meal served in the nursery. Nor is this all. Night and morning the nurses gently place each baby on her knees beside her crib, kneel beside her and say a prayer. It will not be long before those prayers are echoed on childish lips.

Perhaps when Easter comes again the Dionne quintuplets can join in its musical celebration. Even now they listen raptly as their plump

bodies sway back and forth in time to lovely old church music sung to them in French—such songs as the following:

Si Jésus revenait au monde
Pour calmer l'angoisse profonde—
Si Jésus revenait au monde,
Il reviendrait naître chez nous!

[If Jesus returned to the world
To soothe its deep agony—
If Jesus returned to the world,
He would return to be born in our home!]

It is all a part of wise Dr. Dafoe's plan, as is everything else in the lives of the Dionne quintuplets. If ever an earthly providence existed in the form of one man, Dr. Dafoe is it! Plenty of people think of Callander's little country doctor as a sort of glorified midwife who played in a remarkable streak of luck by having the quintuplets happen to him. Nothing could be farther from the truth. To begin with, there was no "luck" about his being called to officiate when the quins arrived.

He got the job because he was and is the kind of conscientious, indefatigable medical man who never refuses a call, no matter how tired he may be or how remote his chances of getting paid.

"No Man Ever Did as Much for Children Not His Own" . . . An Easter Look Behind the Scenes at Five Famous Babies and Their Protector and Playfellow

by MARGUERITE MOOERS MARSHALL

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

In Callander, and even in Toronto, quiet chuckles are still being exchanged at the expense of a certain other Canadian physician who received the original summons on what has become one of the world's most famous birthdays—May 28, 1934. The call came in the middle of the night—babies have a way of keeping inconvenient hours. Its recipient, whatever his reasons, refused to travel several miles over one of the North American continent's worst roads to the dilapidated Dionne farmhouse. Instead, it was Dr. Dafoe, groggy from loss of sleep at another confinement, who nevertheless and as a matter of course went where he was needed.

One can imagine how his fellow practitioner, who couldn't be bothered, has since cursed himself for not letting the lightning of world fame strike!

At all events, to Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie—five pathetic infant Cinderellas—their doctor has proved a perpetual fairy godfather. With his magic wand he has turned their weakness into strength, their poverty into comparative wealth, their feeble chances of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness into relative certainties. And he has had to fight every step of the way.

Though the story of the first few months has been told many times, one detail is always missing from Dr. Dafoe's narrative. Giving generous acknowledgment of the help received from newspapers and benevolent individuals, he omits to mention that he beat all of them to it by digging down into his own scanty life savings in order to purchase immediate necessities which the quins must have if they were not to die.

In the end, as it happened, he did not suffer financially, but he couldn't know that. When those babies were nearly a year old, Lloyd's, most sporting of gamblers, would not take a chance on their lives. If even one of them had died, a fickle world's curiosity would have waned; the doctor could not have been paid the modest $200 a month he is now allowed from their trust fund for acting as the personal physician and general manager, on call every hour of the twenty-four.

"He is the head, we are the hands," one of the babies' nurses said simply and justly. They keep in constant telephonic communication with him; the only phone at the nursery is a private one connecting with his house. An early-morning call is still a regular feature of his daily routine; in summer he is often at the nursery by seven A. M. And are five little girls glad to see him! The instant his short stocky figure, wearing the white surgeon's gown he religiously dons over his ordinary clothing, appears in the doorway, five dark heads turn on five round soft necks like so many morning-glories responding to the beams of the sun.

The quins, even at their tender age, are 100-per-cent feminine and sad little flirts. They have the usual womanly weakness for a uniform, and are never tired of pat-a-caking plump hands and making mischievous eyes at their two private cops, strapping members of the provincial constabulary. Yet something else colors their attitude toward their doctor. To them he is evidently a cross between a fond grandmother and a beloved playfellow. There isn't the most womanly task for these youngsters which he cannot do as well as a nurse. More than once it was thanks to him that the quins' "act" was on time at eight A. M., when, during the tourist season, the first of the four-a-day shows was staged. He can slip a nightgown over a curly head or fasten a safety pin at a strategic spot swiftly and handily. He can laugh a momentarily fractious small person back to her customary good nature.

To watch him manipulate the babies with those hands of his which, in pictures, look so small yet are so strong and kind and deft, is a lesson in applied child care. And every gesture, every glance, shows the affection he so obviously feels, even though he may put it into joking semi-objurgation.

I was present when he returned after a visit to the United States. He took one comprehensive, smiling, satisfied glance at the five little charges he had not seen for a fortnight. "Hello, bums!" he said playfully. Before you look shocked, let me assure you that his voice, his smile, his eyes made the words more affectionate than a dictionaryful of "dears" and "darlings."

The quintuplets know how he feels. Their eyes brighten at the sound of his kind, half-jocular, always sensible sentences addressed to them; he never "talks down" and, as in every well regulated nursery, he permits no baby talk. The quintuplets wriggle happily when he pokes a gentle finger into a fat tummy or administers an equally gentle playful spank. They took their first venturesome walks clinging to their doctor's hand, looking to him for encouragement. When he picks them up, their arms go around his neck, they pull his nose, they grab at his glasses.

He would refuse to admit it—he has very strong views about treating all the children just alike—but I suspect that tiny Marie is his favorite. She is so often the first to be held in his arms, where she cuddles like a kitten. If he should have a slight unadmitted weakness in her favor, the reason is one which every parent will recognize. Since birth, Marie has been the tiniest and the frailest of the five sisters. She is the baby whom her doctor worked hardest to save, to whose physical and mental development he has given most anxious thought. That she is now progressing satisfactorily on both fronts is a special tribute to the care she has received.

Wouldn't it be perfectly natural if her greater need had more greatly endeared her to the man who has been her guardian angel?

Even Marie, however, is not coddled. She and her sisters must toe the mark so far as the formation of habits of good behavior goes. Old enough now to display strong individuality—old-fashioned mothers would call it "temper" and "self-will"—the little girls put nothing over on their doctor. Neither, it may be added, does any one else, and plenty try!

More perfectly than any one I know, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe combines the Biblical mildness of the dove and wisdom of the serpent. He has need of the latter characteristic. The five babies would have died a thousand deaths of commercial exploitation if he had not interposed again and again, winning thereby some relentless hostility and the criticism of a certain proportion of the outside world misled by sob-story propaganda. He has been hurt and troubled by such criticism, but he has never wavered. When all the people who wanted the quins to go into vaudeville or on to Hollywood—and thereby commit suicide—came charging up to Callander, there met them one square solid figure with his back to the nursery wall and on his lips the motto of Verdun: "They shall not pass!"

The mountain in the end moved to Mohammed: Hollywood came to the quins, a chastened Hollywood personnel cut to an irreducible minimum, doing its stuff in the quintuplet movie, The Country Doctor, according to cast-iron hygienic rules laid down by Dr. Dafoe. He has been equally adamant in handling other problems. On the earliest warm Sunday in spring he discovered that not even a road rutted like no man's land (it later was rebuilt into the present excellent thoroughfare) could check the ardor of quin fans. On one April day 500 pairs of eyes stared through the nursery observation window, and the quins got so nervous they couldn't eat their supper.

It never happened again. The doctor kept all future crowds twenty feet on the far side of a woven-wire fence, and, when the original schedule of four half-minute showings a day seemed to tire the little actresses, their appearances were cut to two a day, and finally to one. Furthermore, if they happened to be asleep when their "act" was supposed to go on, the crowd waited. This coming summer they may be even more closely secluded. They will be, he warns, if their greater perceptiveness gets the wrong reaction from the adoring fuss made over them even at touch-me-not distance.

"THE trouble with these exceptional babies is that they are exceptional," he says. "They never can lead an absolutely normal life, but our job is to make it as normal as possible."

On this basis he will help erect, stone by stone, as occasion arises, the mental, moral, and spiritual education of the children. Their present gentle induction into the faith of their parents is an illustration of Dr. Dafoe's conscientious common sense and his diplomatic gift for soothing troubled waters. He guards just as zealously the children's racial inheritance, and this also is wisely diplomatic in a land of two racial stocks as well as of two faiths. That the French soon to be prattled busily by the Dionne daughters will be a pure mother tongue, learned before English, is attributable to his foresight.

He is keenly interested in educational matters and is familiar with their latest developments. Two of his sisters are highly successful teachers in Toronto, and his brother, Dr. William A. Dafoe, noted Toronto gynecologist, is a member of the faculty of the University of Toronto and a convinced believer in nursery schools. From the birth of the famous five, Dr. William has acted as their volunteer consulting specialist, and his advice and help are gratefully acknowledged by his older brother.

The babies assuredly will be well educated, brought up as ladies in the fine gracious old-fashioned sense of the word. Dr. Dafoe uses it as yesterday's governess or your own mother might have done; it seems his most cherished ideal for the future attainment of Yvonne, Annette, Cécile, Emilie, and Marie.

Because he wants them to have enough money to lead a good life, he combines being supersalesman of the quintuplets with being their counsel of public relations. With this future in view, he collects from their business contracts all that the traffic will bear, though getting no "cut" himself for his hard and thankless task of bargaining. He remains, on the other hand, careful of the dignity and honesty of his charges. They may not endorse any product unless they actually use it. Whatever appearances they make before the public, whatever news for publication is given out under the doctor's authorization, must be seemly and in keeping with good taste.

One reason why the little things stay charming is that they have never been allowed to become cheap. For that, as for so much else, they have Dr. Dafoe at least partially to thank. To him they represent more than a stunt value; more, even, than the delightful human value of their baby selves.

FROM his point of view the adventure of the Dionne quintuplets possesses supreme significance as an object lesson to all mothers and fathers, even the poorest. Again and again he has pointed out that most of the measures which saved the quins are simple well recognized principles of child hygiene by which all children can benefit; with public aid if private resources fail.

The right kind and quality of simple food, pure outdoor air, meticulous cleanliness, plenty of sleep and quiet, an ordered plan of daily existence, intelligent affection, medical supervision—these are advantages within reach of most parents in one way or another, Dr. Dafoe feels convinced. They may have to make sacrifices of time, money, convenience; they may have to work out a plan of cooperation for the whole family; they may even have to forget pride and turn for help to social agencies—but if they concentrate on one end, they can do for their babies most of the things done for the quins.

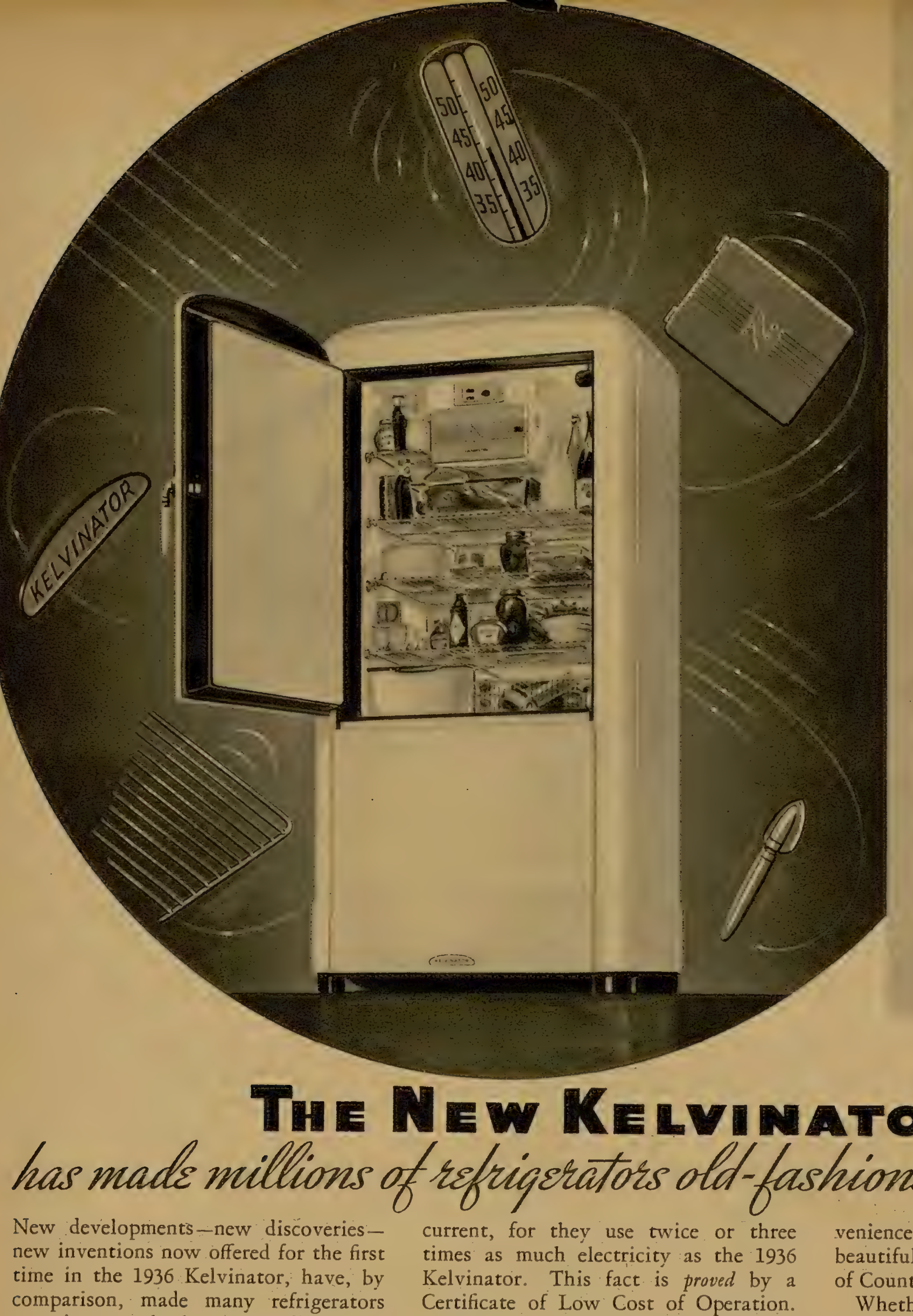
Single-minded, single-hearted concentration seems the secret of the success achieved by the quins' general manager. As he himself told two great American and Canadian medical conventions at Atlantic City, "The babies have lived because I am the boss."

No detail is too small for his decision. What a fractional change in Annette's temperature means, whether the five little sisters need new spring coats, if the five are old enough to go to bed half an hour later—he is as mildly inflexible an arbiter of such tremendous trifles as he was of the recent $10,000 enlargement of the nursery, or the $50,000 motion-picture contract. He not only sees and directs the answering of all the quintuplet mail—he even delivers it himself, since the nursery-hospital is not on a rural mail route. Despite various difficulties he patiently endeavors to work out a harmonious relationship with the children's parents, to whom every concession consistent with the health of the little ones has been offered.

What would the five Cinderellas do if anything happened to their fairy godfather? Judge J. A. Valin, coguardian with Dr. Dafoe, is a delightful and much respected gentleman, but he is far from young. The third guardian, Oliva Dionne, father of the quins, for a long time refused even to meet his associates on the board.

By law, the children are wards of King Edward VIII until their eighteenth birthday; the provincial government, of course, will keep its watchful eye on them and act quickly, as has happened before, if they need help. But the provincial government is 250 miles away, in Toronto. The doctor is on the spot and on the job, and he is not to be duplicated. Those who even at long distance have taken to their hearts the Dionne quintuplets can only pray that their beloved physician will live to see them grow to young womanhood—for by the record to date no man ever did as much for children not his own.

THE END



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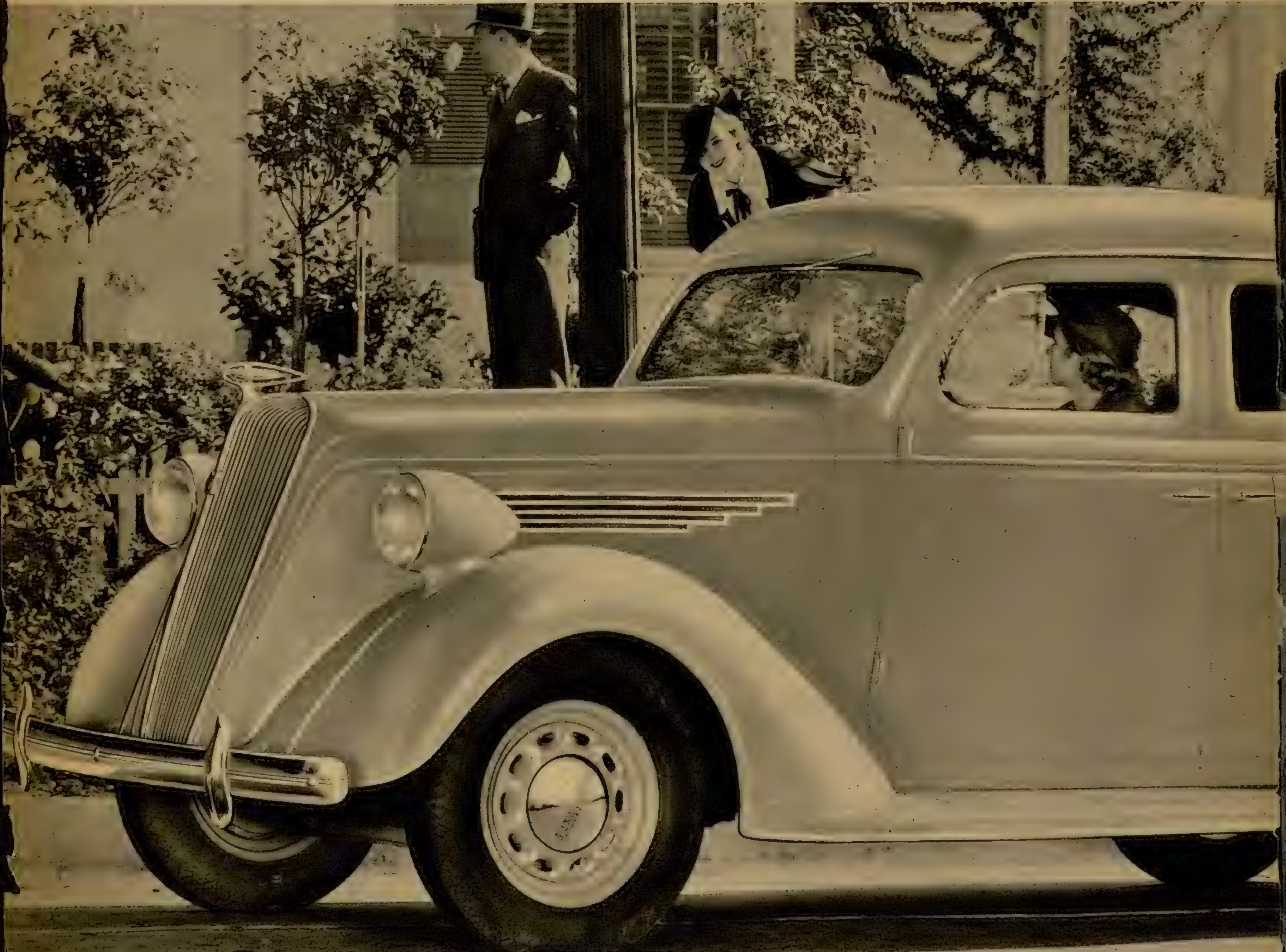

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Americans know automobiles! And when Nash developed the X-Ray System so that car-wise Americans could see, with their own eyes, that LaFayette is the ONLY car in the lowest-price field that's engineered, powered, and lubricated exactly like the highest-priced cars—sales began to double and triple in cities and towns all over the country!

If you want to buy your next car on facts—see the X-Ray System yourself at the nearest Nash-LaFayette showroom. It's an education in itself to see the surprising differences INSIDE cars of the same price . . . the vital engineering features that other manufacturers leave out of their low-priced cars but point to with pride in their higher-priced cars.

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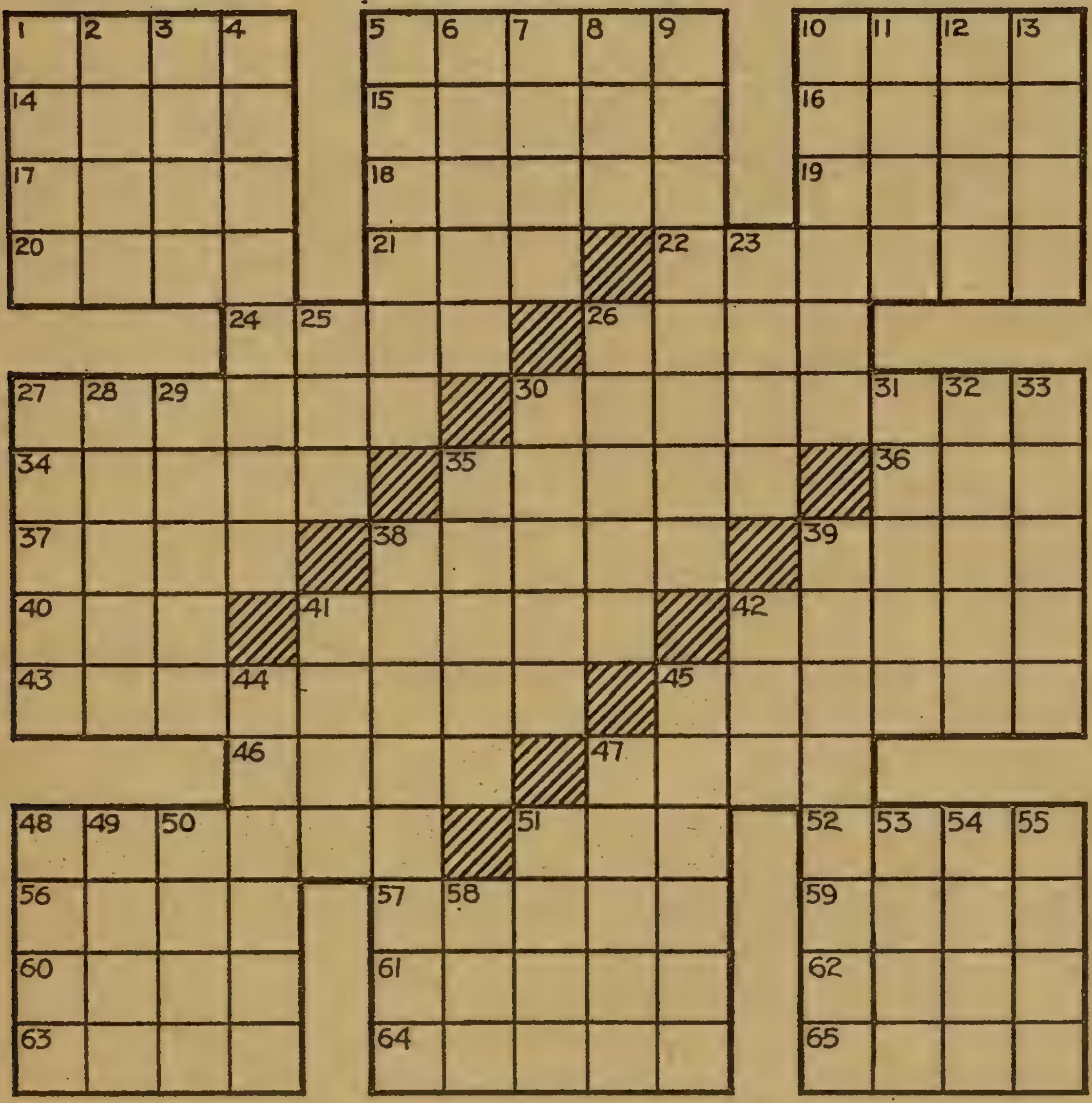
$2,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST!

YOU STILL CAN ENTER AND WIN A BIG PRIZE

HERE is another chance to get into Liberty's great $2,000 cash prize crossword puzzle contest. Your chance to win is still excellent even though you have not started an entry—provided you do not delay any longer. You can begin a prize-winning entry direct from this page—right now! Start, if you have not already done so, by reading the rules. Then solve the puzzle at the left. That will carry you well on your way toward an award. Then you will need the first three puzzles of the series to bring your entry up to date. Mail a request for free reprints of the puzzles you need to the contest address in Rule 7. They will be sent you without charge.

HERE ARE THE PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 4

HORIZONTAL

1 Girl's name
5 Nettle rash
10 To countersink
14 An image (variant)
15 A constellation
16 The pen name of Charles Lamb
17 Tear apart
18 Time as expressed by verb forms
19 Market
20 On the sea
21 One of the points on a compass
22 Adjusts or forms to a line
24 Masculine
26 Integument of an animal
27 One of the bones of the ear
30 Any axis of revolution (plural)
34 Regulates
35 The backbone or spine of an animal
36 One of the notes in the scale of Guido
37 Parched
38 Fetch
39 Tight
40 The particular thing (legal)
41 A group of islands off the coast of Ireland
42 A pack
43 Variety of garnet
45 Demolished
46 Johnnycake
47 Part of a boat
48 To extend in all directions
51 Disease of sheep
52 Auction
56 Stingy
57 River in France
59 Poet of ancient Rome
60 Freedom from constraint or formality
61 Frame for holding an object of art
62 To be careful or wary
63 Pieced out by laborious, inferior, or scanty addition
64 To move furtively or clandestinely
65 Disagreeably sharp in outline; said of a painting

VERTICAL

1 An Italian coin
2 Vernacular name for a certain stringed instrument (plural)
3 Single
4 Undiscouraged
5 Hostelries
6 Girl's name
7 A climbing plant
8 Greek deity
9 Furtive; deficient in openness and courage
10 Cause to remember
11 Ardor; dash
12 Town in France
13 Entangles
23 Series or rank of objects
25 Bronze or copper money (Roman antiquity)
26 Draws out and twists into threads
27 Fixed look
28 Becomes fatigued
29 Faulty
30 To polish
31 Find out about
32 To avoid
33 Glutted
35 Slatted container
38 Animals having dark streaks or spots on a gray ground
39 Attended with fatigue
41 Malaysian wild ox
42 Color tint
44 Started
45 Relate again
47 A territory of Japan
48 Belonging to the wild-duck family
49 Pointed end
50 Expunge
51 Land higher than its surroundings
53 Longing eagerly for
54 Large fish of northern Europe
55 Whirlpool
58 Cereal grain

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.
2. To compete, solve each puzzle as it appears, and save them all until you have a complete set of ten.
3. It is not necessary to clip the puzzle from the magazine. Tracing will be acceptable if accurate and legible.
4. When you have all ten solutions, send them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than seventy-five words on the subject, The Story, Article, or Feature in Liberty I Have Enjoyed Most During My Participation in This Contest, and Why.
5. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best and awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on that basis, prizes will be awarded to the next best 222 entries. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Statements of preference will be rated on the basis of clarity and convincingness.
7. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORD EDITOR, LIBERTY MAGAZINE, P. O. BOX 556, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.
8. All entries must be received on or before Friday, June 12, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
9. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

ALWAYS MUSIC

Liberty's Short Short

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 33 SECONDS

by NEWCOMB HALL

THE house phone rang and Helen extended one languid arm from the middle of the bed and took the receiver off the hook. She said, "Hello"; then, "Thank you," and hung up. She smiled at the girl in the evening dress in front of the mirror and said, "It's Lee. He's waitin' downstairs. Does Tom know you're goin' to see him?"

Ann Lucy surveyed herself in the glass complacently. "Course he does! Why, he said to me, 'Honey, when you and Helen get up there to New York for your trousseau, you got to see Lee and tell him. It's the honorable thing to do, and I know he will appreciate it.'"

Helen laughed uproariously. "Sho, darlin'," she finally said. "These here now Southern gentlemen are great appreciators. . . . You give Lee my love and tell him to be brave."

Lee Hammond, beneath the lounge clock in the lobby, ceased his restless prowling back and forth when he saw Ann Lucy coming slowly down the wide low stairs toward him. He was a tall dark young man with a fine nervous carriage and a proud set to his flat shoulders, acquired at military school. He stopped dead still when he saw Ann Lucy and his black eyes shone. He thought, with a faint wave of homesickness, that only a Southern girl could give a simple summer evening dress such flamboyant allure.

"Lee!" she said with a little shriek. "Lee darlin', it's so good to see you!"

"It's good to see you too, Ann Lucy," he said. He took her hands and they looked at each other.

"Lord, honey," Ann Lucy said, "I can't hardly believe it's been three years. You look so sophisticated you actually scare me!" Her eyes widened, which made her look about half her twenty years.

"I bet!" he chuckled derisively. "Ann Lucy, you're still prettier'n a picture. What you doin' up here in the big city, anyway?"

Ann Lucy quickly looked away, not meeting his eyes. "Oh," she laughed nervously, "just a sort of crazy idea. What you doin' up here, Lee?"

"Oh," he said airily, "me and a couple other boys are down in the Street tryin' to put Uncle Sam back on his feet. How's everybody at home? How's old Joe? And Tom! How's old Tom, Ann Lucy? That wild man ever go to work?"

A wave of color crept up Ann Lucy's lovely throat. "Tom—why, old Tom's all right," she faltered. Lee was regarding her with great interest. She plucked at his arm quickly and said, "Well, what y'all do up here when a girl from a little old Southern town insists on lookin' you up after three years?"

Lee took her arm and they walked out into Forty-sixth Street. The June air smote them like the blast from a furnace. She looked up at him timidly. She saw that one of his spells of brooding had him in its clutches; the very thing, she told herself, she had feared most.

"Where we goin', Lee?" she asked.

"Ann Lucy," he said, frowning heavily, "I got to talk something over with you. And I don't want a lot of noise and lights and people around me when I do it. Let's go down and take the ferryboat over to Staten Island. It's cool down there on the water," he added belatedly.

His manner frightened her.

"Suits me, honey," she said. "How on earth do you ever stand all this dirt and noise anyway?"

Lee didn't answer her.

The ride downtown was a welcome interlude to Ann Lucy. On the ferry two Italian men made sad thin music on a violin and accordion, and with an overpowering rush of melancholy she suddenly became intensely aware of Lee, somber as a cypress, there beside her.

"Look—" He had turned and was pointing at the beauty of the newly lighted city behind them.

"Oh, lovely," she whispered—and the whisper broke and she was crying.

Lee pulled her gently about and lifted her chin. "Don't," he said, his own voice a little ragged. "Please, honey, don't cry. I think I understand, and it's all right."

"Oh, darlin'"—her voice was uneven, like a child's—"I couldn't help it. You were gone, and you didn't write so often, and Tom—well, you know he's always been in love with me, Lee."

Lee nodded. Then he said, as if he were very tired, "I kind of got an idea you wanted to tell me something like this."

"We're goin' to be married, Lee," she said gently. "I came up to get my trousseau."

He touched her shoulder awkwardly. "I understand, Ann Lucy. It was bound to happen."

"I hoped you had forgotten, Lee," Ann Lucy said wistfully.

"Ann Lucy," he said soberly, "I'll never forget you as long as I live. I reckon," he said, his voice sounding far off to her, "I came into the world lovin' you."

She swayed against him and his arm went about her shoulders.

THEY didn't talk any more. When they docked again, they went, without discussion, back to the hotel. Lee went in with her. Beneath the clock in the lounge Ann Lucy faced him. She held out her hand and smiled. "It's been swell, Lee," she said.

He took her hand. "I'll see you again before you go, won't I?"

She shook her head. "I can't, Lee. I'm catchin' an early train. I reckon it's good-by."

He took her hand again and mumbled, "Well, good-by, Ann Lucy. God bless you both."

Her dark eyes, suddenly troubled, held him an instant longer. "Lee, try not to hate me."

He shook his head and walked quickly away from her, his spare shoulders very military. Ann Lucy, turning to the elevator, was consumed with pride; and she wished that Helen could have seen him go.

She didn't see Lee turn sharp left into the hotel drugstore and dash to a phone booth. He dropped a nickel into the slot and dialed a number familiarly. After a moment he heard Norah's warm sweet voice.

"Lee?" she said. "You big bum, how long do you think I'm going to wait around for you? I'm starved!"

"Sugar," he said, "hold everything. I been workin' like a hound-dog."

He could hear Norah's laugh, and he knew her eyes were amused.

"You romantics!" she said.

"Well," he said, "far be it from me to ever disappoint a lady. That is," he added, "a pretty lady."

THE END

COMPANY OF THE DAMNED

by CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

THE Kurram Militia were scouring the Hills outside the Khyber Pass for the Mad Fakir, Lenhai, who was inflaming the Hill Moslems against British rule in India. Escaping from Lenhai's clutches, Lieutenant Digger Craven of the Militia reached Peshawar with the help of an Irish-American adventurer, Barney Binns. Digger had been mystified by the Mad Fakir's sinister woman associate, Mahrila. He had suspected her to be really a European.

Colonel Strong led the Militia in a search for a village where Digger had been imprisoned. They were fired upon by bandits, who produced a captive aviator and tried to use him as a human shield. In the final rush upon the bandits' blockhouse he was wounded. As the Militia were returning with him to Peshawar, there was an ominous riot in the crowded Pass around the escorts of a nine-year-old native boy whom the Moslems appeared to hold in veneration.

The colonel, Digger and another officer, and Barney Binns, disguised as natives, mingled with the crowd in the Peshawar serai. They gathered that followers of Lenhai were to meet secretly in the city, and even learned the password: *Nabi.* When they left, they were shadowed by a veiled woman. Binns seizing her, she proved to be—Mahrila! They turned her over for safekeeping to a loyal babu. Three days later they attended the secret meeting. Lenhai himself appeared in it and spellbound the fanatics with a harangue about the coming Moslem empire. He said Nabi would be emperor—and Nabi, it developed, was the name of the mere child who had been the center of that riot in the Pass! While the four were at the meeting, Mahrila escaped. The babu set to guard her was found strangled.

PART THREE—A NIGHT OF TERROR

IT did not seem possible that Mahrila herself had committed this murder. She had not the physique for it. The babu was a big fellow, heavily built and surprisingly strong. In all likelihood she had been rescued by friends, and doubtless she had fled to the Hills—to join Lenhai and perhaps Nabi. A pretty trio! In a short time Hunted Men's Militia was also back in the Hills.

We left the Pass and took the road to the northeast, trekking toward the wild country where Lenhai had been at work when I made contact with him. Again our objective was a village the name of which we didn't know.

All over the frontier there were levies, irregulars and regular troops, engaged as we were in scouting the countryside. But our unit was different from most others. Give these rascals of ours too much of a quiet time and they would show their discontent in desertions, insubordination, and general disintegration.

It was during these plodding hours that Strong's leadership showed itself. He kept them hoofing through blinding heat over hilly roads for two days during which we did not come upon a single sniper.

With dawn of the third day came a diversion. There on the sky line was a column of smoke belching heavenward. One look was enough for our boys. Their eyes brightened. Lagging feet began to step more jauntily. They broke into song—a battle chant of their forefathers.

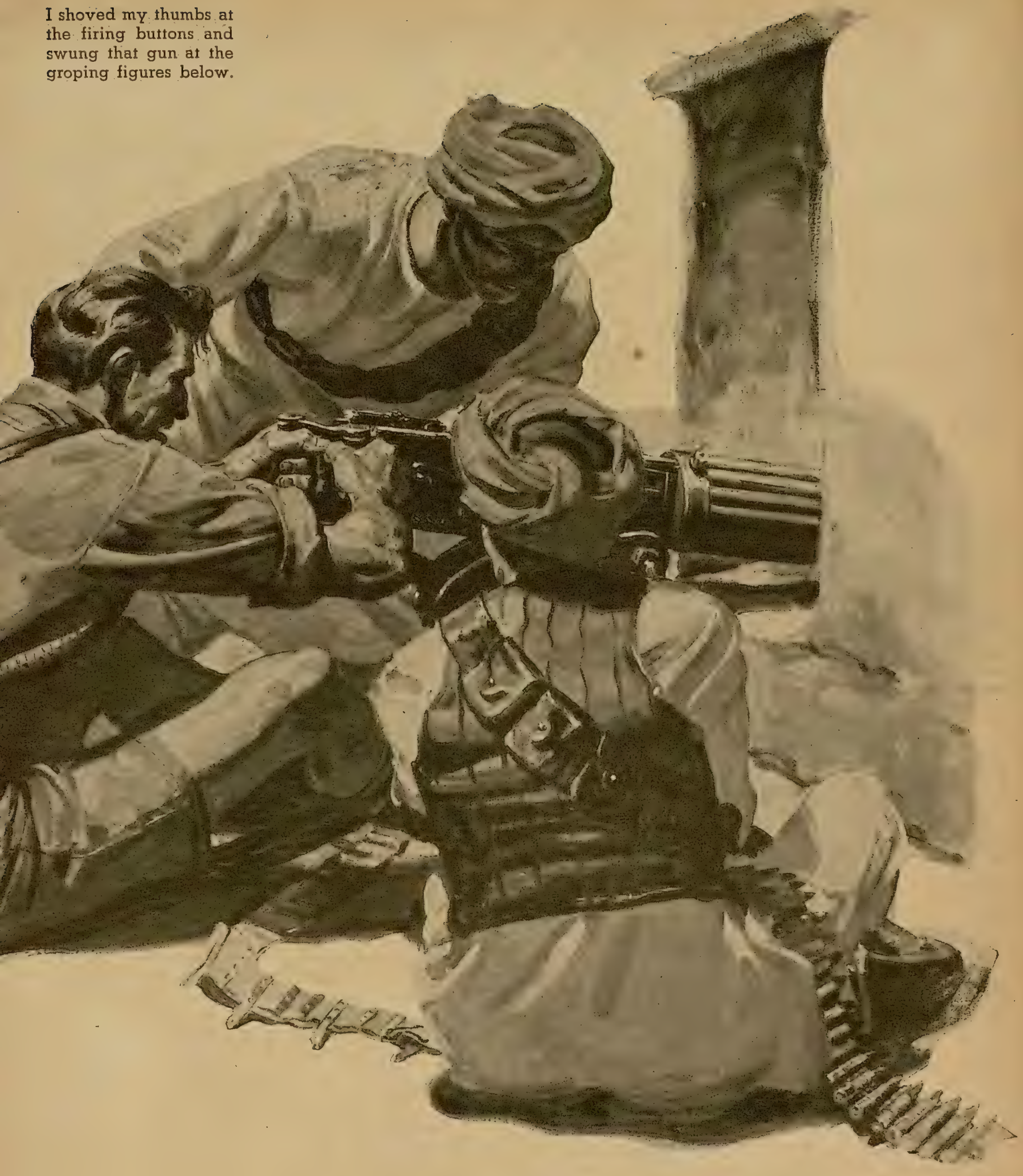
Scouts sent on ahead reported that a village had been fired. We went forward at the double. As we drew near, the heat rising from the ruins was so intense that we had to pull up sharply. Acid fumes filled the air.

"May you perish by fire!" More of the Mad Fakir's work. Clearly we were on his trail! A loyal village had gone to its doom. And the inhabitants? Were they all dead? We could discern the remnants of the hovels that had housed them, but no sign of life.

The colonel fired his revolver into the air. The effect was electrical. A strange group of people emerged from the ruins away on our left flank. They approached us slowly, distrustfully as it seemed. At their head was a gray-bearded man bent with age, his wrinkled face and rheumy eyes filled with tragedy and suffering.

It was he who told us of what had happened. The Mad Fakir had indeed passed this way. He had turned his

I shoved my thumbs at the firing buttons and swung that gun at the groping figures below.



mob loose upon the village—thereafter wholesale outrage, butchery, pillage, and arson. The old man and these fourteen others had remained hidden even while their homes were fired.

They led us round the broken walls to where the gates had stood. We entered, and came upon death sprawled in every sort of grotesque attitude—the unmistakable work of the demented beast, Lenhai.

We passed through the wreckage of the streets and the houses, and on to the house of the khan. This was intact only because it was built of great blocks of stone. It stood on a mound near the north wall, high up and over-

The Mad Fakir Springs a Death Trap, and Digger's Platoon Stands Siege—More Thrills in a Stirring Inside Story of the Hunted Men's Militia in India looking the whole village. A stout wall ran round the courtyard—a wall several feet thick and heavily buttressed, with embrasures and loopholes above for the guards. On this wall men lay crumpled where they had fallen. Yonder was the khan himself, strung up on his own door, and some fiend had arranged his wives about him, and his children, mutilated beyond description.

The shambles presented something of a problem to our commander. Naturally he was anxious to push on after the Mad Fakir, who had left the village at dawn of that day. The old man, who declared he had been a khan himself in his younger days and was known by the name of Ibrahim, volunteered the information that Lenhai was making for the Nahakki Pass, farther north. He asserted he had heard this while in hiding.

Nahakki Pass! I met the colonel's eye. His look was significant. Was it in the historic Nahakki Pass of ill fame that Lenhai was gathering the clans for the descent upon India? This pass is high in the mountains, in a land of wild tribes—notoriously the most troublesome Hillmen outside the administered area of the frontier.

The colonel proposed to trek toward the pass. By this time it was nearly high noon, and the sun was beating down upon the village. What were we to do with it and its massed corpses? We could hardly leave it in the care of its fifteen survivors, seven of whom were women. Nor could we take them with us. The only solution was to leave a detachment to help and direct them in the disposal of their dead.

It fell to my own platoon to shoulder the task. Barney Binns elected to stay behind with us. He and I were two white men in charge of sixty native irregulars and four havildars, to say nothing of the fifteen villagers. We sat on the buttressed wall of that little fort we were to hold until it was cleaned up, and stared down at the depleted company as it marched out, crossed the plateau, and disappeared from view.

We had two days' rations. We had plenty of ammunition. Not that we were likely to need it. It hardly seemed possible that Lenhai would pass this way again for some time. We had maps. We were to join the company at Halki Gandab, some five hours' march ahead.

This job of burial would not be completed much before nightfall. There could be no hope of our getting on the move before the morrow's dawn. Should the company make contact with Lenhai before reaching Halki Gandab a dispatch would be sent back. . . .

Altogether a lively prospect! Yet the work proceeded apace. By sunset the air about the fort walls was sweeter, and the vultures were drifting away. The dead had been buried in communal graves and great stones were being piled over them to foil the jackals.

The job done, we assembled the men in the fort and turned out a double-armed guard. Darkness had now descended, and Binns and I decided to get some sleep. Eater of Women, now my personal servant, had orders to turn in at the doorway of our improvised bedchamber.

I HAD hardly got to sleep when I was awakened by a tugging at my shoulder and a native voice calling: "*Sahib! Sahib! Dekko, sahib!*"

I sat up with a jerk and looked. So did Binns. Eater of Women was standing in the doorway, torch in hand, with two of the elderly women from the village.

"What the devil?"

"Ibrahim Khan, *sahib*, him send presents for helping bury his people. Ibrahim Khan say Feringi good. Givem wife."

"Get out of here and take those women with you!"

"But, *sahib!* Ibrahim Khan—he give—"

"*Jao! Jaldi! Jaldi!* [Go! Quickly! Quickly!]"

"Wait a minute! You can't chuck these old dames back at the old khan like that, Digger! If he sent 'em here—well, I guess he sent all he had to give. It must have cost that ancient a whole lot of pride to offer his women to us infidels."

He was right. When a Moslem honors his guests in this way it is a serious insult to refuse. On the other hand, there are limits to good manners. I stared at Binns. He was thoroughly enjoying the situation.

"Well," he said, "how do we pass this up?"

"I'm hanged if I know how. Couldn't we tell him—"

At that moment there was a sudden uproar in the courtyard. Our guards fired warning shots. We rushed out to find them rousing the platoon, with wild confusion about the walls. The women's screams of panic tore the air. They were appealing to the sepoys to protect them against Lenhai!

Lenhai returned? It seemed incredible. But the night was suddenly filled with the shattering roar of musketry. We saw through the gloom a veritable army of creeping figures assembling in the village below us, under cover of the ruined buildings. What else could this be but Lenhai's army? There was no time to wonder why he had returned.

We distributed our men about the loopholes and embrasures. The machine-gun crew assembled the gun. By this time the rebels were sending up a hail of lead. But we were adequately protected by the stout walls.

"Come on, you crazy loons!" laughed Binns.

Truly this was just what the boys had been spoiling for! To the Mad Fakir they must have sounded in their exultation like six hundred men!

I sat behind the gun while Eater of Women fed the belts of bullets through the breech, pouring death out of the chattering barrel at the rate of seventy to the minute. I was conscious of those two women near me. They were still at our service—in fact, bringing up more ammunition. We were giving a terrific account of ourselves, evidence of which we had in plenty, for those advancing figures down below had been very effectively checked!

THERE must have been three or four hundred in Lenhai's force. But no odds seemed too great for us then. Were we not securely entrenched behind stout buttressed walls, with nothing stronger than rifle fire to wreck them? I could well appreciate the feelings of these levies of ours; I too chuckled while I shoved my thumbs at the firing buttons and swung that gun at the groping figures below. We could hardly know just how many we were accounting for, since the only way of determining was by the "dead spots"—the positions that began by being troublesome and then ceased to show any sign of life.

"*Kuch dar nahin hai!* [There is no fear!]" chuckled the women at my back.

Of course there was no fear. We felt ourselves monarchs of this situation! The firing went on steadily, hour after hour, throughout the night. Once the rebels made a wild charge, firing from snap as they careered crazily over the jagged walls and piles of wreckage, raucously calling their battle cry: "Take a taste of hell!" But it was they who took the taste when they met our fire. We could see its shattering effect upon them.

For a long time afterward we referred to that tight little corner of the hills as the Village of Ibrahim. But to me it will always remain the Village of Death. Some of the fanatical tribesmen raced up to within seventy or eighty yards of the fort walls before they were knocked over and dropped into the dust.

Dawn came up and illumined a dreadful scene. The streets below us were littered with twisted bodies. The dirty tortuous alleyways that we had cleared of dead were in a worse state than ever. Lenhai and his rebels had now snuggled in behind the ruined structures, and we had time to look over our own force and estimate the cost of the hectic dark hours.

"Well, we're sitting pretty so far, Digger. But if they keep coming, what are we going to use for shot?"

"Are we as low as all that?"

"We shot off a few thousand rounds last night, buddy."

And then, I remember, we stared at each other. We had been standing off these fanatics only by expending a vast amount of ammunition. But that was all we had done—stood them off. They were still there. They were likely to stay. For us, imprisoned in that fort, the situation had taken on a very sinister hue. Our shot and our rations were limited! Why hadn't we sent a dispatch after the column during the night?

"Heavens! Aren't we a couple of fools?"

"Wish you hadn't asked me that," grinned the American. "Because that question applies to only one of us."

"Good Lord!" I said. "Did you—"

"Sure! While you were wearing your thumbs out on that gun, I sent off a couple of the boys under cover of the darkness and the fire. Yes, sir! And they took our good Kabuli ponies!"

I heaved a sigh of relief. If those two sepoys got through, and I knew of no reason why they should not, the Mad Fakir down there would have little chance of starving us into surrender. Indeed, he might find himself beautifully trapped. Though, on reflection, I doubted whether we could trap him as easily as all that. He seemed to have something of an espionage system; he must have learned that one platoon of us had been left behind in this village. Otherwise he would never have turned back on it, for he had clearly avoided our column while retracing his steps.

The brilliance of his move slowly dawned upon us. He meant to dispose of Hunted Men's Militia bit by bit. Our platoon was to be the first, after which he would nibble at the heels of the column itself!

I even began to doubt whether all these men and women of the village who had greeted us on our arrival were what they had appeared to be! I said as much. Binns thought my notion was crazy.

"They're in with us, aren't they? Why, the women were carting ammunition around for us last night!"

"What does that prove? Where are they all now?"

WE lined up the platoon. The night's work had left us with five men more or less seriously wounded—which was pretty good, considering. We rounded up the seven women, too—but Ibrahim and his male compatriots had completely disappeared!

I yelled to the senior havildar, "Arrest those damned women and tie them up!"

"I guess you're right, Digger. We *are* a couple of saps! Ibrahim! The poor ancient patriarch of the ruined village! Migosh!"

"What I can't understand is why he and his pals didn't take these women with 'em when they scuttled."

"Simple. These dames have been left holding the bag. They were never in on the scheme to trap us. They've just been used by Lenhai and his pal Ibrahim—I'll bet the baby's shoes on that."

"Then Lenhai and his mob were not very far away when we arrived at the village yesterday morning!"

"Too true. It's plain enough, Digger. Look. The Fakir lands on this village. He kills all who resist him, and takes those who don't into his army, including a few dumb janes as camp followers. Then he learns of our approach, and leaves a handful of 'em behind to tell the sob story. While we're being played for suckers, he gets out of sight and waits—"

"Strong himself was taken in by it," I said, "if that's any satisfaction!"

"Yeah. And we were even saps

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enough to clean up the village. Migosh! Can you beat that?"

We lined up the men and impressed upon them the necessity for conserving our supplies. We had rations for the day. We might be relieved during the day. But as for ammunition, we should need to husband our remaining few rounds with the greatest care.

And then one of the guards who had been told off to watch our seven women prisoners came running up and reported that three of them were terribly sick. We hurried inside to see what had happened.

The three women were rolling about the floor, obviously suffering intense pain. The other four were wailing and moaning. They gesticulated at the row of chatties—big porous water vessels—that stood in the forecourt. The water was poisoned! They had all drunk of it! Even as they shrieked at us they went down, one by one.

We struggled with them, improvised emetics from salt and plaster from the walls. But it was no use. Hunted Men's Militia doesn't carry stomach pumps around. One after another those seven women died on our hands.

I ran out and smashed those clay chatties, the water flooding around my feet. Fortunately the boys still had a supply of water in their bottles and in the canvas bags they carried, though it was getting perilously low. In another hour or two they would have been crowding round these vessels to replenish!

Barney Binns came out, mopping his face. "Well, I guess this guy Lenhai is what you'd call thorough, huh? Now he's got us just where he wants us."

"Oh," I said, "Strong will be along with the column sometime during the day. It's hardly begun yet."

"We don't know that those two boys reached him. If they didn't—well, God knows what friend Lenhai'll do next!"

There was no place in this edifice of solid stone where we could bury the women. In the end there was nothing for it but to throw them over the fort wall and watch them roll down the slope to the village. Certainly it was the most horrible funeral in which I had ever participated.

There was, however, no movement down there—save those made by the dogs and the scavenger birds. The village of the dead was strangely quiet. Not one shot had disturbed the peace of the morning, and it was drawing close to high noon.

The problem of water occupied us as the day grew hotter. Some five or six hundred yards down the slope was one of the village wells. None of Lenhai's men had approached it—and poisoning wells in any circumstances was something that the true Moslem abhorred. Just the same, it was out of reach. We could not hope to procure any water during daylight.

I gathered in the canvas water bags. They were mostly half-empty. We hung them in the shade and placed a guard over them. I was still trying to believe that we should sight the column hurrying to relieve us before nightfall.

BUT the day wore on and there was no sign of any such relief. The boys became restless. The senior havildar, their spokesman, came to me and suggested we leave the fort and make a dash for the village gates.

That would be sheer suicide. The odds against us must be at least ten to one. And yet, as a last resort—compared to dying of thirst— When the sun began to dip toward the horizon we knew that something must have happened to those two sepoys.

The hot hours dragged and we had nothing to do but think and think and stare down upon that charred heap of broken buildings. There could be no possible doubt about it now. Lenhai knew our column was well out of reach, otherwise he would not have remained quiet for a whole day. He knew we now had no water except what we had brought with us. Why, then, should he trouble about making an attack. He need only sit tight—wait!

"He'll attack tonight, Digger. Gotta ration our shot."

"Let's impress on the boys," I said, "that they're to fire only on command. My boy and I will look after the machine gun. I'm leaving you to keep a tight hold on the other boys. Those rebels must be allowed to come within a few yards of the walls before we open fire."

"I get you. Draw 'em in and then volley."

Despite our strict rationing, there was very little water left when night fell like a dropped curtain. If we were to replenish our water bags, now was the time. Lenhai was smart enough to set a sniping party on that well, but in this dense blackness there was just a chance the water carriers would make it and get back.

There was no lack of volunteers. Three were chosen, and silently they slipped over the wall and dropped to the ground with their canvas buckets and bags. We watched them separate and glide into the blackness. Then a long silence, while some fifty or so men in that little fort stood staring from their loopholes and waiting.

At length the three had been gone an hour and there had been never a sound from them, nor from that mob below. It was uncanny. Quite frankly, it was beginning to get on my nerves.

"Knifed!" whispered Binns.

That was how it looked to me. They had probably been permitted to reach the well and draw the water, and then—I felt I should go crazy if I did not do something soon; and now the havildar told me that the boys had chosen three more volunteers. They had a plan. They would approach the well in a wide circle, would attend to Lenhai's watching cutthroats before attempting to get water.

I NODDED. They went, went with grinning faces and an anticipatory light in their dark eyes. Once more the nerve-racking wait. Nothing happened. Nothing stirred down there. Another hour passed—and another. Gehenna could not be worse than this, I thought.

Presently I was seeing things in the darkness, indistinct shapes creeping upward. One, two, three, four— These were not our returning water-bearers! Was I going mad? There seemed to be dozens of them creeping, creeping. Nay, hundreds! The slope was alive with crawling figures. This was no hallucination. Lenhai's men were coming at last.

Binns crept over to where I sat crouched behind the machine gun. "Oh, boy!" he whispered. "We give 'em the first volley on the sound of your gun? Good! Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes!"

How silently those devils advanced! My only worry was lest our boys start firing too soon. Eater of Women was on his haunches beside me and I knew from the gleam in his eyes that he was begging me to let go.

On the instant that the crawling figures rose upright to rush across the last few intervening yards, my thumbs automatically pressed the firing buttons. The stillness of the night was rent by the rat-tat-tat of the gun, by the immediate crash of the rifle volley. I saw the advancing rebels topple over by the score. We had got them just so—waist-high!

In those first few minutes we inflicted terrible slaughter. Even so, some of them had crept so near to us as to be able to make flying leaps at the wall. A score or so reached the top. They were clubbed down; others leaped to take their places. I swung the gun, raked the thick body of them, cleared the wall. And still the crawling mass crept up behind them.

It looked at one moment as if we should be unable to check that blind charge of maniacs. There were no timid volleys from us now. The boys were potting away with astonishing rapidity. I had no notion as to how many belts had snaked through this jabbering machine gun. Eater of Women had become an expert at feeding it! I dared not think of the last belt—of a cold empty gun.

Then from our assailants' rear we heard the mighty voice of Lenhai himself. We knew it, of course, Binns and I. If only one could see him! But he was far too wise to show himself. He was calling a retreat. His men began to drop back into the inky depths.

I signaled the cease fire. We let them go. The first faint penciling of dawn marked their going. Lenhai was not to be trapped beneath our walls by the birth of a new day. I heard a shout from a sepoy. Binns leaped to his feet and looked over the wall. I joined him.

The hillside was strewn with dead and dying—but it was not these that had caused the man to shout. It was another group farther down the hill—six stiffened figures hung around that well—the bodies of the boys who had tried to bring us water during the night.

Now we knew there was no water for us down there. The sun was creeping up. Thirst was tightening its grip. There was not a drop of water among us. We had only a miserable handful of ammunition.

We told off the guard and turned in for some sleep. It was noon when I crawled out to the parapet. Our guards were crouched about the loopholes, mostly dozing. The sun blazed down. The air was deathly still. I went to the wall and looked down. Let the guards doze! I couldn't raise voice enough to rouse them. My mouth was dry as parchment, tongue thick and leathery, lips cracking. I tore the chin strap from my topee and tried to chew on that.

I crept around the castle, around the parapet, the forecourt, every room, and on to the flat roof. If that poisoned water had been there I must surely have taken a swig of it. I gazed around the barren country with the aid of my field glasses.

The whole world seemed dead—except those voracious beasts and birds down the hillside. It was the end, I told myself. We could not hope to get out of this. The men were rousing themselves, tipping up empty water bottles, chewing on the stoppers, gnawing at twigs. They clamored to be allowed to go down to the well. I knew they would be shot to pieces before they got halfway. But I was sick and weary and maddened with thirst.

"Let 'em go!" snapped Binns.

I selected two men. We would cover them with the machine gun until they reached the water. We watched them crawling down the slope on their bellies, dragging the canvas bags, inching their way from the cover of one dead body to another.

THEY were within fifty yards of the well when I saw a figure rise up to take aim at them. Instantaneously my thumbs pressed the buttons. The figure slumped. They went forward again. Another figure showed. Again the gun rapped its message. The boys made a crouching, staggering sort of rush, but dropped again on the sound of the gun.

Now it was a matter of half a dozen yards. And there were snipers hiding just beyond that well—behind the walls of a ruined house. The sun glinted on rifle barrels and I opened up again. I kept the gun going while the boys crawled the last few yards, kept it going while they dipped for water—with fifty watching men straining their eyes and licking at the salt sweat. I had only one terror then. Would the ammunition give out before the boys could crawl back up the hill?

I still had my thumbs on the buttons. One of our boys screamed—screamed at the sight of those two down there quenching their own thirst before they turned back with the bulging water bags. Shots were flying all around them. Each of them picked up a body and used it for cover. So they crawled upward—the bags underneath them, the bodies on top, a veritable hail of lead spitting up the dust on all sides. Eater of Women slipped in another belt—then croaked out the message I dreaded:

"*Bus* [finish], *sahib.*"

The last belt of cartridges! I went cold. A minute or so later and the gun was cold. I yelled to the men to use their rifles. Not more than a dozen or so responded. The remainder, then, were without ammunition. The water-bearers were still only halfway up the slope, making progress by inches.

What was the use, anyway? When night fell the rebels would simply walk in, and that would be the end of one platoon of Hunted Men's Militia.

IT was impossible to tell whether either of those boys had been hit. They kept on climbing. I prayed then, prayed as never before or since, that those bags of water should reach us. In their eagerness the men were scrambling on the walls. The havildars joined Binns and me in clubbing them back again.

The water-bearers reached the wall at long last. We yelled with excitement. Both were wounded and one could not climb the wall. A havildar slipped over and succeeded in getting him on to the parapet. He died a few minutes later. Heaven alone knows how he had struggled up that slope. He died with a grin on his pale-brown face, for his thirst was quenched and he was happy.

We rationed the water. It was enough to give each man a good-sized drink. I sipped at mine delicately, as if it were iced champagne instead of tepid dirty water. Never was liquid so sweet! Moreover, the heat of the day was diminishing, and after that drink we became sane again—and hopeful. With thirst appeased the outlook was infinitely brighter. We had a handful of cartridges among us. In an hour darkness would descend and the rebels would be here.

We must plan. The next move was ours. There was no point in waiting for Lenhai to come up.

Binns, the havildars, and I discussed the situation from every possible angle. We could arrive at no conclusion save that of dashing down the hillside and fighting our way out. It was mad enough; but at least we should have a fighting chance—

Suddenly there beat into our strained senses the whir and throb of an airplane.

Was that plane friend's or foe's? Did its coming portend a rescue or a catastrophe? The startling answer will appear next week, when Digger's platoon of Hunted Men will put up its most desperate fight against odds—and Digger and Barney Binns will find themselves adventuring in the Mad Fakir's hidden mountain village!

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LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED BY MAJOR BOWES

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GREETINGS, amateur writers — and artists!

Each week, as new thousands join the other thousands already striving for the literary limelight in Liberty's Amateur Contest, I grow more and more amazed at the remarkable ability you show.

Today I have some good news and some advice, which I hope is good, for you.

In addition to the prizes and awards listed below, I am going to print a paragraph of honorable mentions. For some time I have felt that many of the entries that just missed out on the prize money were too promising to pass by without notice; that their creators, failing to win a monetary reward, were entitled to a public salute. Contestants included among the honorable mentions cannot be voted upon for the special rewards, but, retaining their amateur status, they are eligible to continue submitting entries.

As for the advice—keep your contributions short. Many delightful stories, poems, and cartoons lost out mostly because there wasn't space to print them. Avoid heavy tragedy and gloomy plots ending in death, murder, or suicide.

And *don't copy!* Plagiarism, besides being a federal offense, is literary treason.

Study the rules governing contestants, prizes, and voting on special awards. Then get busy. Send in all the entries you want. You might be one of the lucky winners next time.

Send your contribution to:

LIBERTY'S AMATEUR WRITERS PAGE
Major Edward Bowes, Editor
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Major Edward Bowes

The first contribution has an element of surprise and the fascination of fatalism. Kenneth M. Day of San Diego, California, is the author.

NOTHING IMPORTANT

Mary Blaine balanced the silver dollar on her thumb. "Heads, it's new make-up and I try again. Tails, it's—the other."

The coin spun on to the bed in a gleaming arc. Tails!

In the drugstore the odor of food assailed her. She hadn't eaten all day, after many days of too little. But she hurried out, the phial clutched tightly in her hand.

In her room, she emptied the small white pellets into a tumbler of water. She set it down quickly on the sink as the door opened.

"Mis' Blaine, here's a pos' card the mailman left," came a child's voice. It was the landlady's small daughter. Hands sticky with candy extended the card.

Mary Blaine's heart leaped as she read: "Mr. Griffith . . . casting for mother role. Report for screen test at nine."

Mother role! It would be that. She was about to tear the card when she remembered that Martha Walker, the old character actress, lived next door. Maybe it was for her. But no. The card bore her own name clearly enough.

Why not take the part? she mused. She was nearly forty. No longer an ingénue. It was useless to keep kidding herself.

At the studio nobody remembered calling her, but with the card as evidence she persisted and won the part. Her work in the picture attracted notice. From then it was a steady upward climb to fame. Many years later when, at the end of a long and successful career, "Mother" Blaine died, her passing was universally eulogized.

The lawyer finished reading over her will with her secretary. Her residuary estate was as small as her charities had been enormous. The attorney was opening an old jewel box found in the vault.

"I never knew what was in it," Miss Taylor explained. "She treasured it immensely."

Inside there was only a torn yellowed postcard which crackled as the lawyer picked it up.

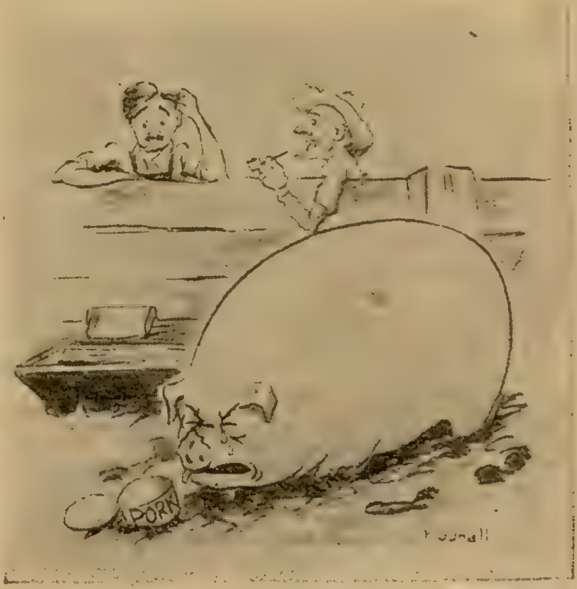
"Nothing important," he said. "Just a card. No, there are two cards."

The cards separated, the work of the sticky sugar from those tiny candy-smeared fingers that had held them together, done at last.

As he pulled them apart he studied their faded writing.

"One concerns a screen test. It's addressed to Martha Walker. The other is from the gas company, addressed to Miss Blaine."

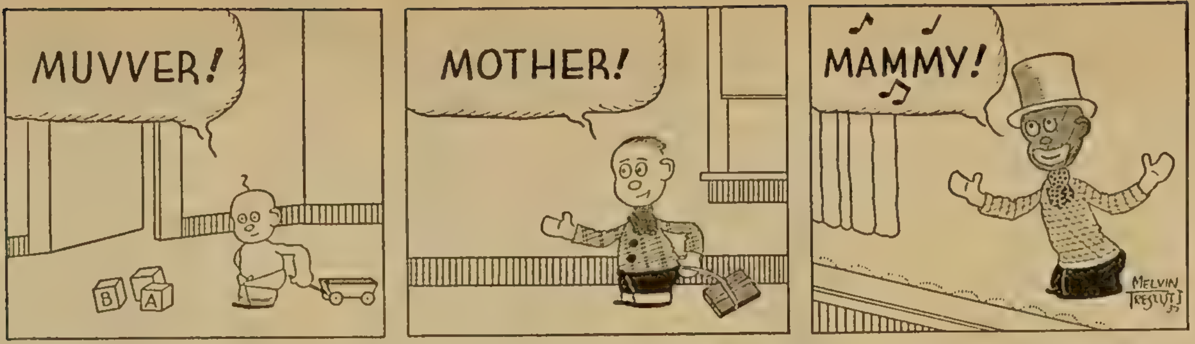
The next entry is from Ken Gunall, nineteen years old, of Alliance, Ohio. He is studying art now and hopes to become an illustrator or a commercial artist. His cartoon is well done and shows that the boy is gifted.



"I reckon she thinks it was Elmer."

Humor is the most difficult thing to achieve in writing. Albert H. Briggs of Clifton Springs, New York, coaxes a smile with his jingle:

There was a jolly bachelor
Who died at eighty-eight,
And by his will the good man left
The whole of his estate
To the women who had answered nay,
When asked by him to wed.
For, he declared, he owed to them
The happy life he'd led.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A
MOTHER!
MAMMY!
MELVIN TRESCOTT

Melvin Trescott of Baltimore, Maryland, offers the above amusing cartoon strip on the evolution of a mammy singer.

Mrs. R. C. Swingler of Seattle, Washington, who has wanted to write ever since she received a prize of one dollar when she was twelve years old, writes, "Do you think a person who never even went through high school would have a chance of recognition among people who are trained for writers?" It is for amateurs and ambitious people like you, Mrs. Swingler, that we are running this contest! Your short short story is a clever bit of satire. I wish you luck.

MACARONI FARMING

Sometimes I've wondered why Uncle Sam never sent the AAA out after me. Perhaps because, having the only macaroni farm left in the United States, he didn't think it profitable to frame a special code for my case.

In the old days, before women had this fad for dieting, and when men's appetites were the measures of their stomachs, there was no need of crop control.

My father had the largest macaroni marshes in the whole country, employing a veritable army of men.

In our mild climate macaroni sprouts early; sometimes by February the tiny green shoots begin to appear. From then on through harvest the farm is a hive of activity.

Day after day the "rodders" work in the muddy swamp "piping" the shoots. That is, sticking the small hollow iron rods over the tops of the plants. We grow the first quality of macaroni, as the soil in our marsh is black and rich. Sometimes the growth reaches almost to the tops of the five-foot rods.

In my father's time the "rodders" traveled from marsh to marsh, much as "fruit tramps" follow the harvest nowadays. When our macaroni had begun to ripen off and the bog showed patches of white among the green spikes the "rodders" returned, for by that time even the northernmost marshes were "piped."

As the macaroni ripened the rods were carefully loosened in the earth, and the stems snapped off just above the ground, so as not to injure the delicate roots.

Great teams of horses pulled the heavy loads to the sorting sheds. There the macaroni was pulled from the outside of the rods and sorted for color; the fully ripened stems were sent to the boxing room to be cut and boxed, and that which was still partially green was sent to the bending shed.

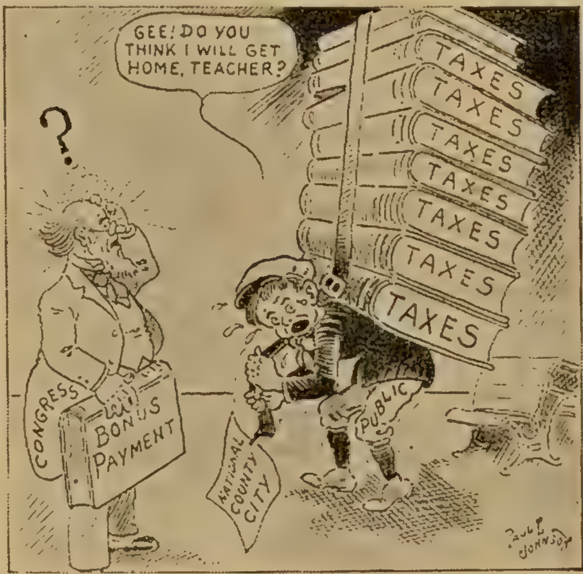
Of course the spaghetti, pulled from the center of the rod, had to be artificially ripened, being spread on great screens in the sun, where it turned to creamy whiteness in two or three days.

At night we had "bending bees" like the husking bees of old, the neighbors coming from miles around. And what fun we had, bending the green stems into elbow macaroni to the tune of the fiddles!

Father never went into the noodle business, for, while it was a good side line, we were able to use all our green macaroni without it, and even in his time good "noodle rollers" were hard to find and demanded high wages, since noodle rolling for good results must be done after dark.

I prophesy that in a few years the macaroni farm, along with the "rodders" and "benders" of yesterday, will pass out of the picture entirely, and be as completely forgotten as the dodo bird of old.

Paul L. Johnson of Benton Harbor, Michigan, expresses some sentiment about taxes with his pen and ink.



Must he unstrap the books?

Here's a short melodrama by Ila M. Gerke of Seattle, Washington, who must have studied psychology, for she uses it successfully in her story:

WELCOME, STRANGER!

Opening the window stealthily, the man slipped nimbly over the sill into the room, only partially closing the window behind him. The storm that night became his accomplice by howling and knocking in angry tantrum on the house.

He shot the thin gleam of his flashlight cautiously over everything. Pulling his black-silk neckerchief up to his eyes, he crossed the velvet-thick rugs. He was almost across the room when he heard a scratching sound, and in a moment a table lamp by his elbow flared on. Then he saw a young woman crouched on the floor.

"Stick 'em up!" he muttered, quickly leveling his automatic with its dread Maxim silencer.

The woman stood up, smiling almost apologetically.

"The cord plug was out of the lamp," she explained. "I had to fix it."

"Stick 'em up!" the thief repeated, more viciously now.

The girl merely wrapped her negligee more securely about her and came a step closer.

"Sh-sh—not so loud," she whispered. "You'll wake the butler. You came for the jewels, I suppose?"

The man said nothing. He was too amazed to reply. She shrugged her shoulders gracefully and went to the wall safe. Twirling the dials, she spoke softly:

"Sit down and stay quiet. I'll get them for you."

Giving the knob a last deft twist, she pulled out a satin-lined drawer laden with jeweled ornaments.

"These alone are worth ten thousand dollars," she began in a confidential tone. "But I wouldn't take this bracelet. I designed it myself and there isn't another like it. You'd not stand a chance. But these earrings and this necklace. Simple. You could fence them off on any of your shady jeweler friends. Here!"

The man backed warily away. He was really frightened now.

"Not so fast, lady. If you ain't framed me, you's jest plain nuts and them are phonies," he snapped. Then he turned and tore from the room.

Mrs. Charles Mortimer calmly replaced her jewels, locked the safe and, smiling quietly, returned to her room.

RULES

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Send material to:

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READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

SHE said: "I heard a train whistle!" They jolted across the grade crossing to the tune of warning bells, and she protested: "Why do you take chances like that, Bob? Suppose your engine stalled!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do, lady," he answered amiably. "After we're married I'll get us a car with two steering wheels and two brake pedals and everything!"

"I haven't said I'd marry you!"

"Ah, but you haven't said you wouldn't." He looked at her, smiling and yet more serious than not. "Eventually, Sophie. Why not now?" And he urged, in an impersonally philosophic tone: "After all, where could you do better? I've got practically everything! Youth, health, good looks, intelligence, a charming wit, a thriving business, assured success in sight. So—"

"Idiot!" she exclaimed.

"And you're compromised, you know. Here you are, driving three hundred miles with me to visit my folks. After all, that has implications. You'll have to marry me now to save your reputation."

"Not at all!" she assured him. "'Conscious of the rectitude of my own intentions,' as Benedict Arnold so often said, I can ignore the clatter of malicious tongues." And she added, her eyes twinkling: "Besides, it's been a perfectly moral trip—so far!"

"But you're not home yet!" he warned her. There was, for no particular reason except that they were together and that the day was fine and fair, a lilting gaiety in both of them.

Without slackening speed he drew her toward him. When she resisted, he said sharply: "Careful! You'll have us in the ditch!" So she kissed him hurriedly.

"Now for heaven's sake," she urged, "do keep your eyes on the road!"

Returning to the issue: "Seriously, Sophie," he said, "what's bothering you? Why not make up your mind? We get along."

She said after a moment: "I don't know why I—hesitate, Bob. I'm fond of you, of course, and I love being with you. But—there's something I can't define. It makes me—it holds me back. I've tried to figure out what it is."

He chuckled. "Like one of those puzzles—What's wrong with this picture?—eh?" And he argued: "But there's no mystery about me, Sophie. You know the whole story. I came out of college in '26, went into Patterson's business, found I had some knack for analyzing reports, statistics, and so on. I picked some sleepers in the bull market, put our clients into them, got into them myself, bought Patterson out when he decided to retire, and since then I've sailed."

"I know," she agreed. "You even sold out before the crash!"

He nodded. "Better still, I went short," he declared.

"Did you do as well for all your clients?"

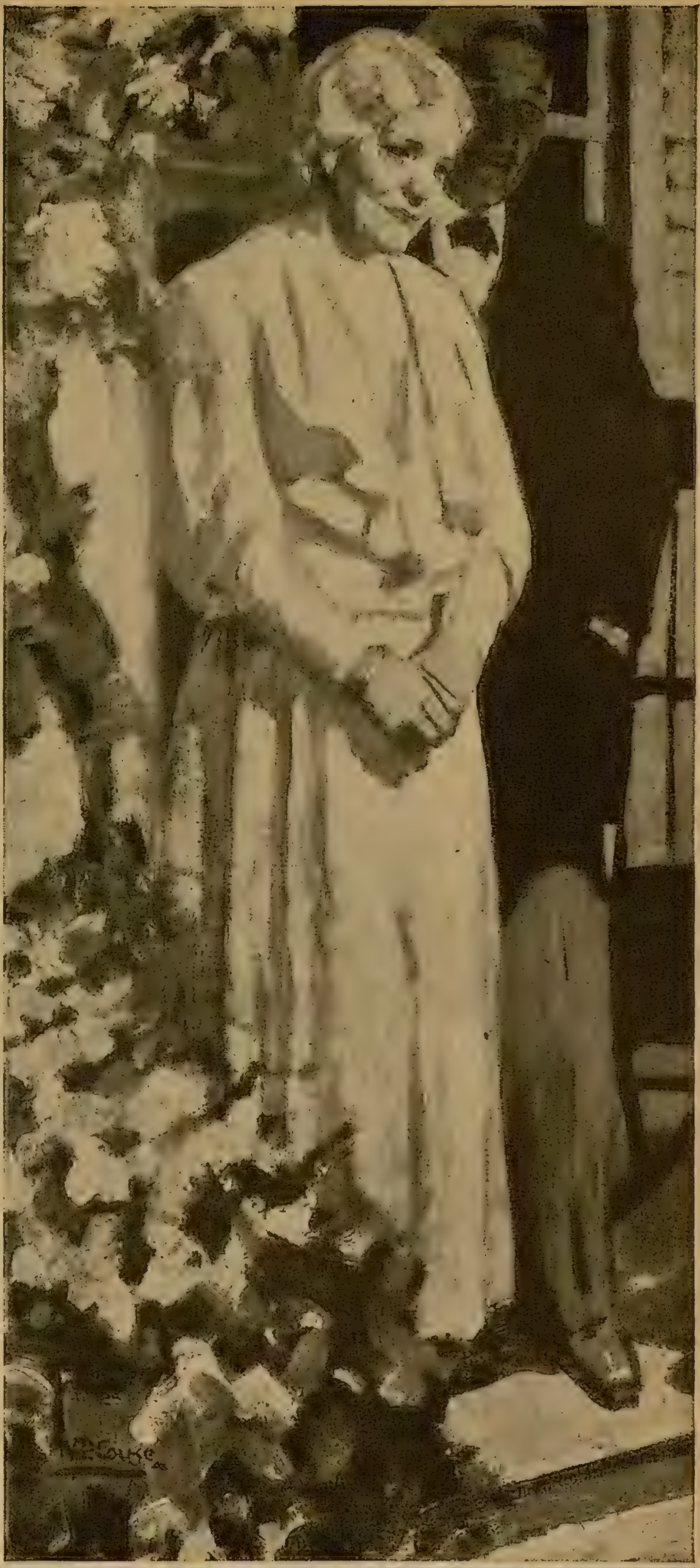
"We don't encourage speculative accounts," he explained. "You know that. Our clients are investors, people who believe in this country and in its future—who believe that in the long run it pays to own a well diversified list—"

"But they must have lost money?"

"Only on paper. They still own their stocks." He added: "Of course we advise shifts from time to time."

She made a puzzled gesture. "I don't see how you've made so much money just out of commissions. An eighth—isn't that what you charge? That's so little."

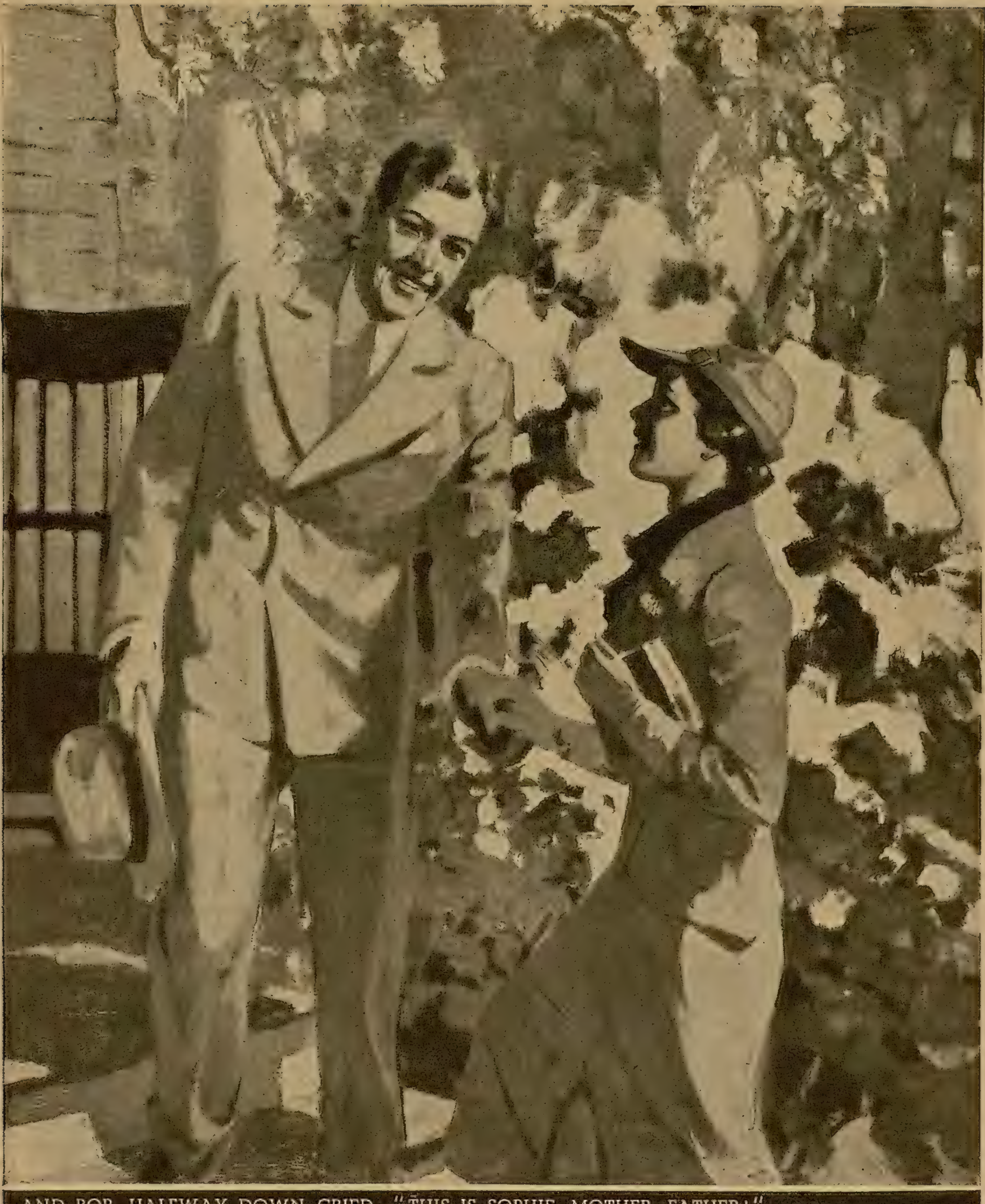
"Well, it's more than that," he explained. "That's the broker's commission. We're not brokers, you know. We're investment counsel. Of course we charge an eighth for putting through the trades, but we charge one per cent—or in case of cheap stocks a dollar a share—for our advice whenever customers make a purchase on our recommendation."



SOPHIE CAME UP THE STEPS;

by BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATION BY W. P. COUSE



AND BOB, HALFWAY DOWN, CRIED: "THIS IS SOPHIE, MOTHER, FATHER!"

AS BIG A FOOL...

A POIGNANT STORY OF FAITH AND FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE—OF A MAN'S DECISION AND THE GIRL HE THOUGHT HE'D LOST

She said thoughtfully: "But that means it costs them a hundred and twenty-five dollars to buy a hundred shares?"

"The lady has a head for figures!" he chuckled.

"But I should think they'd—kick!"

"We make it painless," Bob explained. "We just bill them for the purchase price plus commission; we don't itemize it. I suppose some of them don't stop to figure it out. They just see the total and pay it." He confessed: "Of course, sometimes a customer notices that he's billed for a stock at, say, ninety-five when it didn't sell as high as ninety-four on the Exchange that day, and he asks questions. But we think our advice is well worth a dollar a share."

"But even so—" she demurred.

"So every time we shift a customer from one stock to another," he explained, "that's, say, a hundred and twenty-five dollars commission for us on a hundred shares. And you can always find reasons to advise a shift." He laughed contentedly. "Oh, it's a good sound business, Sophie. Playing the percentage. We can't lose."

"I suppose not," she agreed a little dubiously. "But it sounds—I don't know—"

He said in a mild irritation: "You and father will like each other. You'll have a lot in common. He's an old-fashioned banker, you know. Believes in three per cent. He used to keep his bank eighty-five or ninety per cent liquid. Can you imagine that?"

"That means he could give his depositors their money any time, doesn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"But isn't that a good thing?"

"If all the banks did it, business would drop dead."

"But the depositors could always get their money?"

He laughed. "All right—skip it!" he exclaimed. "A couple of miles more now and we'll be in sight of town." . . .

Hardiston is one of those southern Ohio towns sprawling over low rolling hills, with wide shaded streets, and comfortable homes, and comfortable people living in them. A hundred years ago Welshmen settled in the county, and cleared farms and built homes; and being accustomed to work in coal and iron, they were not long in discovering the wealth just beneath the topsoil everywhere. So each community built first a church, and then a blast furnace; and they dug and hauled their own ore, and burned their own charcoal, and produced a grade of iron which in the third quarter of the century topped the market, commanding the highest prices paid anywhere. So that the region throve, and most men were comfortable, and some grew wealthy.

EVAN LEWIS founded the Merchants and Farmers Bank in Hardiston and built it on a sure foundation. It was first of all responsible, Evan believed, to the depositors. He himself was the bank—so, being the bank, Evan was responsible to his depositors. This was, simply enough, his credo. You could borrow money from the bank; borrow it cheaply, too. But your security must be sound, and it must be backed by character. Evan knew you. If he did not know you, it was fruitless to apply to him for a loan. If he knew no good of you, it was equally fruitless, even though your collateral might be beyond suspicion. He was a slow, stubborn man, hewing close to the line, paying interest on deposits, keeping your money ready on demand. And the bank made money. Not so much as some other banks, but on the other hand not so little as some. When call money paid twenty per cent, Evan was content with a safe five.

He was blindly proud of his son. He and Mrs. Lewis were alike in this. When the boy, out of college, decided on Cleveland instead of Hardiston, they were bewildered and unhappy; but they hid their hurt confusion, persuading themselves that Bob knew best what he should do. Later, as Bob leaped to quick success, Evan would relate with a beaming simplicity his son's great deeds.

When some one said, "Bob takes after you, Evan. He has your banking brains," Bob's father would modestly—and in all honesty—demur.

"Eh, Bob's gone beyond me," he used to say. "I'm just a country banker. But, man, Bob deals with the biggest men in Cleveland! Yes, and in New York too, sometimes. He works with men that'd never hear tell of me. They'd spend me, and my bank too, for cigars after dinner; but Bob, he knows them all."

Bob came now and then to Hardiston, and never came without winning customers. He had a reassuring manner that won confidence—a precise and meticulous way of stating this and that, and pro and con, till you seemed to make your own decisions.

"Then buy me a hundred shares," you would say; and Bob would note the order, and say, with approval of your acumen in his tones:

"I think you're doing wisely, sir."

Later, if matters went amiss, he might say: "No one ever got rich selling the United States short." Or he might say cheerfully: "On paper, yes, it is true. But you didn't buy to sell. You bought because you felt sure the stock would be worth, some day, more than you paid. However, if you are dissatisfied, a shift into So-and-So—"

WHEN Bob came home, he and his father often talked business and banking together; or, at least, Bob talked and Evan listened, somewhat confused, finding that rules which to him were axioms appeared to have with Bob no weight at all. But he loved Bob so proudly that he knew the boy must be right and his own old-fashioned notions wrong. So he trusted Bob completely, and accepted Bob's opinion as gospel, even when it differed from his own.

He and Mrs. Lewis lived in a pleasant four-square house set on terraces above the street, painted a creamy yellow, with a slate roof, and four big square rooms on the first floor, and four big square rooms on the second floor, and a wide veranda with fat round pillars in front. They were sitting there this Sunday afternoon when Bob and Sophie were expected; sitting side by side in rocking chairs, but not rocking and for the most part not talking. Husband and wife long married pass the need for speech —commune without spoken word.

Only, once, Mrs. Lewis said: "I hope she will like it here."

And he said: "She must be a fine young woman to please Bob."

Somewhat later she said in humble concern: "I don't know as she'll take to our ways. Likely she's used to more."

He did not answer, and she looked at him. And her pulse began to beat in her throat because he appeared suddenly old and tired. His head was down, his chin on his breast.

"Will you tell Bob, Evan?" she asked huskily.

And he said: "No. No."

So they were silent again, till at last she saw the bright roadster, its top turned back, come darting up the hill; and she stood up, trembling, and said: "Here they come." Then the car stopped below them at the foot of the steps, and Bob shouted something and came up the steps three at a time, and hugged his mother and kissed her, and her eyes brimmed over while she smiled; and still holding her he grasped Evan's hand and drew him nearer and kissed his father too. And they said things, and he turned to call:

"Come on up, Sophie. Here they are."

Sophie came up the steps; and Bob ran halfway down to meet her, and caught her hand and led her up to them and cried:

"This is Sophie, mother, father!"

Mrs. Lewis said shakily: "How do you do? I'm sure we're glad to see you." And Sophie suddenly loved her, and hugged her; and then she kissed them both, exclaiming in apology:

"Please let me! Now I feel at home."

"That's the stuff!" Bob approved. He fetched the bags from the car, and Mrs. Lewis said:

"Put Miss Thorne in the front room, Bob. Show her where the bathroom is. Miss Thorne, the fresh towels . . ."

Upstairs, Bob demanded: "Aren't they great?"

"When you kissed your father, Bob," she said, "I almost cried! Now go down and be with them, quick!

I'll stay out of the way for a while. They're so proud of you. They'll want to have you to themselves."

"Sure they are," he agreed. "They know a good thing when they see it. That's why I brought you down—so you could see me through their eyes and realize your opportunities."

"Maybe you were clever to do it," she confessed. "I'm almost convinced. Now do go along."

She came down, half an hour later, to find them all on the wide veranda together. For an hour or two the talk ran happily, and the sun sank lower; and at last Mrs. Lewis rose.

"Where you going, mother?" Bob asked casually, over his shoulder. "Don't run out on us!"

"I'll go start supper," she said.

"I'll help you," Sophie offered, rising.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Lewis urged. "There's little to do. You'd best—"

But Bob demanded: "Why do you have to do it, mother? Where's Belle?"

Mrs. Lewis looked at her husband, and Sophie thought there was something like panic in her eyes; and the girl said quickly: "It's Belle's Sunday afternoon off, of course, Bob." She took Mrs. Lewis's arm. "Men never understand," she said smilingly, and led the older woman away.

Bob laughed. "I never knew Belle to take Sunday off before." He rose. "I'll go put the car away, father. Be back in a minute."

Bob went down the steps and drove the car around to the garage in the rear. Evan Lewis stayed alone.

And there was a sort of fear in his eyes, and once he got up as though to go into the house before Bob returned; but then he shook his head helplessly and sat down again.

Then Bob came back around the corner of the house. "Where's your car, father?" he asked as he stepped up on the veranda. "Belle got it? It's not in the garage."

Evan Lewis hesitated. "No, Belle hasn't got it." He said after a moment: "Your mother and I, we're getting pretty old to drive."

Bob stared at him. The older man met his eyes and tried to smile; and Bob said incredulously: "Too old? Why, you always got a lot of fun out of it. You mean you haven't got a car now?"

Evan shook his head.

"Where is it?" Bob challenged. He muttered, his wits racing: "And Belle not here! Father, did you sell the car?"

"Well—yes, Bob."

"And you've let Belle go?"

"She and your mother didn't get along. We didn't need her just for us two."

BOB laughed impatiently. "She and mother have got along for twenty years." He asked sharply: "What's happened, father? What's the big idea?"

And old Evan at last humbly answered him: "Well, Bob, we decided not to spend any more money than we had to, for a while."

Bob wrung from his father a part of the truth before Sophie came to call them in to supper. But only a part. Evan was a reluctant witness, answering questions slowly, almost painfully, as though he were afraid the answers would hurt Bob, or offend him.

Supper was for Bob a dreadful meal. Questions in him clamored to be asked; but—Sophie must not know. His turbulent thoughts put a curb on his tongue, and he sat silent, frowning; and Evan ate humbly, his eyes upon his plate. Sophie watched them in secret distress; and she saw how Mrs. Lewis watched her husband with wistful troubled eyes.

And the girl, so that they might not know that she guessed anything was wrong, carried almost alone the burden of the conversation. She told them things about Bob—incidents skillfully selected and shaped in words calculated to make them happy; and she won Mrs. Lewis, and Evan too, to some forgetfulness, so that they listened, and their eyes glowed, and sometimes they smiled.

When the meal was finished she said:

"Now, Bob, take your father for a drive. He has a wonderful car, Mr. Lewis. Bob, let your father drive it. Your mother and I will clean up and be all through by the time you get back."

They did not at once move to obey, and she laughed and said: "Shoo! Get along with you!"

Bob looked at her gratefully. "Good idea, father," he agreed, and led the way toward the garage. He himself at first took the wheel, and for a while he did not speak, setting in order in his thoughts what the older man had told him.

"Let me get this straight, father," he said at last in a resentful tone. "The bank had some bad investments, and when they went sour, you put up your own money to take them off the bank's hands. Is that so?"

"Well—yes, Bob."

"But in heaven's name," Bob protested, "what did you do that for?"

EVAN said apologetically: "Why, Bob, the people that deposit money in my bank do it because they know I'll take care of it for them. That's what I've always done."

"And now you've scraped your pockets clean?" Bob cried incredulously. "Sold the car, sold your farm, sold your own securities, mortgaged the house—everything?"

The old man nodded penitently. "Every cent I could raise, Bob," he admitted humbly.

"But you darned old—fool!" Bob cried in a furious tenderness. "That wasn't necessary. You're the president of the bank, and you own stock in it and all that; but there's no reason why you should bankrupt yourself —even if the bank is in trouble."

"Well, your mother and I don't need much!"

"Of course you were liable on your stock," Bob reflected. "But so were the other stockholders!"

"Well, they bought the bank stock because I advised them to, Bob."

"But they were responsible, too. And especially the directors."

"They always let me run things," the old man explained. "They didn't know."

"So you've thrown your own money into it. Thrown it down a rat hole, too, if the bank's going to bust anyway. If you could have saved the bank, there might have been some sense in it, father. But, this way, you're ruined, and the bank too!"

Evan said awkwardly: "Well, I guess I wouldn't want the bank to go, and me not go with it."

"Rats!" Bob exclaimed. "That's not business! It's not even sense." He tried to laugh. "You're a stubborn old goat," he said, "but maybe we can save something out of the wreck. What is the stuff that went sour on you, anyway? Maybe I can unload some of it for you."

Evan hesitated. "I don't think so," he said. "I doubt you can."

"What is it?"

"Well, there are four or five things."

Abruptly Bob stopped the car beside the road. "Don't hold out on me, father," he insisted. "See here—was it some of the securities I sent you?"

Evan's eyes clouded. "Why, Bob, I know it wasn't your fault," he said.

Bob nodded grimly. "Those South American bonds? The seven-per-cents? And the Kreuger stuff?"

"Why—yes," said Evan miserably.

"And the Holding Company fives?"

The old man nodded reluctantly; and Bob cried in a deep wrath: "But, father, those securities—I didn't mean for the bank to buy them! You knew that. I was in on the underwriting, had more allotted to me than I wanted to hand on to my clients. So I sent some along to you. I knew your depositors came to you for investments. I knew you could get rid of it. Why didn't you unload?"

Evan was long in answering; but at last he said: "Why, son, I couldn't see my way to recommending any of those things to my old friends."

Bob colored hotly. "I told you what they were," he protested. "Not gilt-edged stuff, of course; but they were all what we call business men's risks. And they were priced accordingly! They weren't the sort of security we can sell except to some one who buys with his eyes open; but for a business man who knows what he's doing—"

"But, Bob, people down here don't know," Evan explained. "They just take my word." He added simply: "It's always been good."

Bob cried incredulously: "And so you bought them for the bank? They weren't fit for bank investments, father."

"Why, son, I knew you wouldn't recommend them unless your judgment— I knew you had to—find an outlet. All I could I took myself; but after that—I don't know as I can put it straight, Bob. I couldn't see, myself, that the securities were good; so I couldn't sell them to my friends. But you recommended them, and I knew you—well, I knew you must be right."

He hesitated, continued: "And I thought probably it would help you in your dealing with big men if you could find an outlet. So all I could I took myself, selling other things. And after that—"

Bob cried in explosive wrath: "And you've held that trash four years! I thought of course you had unloaded. Darn it, father, they were all good risks when I sent them to you."

"I know, son," Evan assented. "You told me so."

"So when they went sour, you carried the load!" He shook his head. "Sorry, father," he said. "I don't mean to ride you so hard, but it was a fool thing to do."

Evan nodded. "I guess it was, Bob," he agreed. "I'm sort of old-fashioned, pretty well out of date. Lots of things about modern business I don't understand. I just have to do the only way I know—the old-fashioned way."

Before they came home, Bob asked bitterly: "Mother know?"

"Mother knows everything I know," Evan replied. "Don't worry about us, Bob. We'll get along."

Bob nodded. "All right," he assented. "Don't tell Sophie. I'll go down to the bank with you tomorrow; see if we can't find something we can do."

TUESDAY morning Bob and Sophie said good-by to his father and mother and drove away; and Sophie, settling comfortably in her seat, looked at Bob and smiled and said happily:

"I love them, Bob. I hope they liked me."

"They sure did," he told her. "You ought to have heard mother last night. And father too."

"They're so simple and straight and fine," she said, watching him. "And so proud of you. You were so—sweet with them. I'm not sure watching you with them didn't make me—decide what to do about us, Bob."

Her eyes touched his; but she saw his lips tight and bloodless.

"You might as well hear what happened," he said at last. "Because—I'm not asking you to marry me any more."

For a moment she did not speak. Then she said softly: "Have you—has something changed you?"

He said reluctantly: "Changed everything for me, yes, Sophie. Changed—what my life will be. What I'm going to do—well, it's not the sort of thing I can ask you to do with me."

She hazarded: "Your father, isn't it? Something he—said to you?"

"He didn't say anything, didn't ask anything. But—well, here's what he did, Sophie. He bought some securities—bonds and things—for the bank, three or four years ago; and some of the bonds are in default and some are just plain worthless."

He hesitated; then went on: "And along with that the bank's deposits have been shrinking this last year. Especially lately. They have a lot of small accounts and time deposits, and people are living on their capital now, drawing out a lot of money. So father put in all his personal fortune, and took over a lot of this worthless stuff, paying the price the bank had paid. He assumed the loss. Sold his car and mortgaged the house, every cent he could raise."

Sophie looked at him briefly, something like an appraisal in her eyes. "But wasn't that—pretty quixotic, foolishly idealistic, Bob?"

He nodded ruefully. "I suppose so. Probably it was. It's not the way—business is done nowadays. He could have peddled the stuff to his depositors four years ago; but he didn't feel justified in recommending it."

She suggested after a minute: "I suppose knowing that he saved the bank is worth—the rest of it to him."

"As a matter of fact he didn't save the bank," Bob corrected. "He didn't have enough money to take all the worthless stuff—about a third of it. So the bank's in trouble now."

Sophie said, watching him, her tone without conviction: "Why, he was just silly, wasn't he?"

And she saw Bob color slowly. "Well, maybe," he confessed. "I don't know. I think he was a darned fool, but I can't help being a little proud of the stubborn old jackass—throwing every cent he had into the pot, even when he knew it wasn't enough, just because he felt responsible."

SHE seemed to consider this for a long time. "I see," she said at last. "What are you going to do?"

"Well," he told her, his cheek flushed, "you see, these securities that wrecked him and the bank were part of some of our flotations. He took them on my say-so; but he didn't feel justified in recommending them to his friends, so he held them himself. I guess he just took them so as not to hurt my feelings."

"I'm sure he didn't blame you," she protested.

"No," he assented. "No, he didn't blame me."

"But—do you blame yourself?"

"No, of course not! That's the way business is done. I couldn't be expected to guess that he'd be such a fool!"

She frowned as though puzzled. "But then I still don't see why you shouldn't ask me— Bob, what are you going to do?"

He said, embarrassed: "Oh, I can't let his bank go to pot! It means such a lot to him. So I phoned Cleveland yesterday to sell everything I own. I'll have to buy back the rest of that trash myself!"

Her eyes—they were twinkling a little—touched his countenance briefly. "But then," she asked, "doesn't that make you as big a fool as he?"

"Oh, sure. And it leaves me broke! I'm taking you home, and I'll sell out my securities and my share in the business there. Then I'll come down here and—try to straighten him out."

Sophie urged mildly: "But, Bob, it isn't up to you! Just because he's old-fashioned and quixotic. He's wrong, isn't he?"

"I suppose so," he confessed.

"Then why do you do it, Bob?" she insisted.

He drove a little while in silence; said at last reluctantly: "Well, I don't know. If he's got the nerve to keep on fighting when he can't win, I'd kind of like to fight with him—even if we lose." He added grimly: "And—maybe the old man's right, Sophie. Maybe that's the way business should be done."

He did not look at her, so he did not see that she was smiling while her eyes streamed tears. But after perhaps five minutes she said:

"I don't know this part of Ohio very well, so you'll have to find a place."

He stared at her. "A place for what?"

"I want to stop and marry you," she said, "just as quick and hard and tight as ever I can, so it will last forever and ever."

He stared at her incredulously. "Me?" he cried. "Why, Sophie—I'm busted!"

"I think," she declared, "that you're the richest man I know!"

THE END

Boyhood, Business, Back Yards

The Movies Present a Variety of Themes, from Pre-Adolescent Ups and Downs to the Home Life of the Stars

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ TOO MANY PARENTS

THE PLAYERS: Frances Farmer, Lester Matthews, Porter Hall, Henry Travers, Billy Lee, George Ernest, Alfalfa Switzer, Sherwood Bailey, Buster Phelps, Colin Tapley, Douglas Scott, and others. Directed by Robert McGowan. From stories by Jesse Williams and George Templeton.

IT'S a rare picture that lives up to the advance notices sent out by the studios, who say "terrific" when they mean "pretty good." It's even rarer when a good picture sneaks out of Hollywood unheralded. Too Many Parents is one of these rarities.

Directed by Robert McGowan, who for so long made the Our Gang Comedies, Too Many Parents concerns a group of poor little rich boys who have practically no parents at all. Played by a bunch of smartly performing kids—none of whom are particularly well known—this item has many spots of hilarious comedy, and those scenes where it attempts pathos are done with nicely tempered restraint. Except for a somewhat maudlin climax, it is very nearly perfect cinema fare about pre-adolescence.

Most of the action is set in a military school, and the characters etched by scenarists Virginia Van Upp and Doris Malloy are a delight. There is Sherwood Bailey, a trouble-making ruffian who can't be punished because he's heir to ten million dollars. There's Master Alfalfa Switzer, the homeliest kid in films, who strains his vocal cords through a sensationally funny rendition of Little White Gardenia. There's Douglas Scott, who annoys the other kids because he knows the Facts of Life; and Buster Phelps, the boy who wants to stay in one school long enough to make friends.

All these children—in fact the whole cast—give distinctive performances. Though the plot is no more than a thread on which the various engaging bits of business are hung, the picture itself comes as a surprise treat.

George Ernest and Frances Farmer in a scene from Too Many Parents.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Hollywood kid actors are giving such terrific performances these days, it's getting some of their elders a little uncomfortable. . . . George Ernest has been around Hollywood for some years, but this is his real break. He's twelve, of pure undistinguished Norskie stock. There are a sister and two brothers who act. But no matter if the four aggregate $500 a week, Mother Ernest makes them wash dishes and make their beds, that being her idea of bringing up children normally. . . . Billy Lee's of Nelson, Indiana, and his paw, Pete Schlansker, was an outfielder in the Central, K. I. T., Arkansaw State League for ten years. . . . Sherwood Bailey's an Our Gang grad; got all banged up playing football disobediently before this picture. Mother Bailey mourned it would cost Sherwood the part, which it didn't. Scrapes and bashed puss fitted perfectly in role. . . . Buster Phelps once earned $500 a week, which got Ann Dvorak so annoyed—she was earning less—she upped, did a few nip-ups, and walked off the picture. . . . Among the mere grownups in the picture Colin Tapley's the last remaining successful member of the giant Paramount Search for Beauty Contest, which covered the world. . . . Frances Farmer's been a player in training for some time now, being used mainly in playing opposite aspiring males in screen tests. She won a Seattle newspaper pop contest first prize, a trip to Moscow. . . . Director Bob McGowan is the Our Gang megger. . . . Ann Grey and Lester Matthews are well known married team in England.

★ ★ ★ EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN

THE PLAYERS: Irvin S. Cobb, Rochelle Hudson, Johnny Downs, Norman Foster, Alan Dinehart, Sara Haden, Donald Meek, Warren Hymer, Charles Coleman. Directed by James Flood. Story by Edgar Franklin.

IN his first starring effort the fat and drawling Irvin S. Cobb has a role that was once played by the clipped and elegant George Arliss. Then the picture was called The Millionaire.

The film has him as a retired but by no means retiring tycoon who has no talent for indolence. After smashing all competitors in the battle for business supremacy, Mr. Cobb learns that the battle was more fun than the rewards. When by chance he overhears that his nephew (Norman Foster), to whom he has bequeathed his factories, now considers him an incompetent dodderer, Cobb sets about to teach the lad a lesson.

Not for purely mercenary nor personal reasons does the ex-industrialist try to beat his nephew. Something much more altruistic motivates the old man. He takes over the factories of a deceased rival not only to show that he still retains business acumen but to help out the rival's children, now faced with bankruptcy.

As a mirror of industrial methods, Everybody's Old Man could scarcely be called realistic. But as unpretentious entertainment of the papa-knows-best sort the film is pleasing and full of quiet laughs, even though papa himself, beneath his benign exterior, remains a vicious

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robber baron. Johnny Downs gives a standout performance as the playboy of the business world, while the rest of the cast—Rochelle Hudson, Norman Foster, Alan Dinehart, *et al.*—manage to keep in the spirit of the sugar-coated affair.

VITAL STATISTICS: Irvin Shrewsbury Cobb, the Ubangi Man of Literature and Paducah, Kentucky, mourns that he's reached the bottom of the ladder—he's become an actor. Born June 23, 1876, among Kentucky's fine hosses and beautiful women. He'd been mostly a newspaperman, starting around seventeen, when he was booted out of school by unanimous consent—his and the faculty's. At eighteen was the youngest and self-admittedly the worst editor of a small daily. New York finally got him. In 1911 joined the Satpost as staff contrib. Was one of first realistic war reporters to send back truth about atrocities, touring with German army on its little junket through Belgium. He started getting horrible notoriety as an after-dinner spouter and radioer. Now he's being groomed to succeed Will Rogers, which he denies, except he runs a daily squib column, plays whimsical old philosophic duffers. Was stage-scared in Steamboat Round the Bend. Insisted on denicotinized stogies for picture, in which he puffs about fifteen boxes. Ate twenty-two cans of olives at a dollar the can for film action. . . . Rochelle Hudson is being toted around by Harry Richman at this writing. Rochelle's at long last got a chance to come out of dowdy badly dressed hurt-little-thing roles (cinderellas) and be a diamond-spattered society dame, pleasing her no end. . . . George Arliss old-manned the Cobb role some years ago. . . . Norman Foster will be a daddy (with Sally Blane the mama) sometime around September.

★ ★ ★ SCREEN SNAPSHOTS

THE PLAYERS: Camera trips to Hollywood places and players. Written and directed by Harriet Parsons. Photography by Robert Toby.

WITH the exception of newsreels and animated cartoons, the double feature has been stifling the life out of most short subjects. One of the most entertaining of these brief fillers to survive is Harriet Parsons's Screen Snapshots. The 1936 series of Screen Snapshots shows that the inquisitive Miss Parsons has lost none of her skill at ferreting out the most interesting, colorful, and amusing incidents in the motion-picture colony.

Sharply photographed by Robert Toby, Screen Snapshots take you backstage in Hollywood, into the closed social events of the stars, into their back yards and living rooms.

There is an intimate, sprightly quality about these shorts. Informally treated and unrehearsed, they offer an inside peek at places, people, and events that make feature if not exactly headline news.

Enacted throughout by an all-star cast—Gable, Warren William, and Gene Raymond, to name a few—Screen Snapshots are casual and titallating cinema *hors d'oeuvres.*

VITAL STATISTICS: Columbia Pictures bats out thirteen Screen Snapshots a year as sort of informal Hollywood newsreel. For the past two years Wellesley grad and dotter of the all-powerful Louella, Harriet Parsons, has been in charge. Harriet persuades the stars to pose, thinks up things for them to do, writes the dialogue commentary. So far, no star has refused to play a return engagement, except Norma the Shearer. With exception of Garbo and Hepburn, practically every star's been snapped by Parsons—and liked it.

★ ★ A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Beery, Barbara Stanwyck, John Boles, Alan Hale, Herbert Mundin, Mona Barrie, Enrique Acosta, Juan Torena, Martin Garralaga, Blanca Vischer. Directed by George Marshall. Based on Elbert Hubbard's essay and Lieutenant Rowan's book.

THE moral which Elbert Hubbard derived from The Message to Garcia is a highly debatable one. But the story of Lieutenant Rowan's hazardous journey—from President McKinley in Washington to General Garcia "somewhere in Cuba"—is a story packed with thrills and military romance. And, left alone, this story could have made a thrilling and romantic picture.

The screen play, however, is so aflame with sure-fire touches that nothing is left of the original background but a well burnt crisp. Chief drawback to A Message to Garcia comes from lovable Wally Beery, who wanders about the Cuban swamps being so lovable and coy that *both* the Spanish and the Cubans would like to shoot him. Barbara Stanwyck, hopelessly miscast as the aristocratic daughter of a rebel, does not help matters any. Baffled by her role, she speaks half her lines in stilted English and the other half in a quaint Brooklynese.

As the dauntless hero, John Boles undergoes all sorts of torture, but manages, at the same time, to carry on a backwoods romance with Miss Stanwyck. The peak of the film is, of course, where Boles hands Garcia the famous note. Before that peak is reached, however, this sanguinary picture will have shaken though not completely engrossed its audience. Full of spurious excitement, A Message to Garcia is a case where the studios were not content to let a good story tell itself.

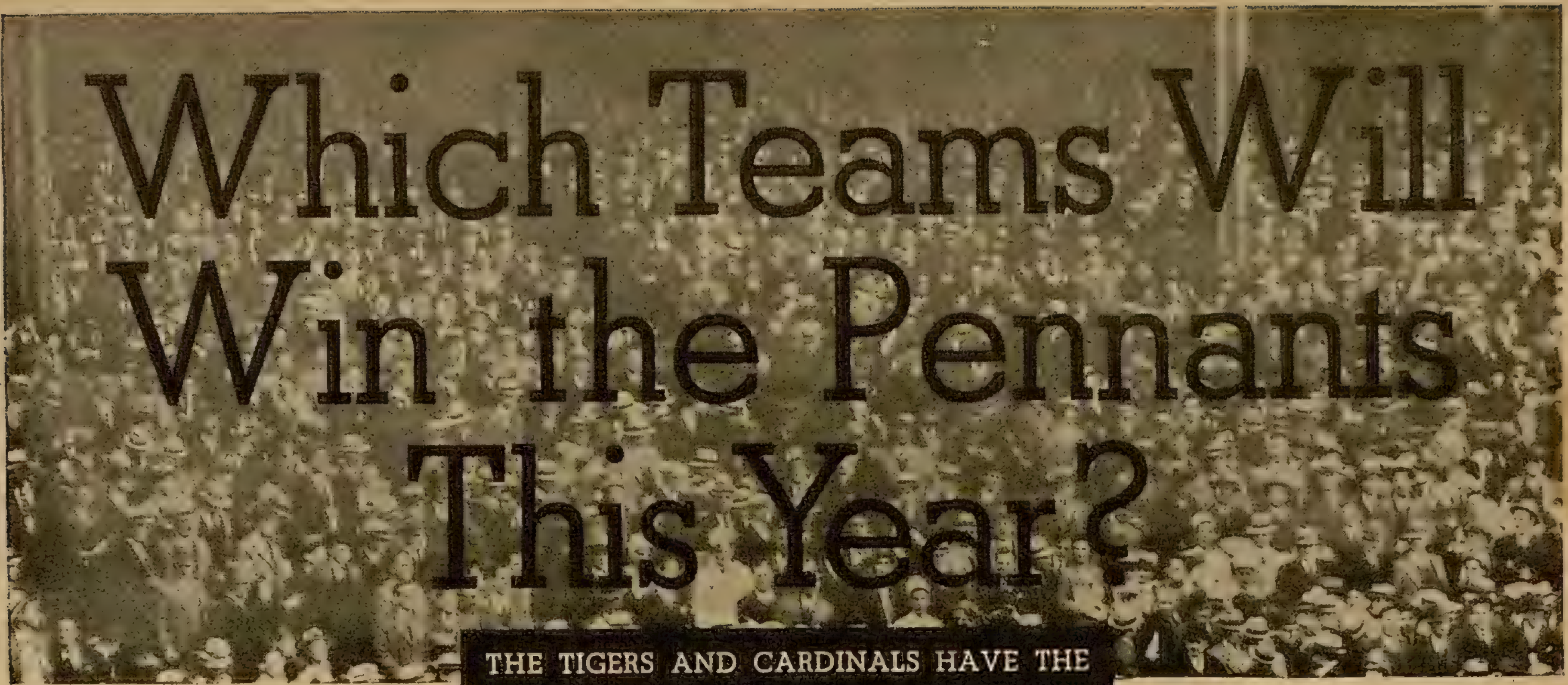
VITAL STATISTICS: Original Messenger Andrew Sommers Rowan is seventy-eight, still living in Frisco, has become a colonel, and the years have made him a firm believer in the Elbert Hubbard idealization of the incident, an ordinary war duty puffed up to a philosophy by Hubbard's imperialistic ardor, some say. . . . They figured, what with cloudy weather, rain, and other whims of nature holding up production, it would be cheaper to put up the jungles of Cuba on the Twentieth-Fox lot, so they did. . . . Barbara Stanwyck varied the shooting monotony by getting her final release from the Frank Fay Connubial Parlors, taking over custody of two-and-a-half-year adopted Dion. Meanwhile Fay, after many lean years, has made good miraculously on the radio. . . . Beery had tonsillitis and will have to lose the pesky things in due time.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million.

★★★—Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time we Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936.

Which Teams Will Win the Pennants This Year?



THE TIGERS AND CARDINALS HAVE THE EDGE, SAY THE EXPERTS—A PROPHECY BY AMERICA'S LEADING SPORTS WRITERS

Summarized by

JERRY D. LEWIS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

SOME sunny afternoon next week, in eight cities from Boston to St. Louis, umpires will call "Play ball!" and the two major-league pennant races will be on. Sixteen teams will fight through five and a half months for glory and for gold. At the end of that time, two of them, one from each league, will meet in the World Series. When that time comes, which two teams will have survived the 154-game struggle?

More than a hundred of the nation's leading baseball writers were canvassed in this poll, and there was quite a difference in their choices. Some preferred the Tigers and the Cubs again. Others were positive the Giants and the Yankees would be on top. And there were those who were sure the Red Sox and Cardinals would fight it out.

In the tabulation we gave one point for a first-place vote, two for a second-place selection, three for a third-place choice, and so on. On that basis the Tigers, with 186 points, and the Cardinals, with 219 points, led their respective leagues.

Detroit was selected as the American League's probable winner for two reasons. The first, and more important, was their purchase of Al Simmons from the White Sox. "Detroit," says Rogers Hornsby, manager of the St. Louis Browns, "did more strengthening when it bought Simmons than Boston did with all its buying. No matter what kind of year Al has, he'll drive in a lot of runs, and some of those runs will win ball games for Cochrane."

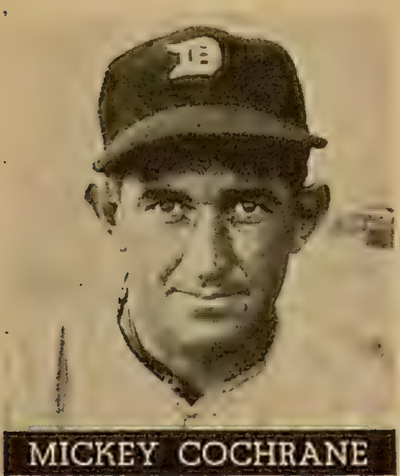
The Tigers lost twenty-five games last season by one run. If Simmons can win five of those twenty-five games this season, Cochrane should have no trouble leading his team into its third consecutive World Series.

The hoodoo Cochrane fears most is an injury to one of his stars. The accident which Hank Greenberg suffered in the 1935 World Series was the first serious mishap to any member of the Tigers in two years, and those who jealously watched them stalk their prey and lick their chops say that Greenberg's injury is just a forerunner of what is awaiting Mickey's gang.

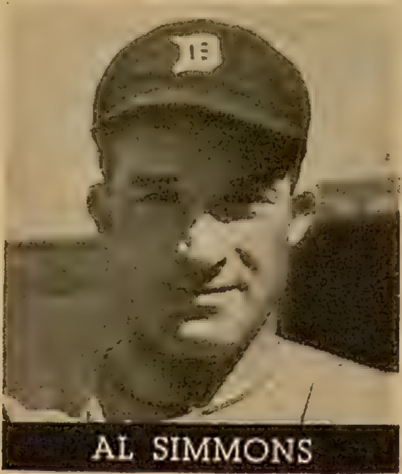
Boston must get more pitching, most of the experts agree, if it is to win. No club ever won a pennant without top-notch twirling, and this Red Sox team will prove no exception. The 1935 Athletics were the best proof of the fact that a team cannot get anywhere without good pitching. Connie Mack had the best outfield in either league, and an infield that included Jimmy Foxx, the best first baseman, Eric McNair, the best shortstop, and Frank Higgins, the best third baseman; yet the A's finished a miserable last. Tom Yawkey himself admits that unless Fred Ostermuller, or one of the other youngsters, can come through with a big season, his million-dollar babies do not figure to finish better than second.

The Yankees, with 388 points, have been assigned to third place. Their vote would undoubtedly have been more encouraging to Yankee fans except that the team is studded with question marks. Can "Lefty" Gomez regain his 1934 stride and again become a twenty-six-game winner? Was Lou Gehrig's poor record last season just the result of an off year, or was it an indication that Lou's eleven years at first base without a single day's vacation have taken their toll? Is Joe DiMaggio all he is said to be? Will Tony Lazzeri be able to stave off Old Man Time for another year? Those are questions at which the experts shy. The sand must run a bit in the 154-game hourglass before we can have the answers.

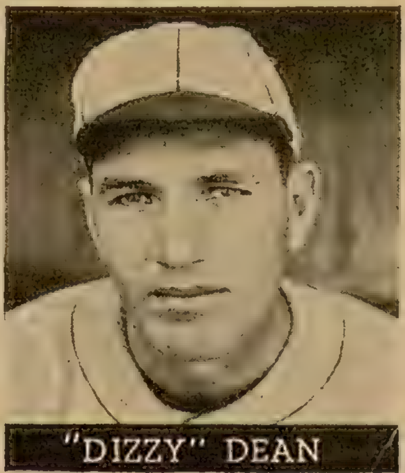
Six of the experts pick the Yankees to win, and of the six, columnist Wilbur Kinley of the Chattanooga News



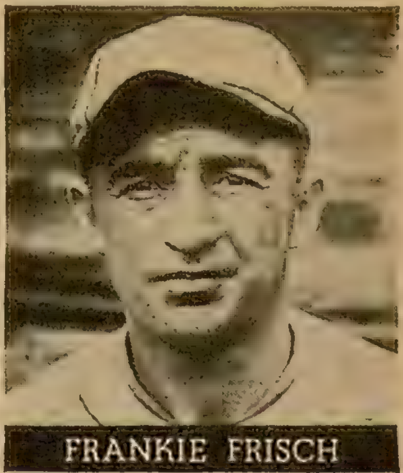
MICKEY COCHRANE



AL SIMMONS



"DIZZY" DEAN



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gives the best reason: "I picked the Yankees because it has become my annual custom to pick the two New York teams. The percentages favor me, for since 1900 at least one New York club has won a pennant almost 50 per cent of the time."

The Cleveland Indians, with a new manager, Steve O'Neill, received votes for every one of the eight positions. Red-hot favorites last year, the Indians have fallen off in popularity, but Sam Murphy of the New York Sun writes: "Most of the diamond experts agreed last spring that the Tribe had a heavy-hitting outfield, strong punch in the infield, a good catching staff, and a group of mound artists that was without equal in the league. Today the Indians not only have all but one or two of last season's more prominent members, but additional strength, like Johnny Allen, obtained from the Yankees, and Al Milnar, who won seventeen consecutive games for New Orleans last year.

"A close analysis of the Indians' failure last season reveals that injuries and internal trouble, more than anything else, hurt them. It is hardly likely that a similar series of catastrophes will occur this year."

Looking at the second division of the American League, we find the Chicago White Sox, the St. Louis Browns, the Washington Senators, and the hapless Philadelphia Athletics, in that order. The White Sox, who furnished many of the experts with the major surprise of 1935 by actually leading the league for a while, have lost Al Simmons from their outfield. Without Al's thundering bat, Jimmy Dykes may find himself hard pressed to hold fifth place against the onrushing Browns.

Rogers Hornsby led the Browns to more victories from July Fourth to the end of the season than even the champion Tigers could account for. If Hornsby can keep his motley crew going at anywhere near that furious pace this year, the American League scramble will assume more interesting proportions.

THE Washington Senators escaped the ignominy of being selected for eighth place only because the Athletics are still in possession of their franchise. Out of 120 ballots, the A's received the staggering total of 111 votes for last place. That does not include the vote of John Drebinger of the New York Times, who picked the A's to finish somewhere in the International League!

Going over to the National League, we find that the same writers who didn't pick the Giants in 1933, when they won, and who picked them in 1934 and 1935, when they developed bad cases of "last-lap lumbago," have deserted the good ship Stoneham. Oddly enough, they did not switch their allegiance to the pennant-winning Cubs, but instead cast fifty-four votes for the St. Louis Cardinals, fifteen more than Mr. Wrigley's team enticed.

"Pitching is 70 per cent of baseball," writes Bill Corum, sports columnist of the New York Evening Journal, "and for that reason you cannot pick any one but the Cardinals. What other team has five pitchers like Dizzy Dean, brother Paul, Bill Hallahan, Roy Parmalee, and Bill Walker? Among them they won eighty-nine games in 1935. If they do as well this year, and there is no reason to believe they won't, the other pitchers should be able to account for another dozen games, which would bring their victory total to over 100 games, more than enough to win the flag."

ON the other hand, such close followers of the national pastime as Stan Lomax, James Bagley, Sid Mercer, Al Mamaux, and Jack Ryder are among the thirty-nine who picked the Chicagoans to romp home in front of the parade. That twenty-one-game winning streak which clinched the pennant for them will have a great effect on the Cubs' 1936 record, for they are a young team, and with the self-confidence the streak gave them they will be very tough to beat.

Twenty-five of the prophets picked the Giants.

Jim Dawson of the New York Times justifies his vote by writing: "I picked the Giants to win because they lost twenty games last year through second base, which they won't blow this season. Burgess Whitehead will remedy that. Leiber will be the sensation of the National League batting race this year, and if Freddy Fitzsimmons shows any kind of form in his comeback campaign, the Giants should regain some of their lost prestige."

Pittsburgh is virtually the same club that finished fourth last year, and since none of the first three teams has been weakened, there is little reason to believe that "Pie" Traynor's men can advance beyond the fourth rung of the National League ladder. They might have a tussle keeping the Cincinnati Reds from crowding them.

Brooklyn received 711 points, which entitled them to recline in sixth place. Tom Meany of the New York World-Telegram picked the dear Dodgers to finish third. "Stengel has strengthened the Dodgers in the pitching box by acquiring Fred Frankhouse and Ed Brandt from Boston," writes Mr. Meany. "Together with George Earnshaw and Van Mungo, they help form the first good mound corps a Brooklyn team has had since Dazzy Vance's days. Freddie Lindstrom will add some hitting power to the team, and if only one out of a dozen potential rookie stars develops, Casey will be right up there with the contenders."

The Phillies and the Braves—oh, pardon me, the Bees—were elected to seventh and eighth places respectively. Connie Mack and Bill McKechnie won't have to worry about their teams going into a slump.

Hey, mister, got an extra pass?

THE END

TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

HOLLYWOOD stars let their professional style experts tell them how to dress from head to ankle, but no further; they insist upon buying their shoes to suit their own taste—and frequently they go wrong. . . . Shoe fashions for women now originate in America, where designers and manufacturers cooperate in creating new footwear to harmonize with each season's new clothes. . . . Shoe styles for men come first from London, then from Princeton, then Yale, then Harvard—Princeton and Yale before Harvard because they're nearer New York. . . .

RUTH HAMILTON KERR

The lady so informing us is Ruth Hamilton Kerr, style analyst employed by an association of nineteen leather tanners who sell their product to the shoe factories.

"In dress today, both for women and men," she says, "there is a new difference between being correct and being conservative. They used to mean the same thing, but they don't any longer. We can dress now with smartness, with dash, and still be correct. Witness the red carnation that young King Edward of England sometimes wears with his dinner jacket."

Our shoe fashions, says Ruth Kerr, are developed six months ahead. Next autumn we'll wear a new *Spanish tan,* also mink-brown and black. In suède we'll wear dark green combined with black, dark blue with Spanish tan.

"Who," I asked, "sets the shoe styles for American men?"

"Fred Astaire," she answered as quick as a wink.

● With a certain amount of dread I quote a hostess who tells me she likes to have late guests drop in after the theater and pep up her dinner parties. "A dinner party," she says, "begins so often to wilt about half past ten or eleven o'clock in the evening. It's nice to have new people come in then. They revive the party."

No doubt there is merit in her idea. Theoretically it sounds swell. Try it by all means—if you are not afraid your friends may get the habit of popping in on you at all hours of the night. (Let me know how you make out!)

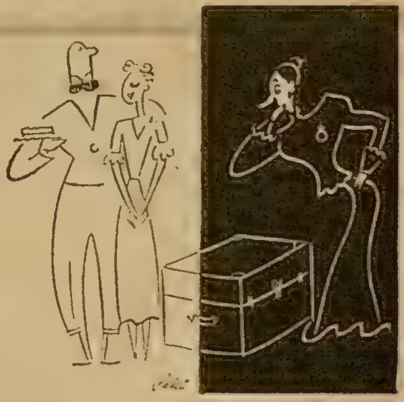
● There must be times in almost every woman's life, I think, when she wishes secretly that she were more hard-boiled—I mean times when she wishes she *knew how* to be hard and calculating and still be attractively feminine. For an example of such difficult behavior I direct your attention to a quite recent film called The Lady Consents, with Ann Harding and Margaret Lindsay. It is Margaret Lindsay whose clever performance teaches us so much about the really effective kind of tough-lady tactics. She never brawls, never nags or makes scenes. She just digs in and gets what she wants—like a pirate.

I hope none of *us* ever will need to put on such an act, but we never can tell. Anyway, Margaret has shown us how it can be done to perfection.

● What actually happens to our faces as we grow older? The really important changes, says Dr. A. Hrdlicka, physical anthropologist for the Smithsonian Institution, are changes affecting your mouth and nose. With advancing age your mouth should become wider, more flexible, more expressive. If it doesn't, there must be something the matter with you. And your nose should grow longer, also broader at the base. The increase in the breadth should be greater than the increase in length.

By what method of measurement can you keep accurate tabs on the growth of your mouth and nose?

Don't ask me. Ask Dr. Hrdlicka.



● A young man from the country married a smart girl from the city. Before the honeymoon began he took her home to meet his parents. She knew they were old-fashioned puritans; guessed his mother would make a secret inspection of her underthings and would judge her thereby. So what did the smart girl do? Packed her trunk with masquerade lingerie—white panties unadorned, high-neck nightgowns, no lace, no impudence, no seduction.

Mama-in-law peeked and was satisfied. "She's a nice girl," was the family verdict.

Right. She is nice. But she's smart, too. For her honeymoon she had hidden away a supply of ravishing undies which her bridegroom's puritanical ma did *not* see.

● Time to think about gardening. John C. Wister's new book, Four Seasons in Your Garden, is to my amateurishly horticultural mind one of the best garden books I ever have read. Mister Wister says practical things in a readable way. (Published by J. B. Lippincott Company.)

● Swedish waffles are different. And *good.* Try them the next time you have a waffle party.

Use ½ cup granulated sugar, 1 egg well beaten with ¼ cup cold water, ½ cup melted butter, 2 cups stiff whipped cream, enough flour to make a thin batter. Fold the whipped cream in last. Bake immediately on your waffle iron. Now for the *fixings:*

If you want to be truly Scandinavian, go to a Swedish delicatessen store and get some ligonberry jam to spread on your Swedish waffles. If you don't care about being so Scandinavian, hot apricot jam will do. But be sure to pass it through a sieve until it is smooth, and have it well spiced with cinnamon.

Vox Pop

Norman Thomas Is Interested in the Truth

New York, N. Y.—An article by Matthew Woll in February 8 Liberty, proposing a sort of united front between business and organized labor to keep down state interference, contains the threadbare statement that Roosevelt has in effect carried out a Socialist program. It is no wonder that organized labor, or rather that wing of it for which Mr. Woll speaks, makes the disheartening slow progress it does when one of its leaders can write that kind of an article.

I shall not discuss the preposterous notion that the great business interests in America will make common cause with the workers whom they have so long exploited. I shall simply refer the readers of Liberty to my radio speech in which I replied to Al Smith's charge that the New Deal was Socialism. It is not. It is one way of stabilizing capitalism, liberal in some of its manifestations but essentially capitalistic. The Socialist Party, 549 Randolph Street, Chicago, Illinois, has reprinted my speech as a two-cent pamphlet.

Since Liberty's columns are never open, apparently, to a genuine Socialist statement of the economic and social situations, I beg to refer those who may be interested in the truth to this pamphlet.—*Norman Thomas.*

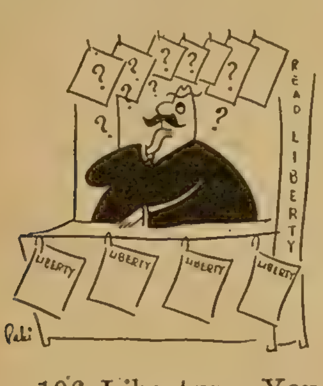
[With all due respect to Mr. Thomas, he evidently doesn't read Liberty regularly or he would know that its columns are wide open to any important serious question or opinion. Get acquainted with us, Mr. Thomas. Many articles have been presented from the Socialist viewpoint in our pages, including several by Upton Sinclair in the recent past.—Vox Pop Editor.]

HOW 100 COPIES BECAME 106!

Los Angeles, Calif.—Look—I am big Bus. man. I no understand. I sell em 100 Liberty magazines every week. Keep little red book. So:

Wed. . .	40 copies sold,	60 left
Thurs. .	30 copies sold,	30 left
Fri. . .	14 copies sold,	16 left
Sat. . .	16 copies sold,	00 left
	100=$5.00	106=$5.30

Little red book says I must have money for 106 Libertys. You send em to me 30¢ every week so I keep em little red book straight.—*George B. Waller.*



PRIZE FOR HARDEST TASK

Toronto, Ont.—Harland Harris's letter in February 1 Vox Pop, Let's Have a Sports Puzzle, cheered me up and gave me an idea for a different contest.

"What is the hardest task you ever had to do?" Hardest here means difficult, hopeless, futile, overwhelming. I don't mean flying the Pacific or climbing the Alps, but unusual yet chorelike jobs for the ordinary mortal.

For instance, here's a poor mother, say in London, England, asks you to locate her son, last seen in northwest America—Canada or the United States.

What a chance for Vox Pop sleuths! For this is an actual case. Go to it. Here are your vivid clues: The quarry is forty-six years old; has brown eyes; and his name—ah, so distinctive!—is Thomas Smith.

When you have counted between four and five thousand Smiths in the New York telephone directory, I'll give you another clue. His mother's name is Elizabeth and his father's George!

Then, when you've despaired of finding this needle in this 7,433,258 square miles of haystack, I'll collect the prize for naming the hardest, most futile, overwhelming task. Has any one a better idea? *Does* any one know Mr. Thomas Smith?—*A. J. Denne.*

DO OUR READERS BELIEVE IN MOTHER'S DAY?

Philadelphia, Pa.—It would be appreciated if famous live-wire Liberty would give recognition to the Mother's Day movement and celebration, May 10, this year, as you have lent prestige and aid to the American Red Cross, the tuberculosis campaign, etc.

Last year the writer sent Mother's Day greetings to organized celebrants of over fifty countries, and our movement and celebrations are cherished around the world by persons and homes of high and low estate.

Not any cleaner movement exists than that of Mother's Day, which spreads the gospel of "gratitude" rather than "charity" with its sting.—*Mother's Day, Inc.—Anna Jarvis, Founder.*

"ON A DAMN GOOD HORSE"

Ludington, Mich.—After reading Candy Kid Lieutenant in February 8 Vox Pop, and your note, "Now, vets, what yarn have you to tie this one? Let's have it!"—will the following be acceptable?

He was a very young "shavetail" who looked as if he should be wearing knee breeches. One day, when his company was up for inspection at the training camp, one of the men remarked in a tone of deep sarcasm, "And a little child shall lead us."

"The man who said that, step forward!" was the immediate command.

The entire company stepped ahead. The lieutenant looked up and down the lines. "Dismissed!" he announced shortly.

The men thought that they had got the better of him—but not for long; for that night at retreat, when the orders for the following day were read, they heard: "There will be a twenty-five-mile hike tomorrow with full equipment, and—a little child shall lead you—on a damn good horse."—*Another Vet.*

DOLLAR-THROWING CHAMPION

Fort Worth, Tex.—The feat of Walter Johnson in throwing a dollar across the Rappahannock has created a great deal of publicity and comment.

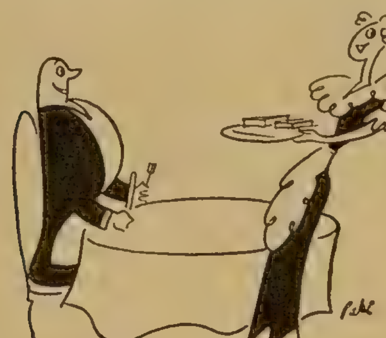
Is not the feat of Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt in throwing ten or fifteen billions across the Potomac worthy of comment also? We suggest that you at least give it equal space. But then, Mr. Roosevelt is so much a better pitcher, when it comes to throwing dollars, perhaps we should handicap him.

Another notorious difference, however, is the fact that, while one half the Johnson coins were saved, the Roosevelt coins appear to have been lost!—*Elton M. Hyder.*

"FEEDIN' UNEMPLOYED HYENAS"

Mount Airy, Md.—I yam so mad I cud fite! Here I been feedin' these unemployed hyena's sandwiches, coffee, pie an' cake, not to mention stayin' at home an' never askin' to be took nowhere's an' givin' my wit an' humor free gratis, along with cards, radio, an' dancin'—an' then a bird like that Norm Reddick from Indiana (March 7 Vox Pop) sends you a piece about how's he can count his girl friends on a closed fist since he ain't got no job!

If that's gratitude, then I'm a toadfish's grandmother! I oughta be that swelled up with pride from handin' out free entertainment, ever since this depression set in. That guy has the wrong slant on us Janes, and I for one rebel's here an' now, an' how! I wants no criticism from him or any other ungrateful he-male, an' I'll bet him a match agin a toothpick that them gals out his way are singin' Amen in high C rite along with me.—*Esse Quam Vederi.*



19 DIFFERENT ANSWERS

Olympia, Wash.—In your issue of March 7 the answer to your piscatorial puzzle by Sam Loyd has many answers, all of which I can prove to be correct according to the information given.

There can be nineteen different answers to your puzzle, all correct. It would be appreciated hereafter, if a puzzle or problem is to be given to your readers, that there be only one correct answer.—*Carl Hollander.*

[Mr. Hollander gives us his various answers to the puzzle, but it would be more than a puzzle to fit them into our limited space. Other readers also worked out the problem in bewildering and ingenious ways and snowed us under with their answers.—Vox Pop Editor.]

ANOTHER CAPTAIN JINKS?

Springfield, Mass.—I have just read the Short Short, Bait, in March 7 Liberty. The author, Captain Fredericks, shows a lamentable ignorance of nautical terms and customs, and I wonder where he appropriated his title. It's the "forecastle head," not the "fore deck," the "poop" and not the "aft deck."

Schooners do not carry captains' gigs and schooner masters make no formal calls. A vessel might "heel over" from a broadside impact, but doesn't "keel over" unless it capsizes. A three-master is not a sloop, a sloop having but one mast.

Troopships had learned the hazards of stopping to pick up lifeboats long before we entered the war. Apparently the "captain" sold you a bill of goods.

As a licensed officer in the Merchant Marine I also resent particularly his unjustified criticism of merchant seamen as draft dodgers and slackers.—*R. H. Sheridan.*

THE THREE NEW DEAL "R's"

Redding, Calif.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Nonsense Paraded by the Defenders of the New Deal, in March 7 Liberty, is the best essay I have read upon the present Roosevelt regime.

We believe that the political and social threats now aimed at the unity of the American people, supported by Franklin Roosevelt and his associates, are more perilous to the Union than were the threats and the issues of 1860-65.

The three R's, escaping from the alphabetical draft of an illicit federal regimentation, now phrase, conspicuously, Roosevelt, Repudiation, and Rebellion. —*Charles L. Paige.*

San Antonio, Tex.—As a friend of Liberty and an admirer of the many splendid editorials heretofore appearing therein, I desire to express my regret at the lapse of poise that has crept into these editorials.—*W. C. Douglas.*

Greenwood, Miss.—Why doesn't Liberty become efficient? Put the cover around Macfadden's editorial and let it go at that. It's the only thing worth while in the magazine and any one would pay a nickel for it.—*I. M. Concerned.*

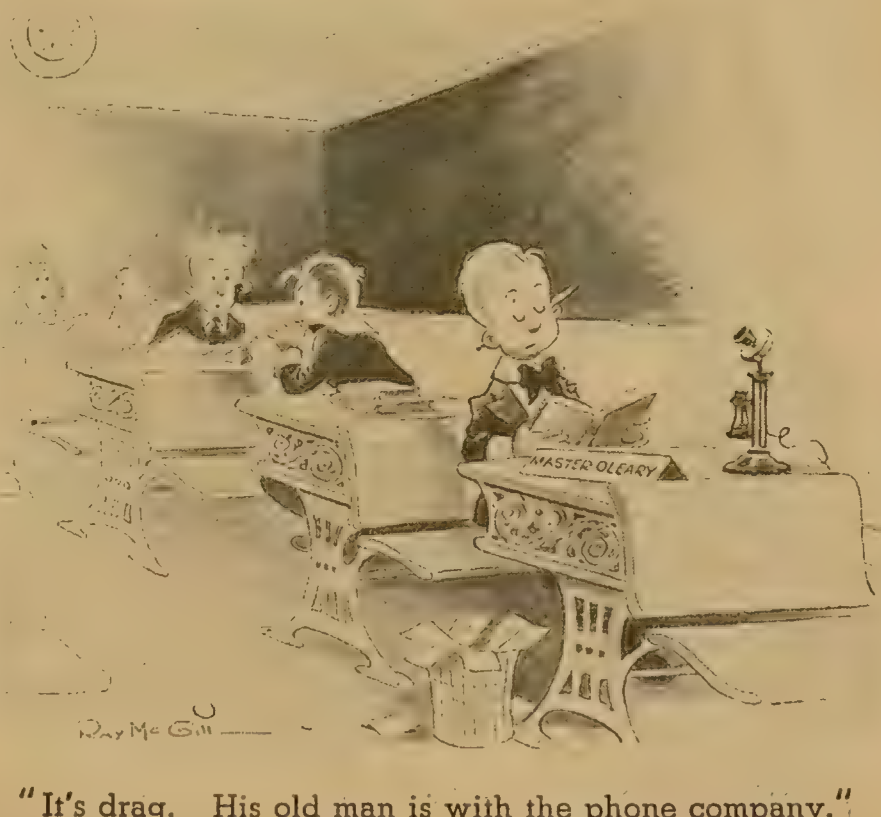
FIRST "COPYCAT" CAUGHT

San Francisco, Calif.—Quoting from Major Bowes's Amateur Writers Page (March 7 Liberty): "Don't be a copycat!"

On the same page (25) you and the good Major award five spudtatoes to a rural New Hampshire lady, Mrs. Amy C. Cotton, for a short story, Courage, that was originally told by Abraham Lincoln, the only difference being that it originally concerned an American Colonial officer and an English officer during the early Indian wars, and the kegs in the story were supposed to be filled with onions instead of gunpowder.

Onions to you, sir! A tiny scallion to the Major—a San Franciscan who should know his Twice Told Tales.—*Willie the Crab.*

[A number of other readers also called our attention to the similarity between the two stories. So, amateurs, beware of the millions of eyes scanning your contributions—you can't get away with a "crib."—Vox Pop Editor.]



"It's drag. His old man is with the phone company."

ELI COLTER'S COUNTRY PHONES

Montier, Mo.—If it takes a game guy to know when he's whipped, I'm about the gamest that's lost lately.

I read Liberty from cover to cover, suffer the suspense of Doctor Condon's slow moving tale, read the Constitution again (about the twentieth time), and get some good stuff. But, with that record, I blow up on page 46 of the February 29 issue in Eli Colter's Stormy Hearts and quit for the first time I can remember. I've read some mighty sorry stuff gamely enough and never backed down, but when I'm asked to read about an auto-driving rancher controlling the world's food supply through a system of country telephones, why, wheels just begin to go "round and around" and I have to be licked.

Maybe it's because I know country telephone systems too well. I would suggest that Mr. Colter try having a private conversation on a country line once!—*Ben Wescott.*

INSUFFERABLY SILLY STUFF

Spokane, Wash.—I am not a Townsender, but if I read any more such insufferably silly stuff as Channing Pollock's The Man Who Tried the Townsend Plan (February 29 Liberty), in which the author argues against it under the guise of fiction, I shall become one of its converts.

The real argument against the Townsend Plan lies in its economic phase. Mr. Pollock evidently overlooks this altogether, and assumes that every person who reaches the age of sixty becomes a brainless, witless, irresponsible moron incapable of being trusted with two hundred dollars every month.

He has not considered at all whether or not a 2-percent transaction tax would be a benefit or detriment to business, if the money so raised were spent every thirty days.—*J. T.*

Rich Man's
SON

Heartbreak, Bewilderment, the Birth of a Lie—
A Dramatic Interlude in a Daring Novel of Today

by

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

THE noble ambitions that caused young Jeff Lorimer to spurn his father's offer of a job and future in the family banking business are sidetracked temporarily when his mother begs him to marry Margot Rogers, daughter of another wealthy and socially prominent family. Jeff accedes to her wish only after the family doctor's warning that any serious shock might prove fatal to the ailing Mrs. Lorimer. Before the engagement is announced, however, Jeff accidentally meets petite Doris Fenton, a night-club entertainer, and falls in love with her, although he is with the girl only a few hours. Then Jeff's father and uncle plot to send him to Florida, where he will meet glamorous Carol Carson, in the hope he will forget his radical ideas and realize the importance of money. But Jeff doesn't fall for the trap. And Carol promises to help him locate Doris. When the two return to New York, they attend a party in the penthouse apartment of Howard Locke, a friend of Carol. Jeff gets the shock of his life when he meets his host. He recognizes him as the strange man whose secret affair with his younger sister Natalie had come to an unhappy end. The girl with Locke is Doris!

Jeff manages to steal a few joyous minutes alone with Doris, however, before she joins the party. But when Jeff realizes that neither Doris nor Locke is present later in the evening, he becomes alarmed. Stepping out on to the terrace, he finds Doris struggling in Locke's arms. In a fury he strikes Locke. The dazed man hits his head against a cement pillar, and dies without regaining consciousness. Jeff is charged with murder and is awaiting trial when Natalie flies up from Florida. He begs her not to tell her part of the story. Doris drops out of sight, but in a letter to Jeff tells him she'll come to help when she is needed. Jeff is expecting a visit from his father when his Uncle Hal and the family lawyer visit him.

PART FIVE—NAT'S SECRET

"FATHER didn't come?" Jeff asked.

"No, Jeff. He—"

"What is it, Uncle Hal? Is he through with me?" Disbelief and fright looked out from his eyes. But something else made his voice falter.

Harry Potter looked at his young nephew and wished that his news was as easy to break as that. He put both hands on Jeff's shoulders and gripped him tight.

"It's your mother, Jeff. She—"

"She is dead!" Jeff finished. "I see it in your face!"

Jeff stared at his uncle without seeing him. This new shock, after all that had happened, was too recent for him to feel pain; that would come presently. "I killed my mother—"

"No, Jeff!" Uncle Hal expostulated. "It was her heart. Dr. Elliot said it might happen any time. We all knew that."

The lawyer, Andrew Osborne, came into the room. "Your mother has had a bad heart for years," he reminded the boy.

"But it didn't kill her until they arrested me for murder!" Now the full significance of his uncle's words broke over him. His paleness became ghastly. He began trembling violently and talking faster as he went along. "She found out I was here. Who told her? Who was so cruel? *Who told her?*" He pounded the wall with his fists. "I killed her! Oh, God, I killed my mother . . ." The words ended on a high-pitched note of hysteria. Jeff buried his head in his arms and writhed against the wall.

At that moment the prison doctor entered the cell. Uncle Hal had an arm about his nephew and was trying to calm him; but the doctor shook his head and looked at Andrew Osborne.

"He will need something more than that if he is to stand the strain of a trial on top of this. Sleep will help." He opened his bag and spoke in a low voice to the jailer. When the man came back with a pan of boiling water, the doctor prepared a hypodermic that would bring young Jeff Lorimer temporary surcease from his anguish.

Still twisting in his torment, Jeff was persuaded to lie down on the cell cot while the doctor injected the needle. But he did not wince. It is doubtful that he felt it prick his flesh. His uncle and Osborne held him quiet until the needle was withdrawn. He was beyond the point where he heard his uncle's voice trying to soothe him. Presently the doctor motioned for the two older men to come outside. There he said:

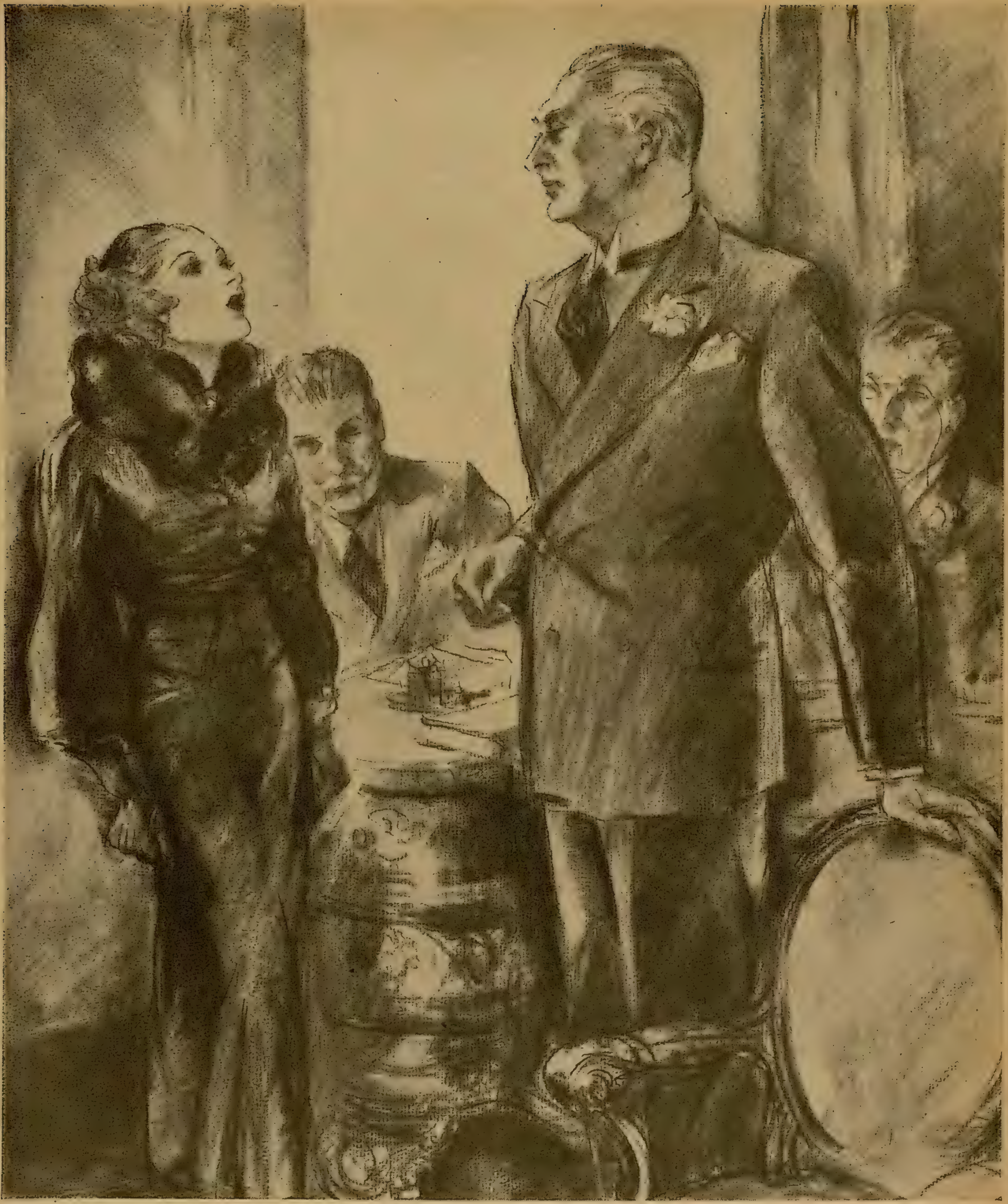
"I have seen these things happen many times. There is nothing you can do for the boy. It is better to leave him alone. The hypodermic will work faster."

Reluctantly Uncle Hal and the lawyer departed with the doctor. The latter stopped to speak to the jailer. "We will be downstairs."

When they were seated in the anteroom, the doctor put down his bag and addressed Uncle Hal: "It is bad for your nephew to lose his mother right now."

"It could have been avoided if the radio operator hadn't lost his head."

"Then Mrs. Lorimer *did* know about Jeff's arrest!"



Geoffrey Lorimer stepped forward. "Miss Fenton, a great deal depends on the story you tell in court."

Uncle Hal nodded. "When the operator got my radiogram, he went running out on deck with the message in his hand, looking for Geoffrey. He bumped into my sister and she insisted on reading it. The shock was too great. It brought on a heart attack and in a few hours she was dead."

"Poor boy!" Osborne muttered.

The doctor had given Jeff a powerful sedative and in a short time the jailer came in to say that he was sleeping soundly.

"And he will stay that way for some time," the doctor predicted. "Probably through the night."

Uncle Hal was unwilling to leave. But Osborne, who was to confer with the other lawyer, said he must go.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

"Just exactly what are Jeff's chances, Andrew?" Uncle Hal asked, dropping his voice when the doctor had gone.

"It depends on our witnesses. The state will call them also, you know. That often rattles the coolest people. The Carson girl has some helpful testimony to give on Locke, but it has little bearing on the case. If only there were some new evidence we could get our hands on! We can't even locate the Fenton girl. She should have been held without bail as a material witness. She moved out of her roominghouse the morning after Jeff struck down Locke. If she doesn't turn up in time to testify—"

His expression clearly indicated the seriousness of such a happening.

"We've got to find her!" Uncle Hal insisted. "I wonder if Jeff knows where she is?"

"She hasn't been here to see him. He had only met her that night, remember."

"I wonder—"

The lawyer pricked up his ears at this, but Uncle Hal put up his hand. "I know nothing more than Jeff has told you, Andrew. But knowing the boy as I do, I can't help feeling that he had a stronger motive than he has given."

"Would his sister know?"

"Natalie? I doubt it. Jeff and she haven't been as close the last few months as they used to be. That's odd!" Something that he couldn't name was prodding Uncle Hal's memory.

"You might question the girl," Osborne suggested.

"I will," Harry Potter declared thoughtfully. "I will do it at the first opportunity."

The doctor had returned. "The lad is fast asleep," he said. "Why don't you go? I am certain he won't wake until morning—and if he should they can call you."

"That sounds reasonable, Hal," Osborne urged. "We must all conserve our strength."

"And there is so much to be done," Uncle Hal agreed. "The Moira should dock late tomorrow night. There are funeral arrangements to attend to. We'll go, doctor."

THE big house on Fifth Avenue was seeing more grief than ever before in its history. The few servants who had been left to take care of the place while the family was in Florida were moving swiftly and efficiently about their tasks. One by one, those twenty others who had been given vacations were returning, recalled by Pitts. Their hearts were heavy. Although Mrs. Lorimer was a fastidious mistress and not easy to work for, she was always fair and often kind. But it was the old butler, Pitts, who was really stricken by the tragedy that had descended for the second time in twenty-four hours on the Lorimer household. Thirty-two years ago he had welcomed Ada Clements Lorimer to the house, a lovely bride. And now—

In her own pretty apartment, Nat was inconsolable. Friends came to help and console her, but she wouldn't see them and they reluctantly left her alone. The frightened little secretary, Miss Purdy, was also banished from her room, and was now in the sitting room of her dead employer, sobbing brokenly as she tried to perform the few simple tasks Mrs. Lorimer had left behind.

Nat, eyes red from weeping, an unseen hand gripping her by the throat, paced up and down her rooms, beside herself with grief. The loss of her mother was cruel enough for the girl to endure. But coupled with the conviction that she was responsible for her brother's predicament, it became unbearable. Jeff, she kept telling herself, would never have struck and killed Howard Locke and now be in jail, branded a murderer, if it hadn't been for the confession he had wrung from her late that night when he had seen her in the street with Locke. Theirs were twin torments—hers and Jeff's. Each blaming himself for their mother's death.

She ought to tell some one! If only Jeff hadn't made her promise to keep it a secret—if only she hadn't given her word that she would, and that she would stay away from the Tombs! Even now he might be wanting her, yet afraid to ask for her. In the fever of her uncertainty the girl was fast breaking when Uncle Hal came into her apartment.

Seeing her despair, he hadn't the heart to tell her about Jeff's crack-up. She asked eagerly for news of her brother.

"Jeff is taking it splendidly, my dear," he lied. "And so must you. Tomorrow, remember, the Moira docks, and Ogden will be needing your comfort. That will be your responsibility and you must meet it." When there was need of warm understanding, no one ever thought of Margaret. It wasn't in her to give. "Has Dr. Elliot been here?"

Nat nodded. He had. The doctor had left her some quieting pills, but she hadn't even looked at them.

NOW Uncle Hal did something that was entirely foreign to his systematic nature. He acted on impulse. Sitting down beside his niece, he took one of her hands in his and said quietly:

"Do you know anything more about Jeff's case, Nat? More than appears on the surface?"

The girl's head shot up and a shadow flashed across her face. Instantaneous as it was, her uncle caught it.

"I hate to upset you any more by asking you questions, Nat," he went on, "but it is so vitally important that we uncover all the facts possible that may help Jeff. I'll put my question more directly. Do you know anything more about Jeff and this Fenton girl than he has already told?"

An expression of vast relief spread over Nat's face. For one dreadful moment she had been terrified that Uncle Hal had unearthed her affair with Locke.

"Uncle Hal," she declared, "I am telling you the truth when I say that I know nothing more about Jeff and the Fenton girl than everybody else knows."

But Uncle Hal, remembering her expression a moment ago, dug deeper: "Think harder, Nat. Is there anything—anything at all, however trivial it may seem to you—that you should tell Jeff's lawyers? We are fighting for his life, remember!"

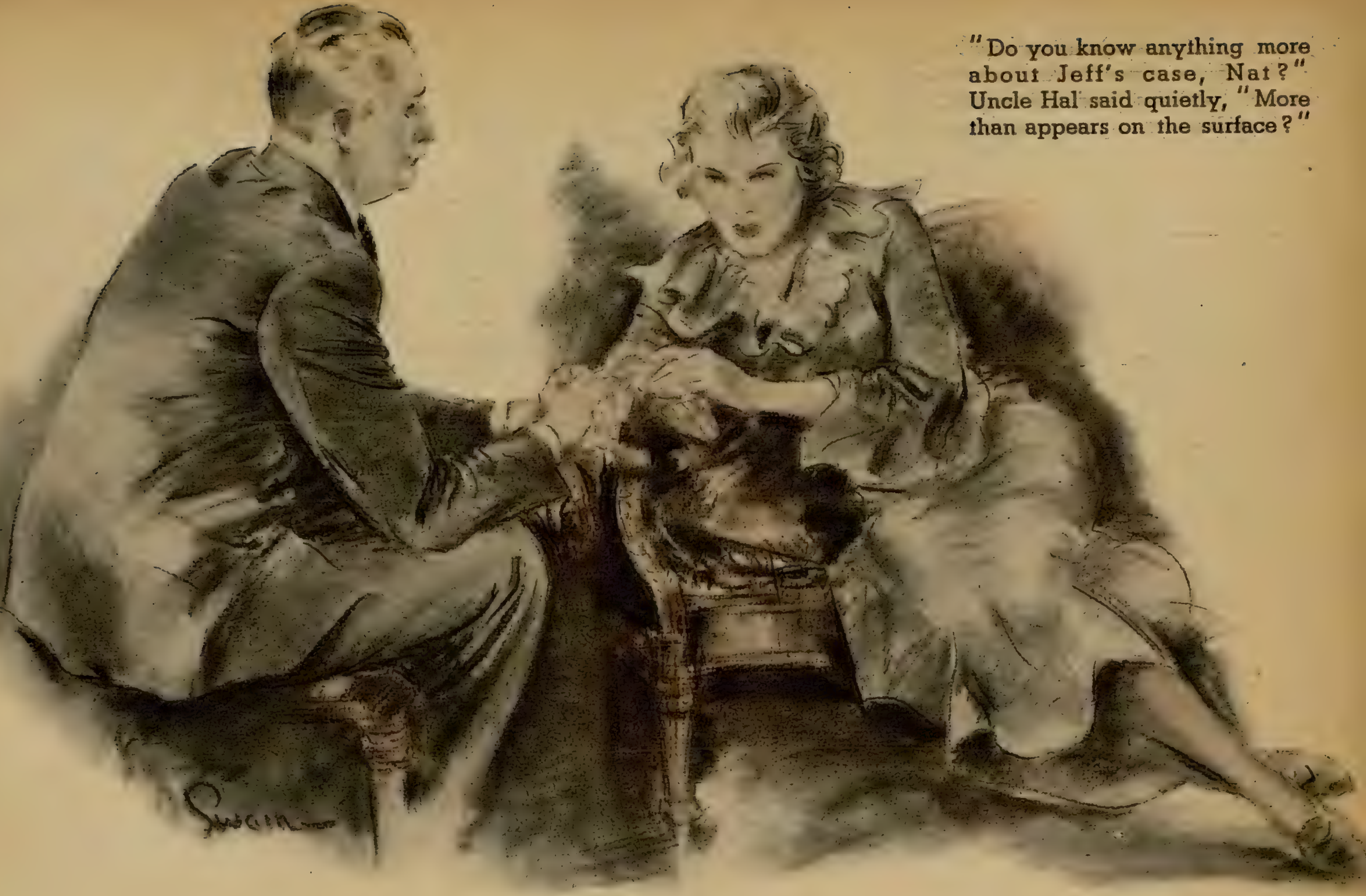
For an instant he held his breath. Was the girl wilting under his scrutiny? At his question she drooped all over. She opened her mouth—seemed about to burst out with something. Then every line of her face underwent a subtle mysterious change. A strangely defiant look came into her blue eyes. "I don't know any more about the case than I have told you. Why do you question me like this? I can't tell you things I don't know!" Now her small soft mouth was trembling. Her eyes were fast filling up with tears. Then one great cry wrenched her and she threw herself sobbing into her startled uncle's arms. "Oh, Uncle Hal, I wish I was dead, too! Oh, mother—mother—"

Harry Potter looked desperately about him. His eyes fell on the quieting pills Dr. Elliot had left. Gently disengaging himself, he got a glass of water and handed Nat one of the pills. "Swallow this, dear," he urged. "It will make you sleep."

The girl raised herself to a sitting position, sobs still racking her body. But she obediently took the pill. "Will it really make me sleep?" she asked piteously. "And forget?" She walked into her bedroom and dropped, face down, on the bed. Uncle Hal left. Later, tiptoeing in, he found her sleeping quietly, and covered her with a blanket. . . .

They let Jeff go to his mother's funeral. He went under special guard, handcuffed to a detective. Another detective and Uncle Hal walked beside him. When the police car drew up before St. Thomas's Church, the handcuffs were removed and hidden. Jeff walked like a free man between the other two, past a gaping crowd, down the aisle to the section reserved for the Lorimer family.

It was at St. Thomas's that Jeff had been christened twenty-three long years ago. It was here he had been confirmed in the Episcopal faith at the age of twelve, had taken his first communion, had attended services regularly with the family until he left home to go to Harvard. Jeff felt the strange poignancy of walking down the familiar aisle under such circumstances. People turned to stare at him—some kindly, some frankly



"Do you know anything more about Jeff's case, Nat?" Uncle Hal said quietly, "More than appears on the surface?"

curious. Shame burned through him. He wondered how many of the several hundred gathered there had known or cared about his mother. The usher stopped. Jeff, still flanked on either side by a detective, took his place in the reserved pew.

They were all there: Nat, Ogden, Barnes, Margaret, Miss Purdy—his father. His eyes sought those of his father, but Geoffrey Lorimer turned away. They had not seen each other since the day after New Year's when Jeff left Palm Beach for Miami. He knew how bitterly his father felt toward him by his steady gazing at the bier of his tragically dead wife.

Pitts and the other servants were in a pew farther back, but Jeff did not see them or any of the other familiar faces around him. As when the magistrate had remanded him to jail the night Locke died, the same detached numbness again possessed him. What was happening was so ghastly real, his mind refused to believe it. He didn't tell himself he was dreaming and that it was all a horrible mistake. He just sat there like a man who had taken a powerful anaesthetic that did everything but rob him of sight.

Nat tried to attract his attention, but, failing this, leaned over and whispered to the detective separating them, who obligingly changed places with her. Jeff looked up in surprise, as if he had not expected to see her here. She slipped her hand in his, tried to smile, but her mouth was trembling. Jeff didn't attempt to smile back. He knew he couldn't. But presently he was pressing Nat's cold little hand tightly. She had a vaguely healing effect on him.

In front of the altar was the flower-banked casket in which Mrs. Lorimer lay. Jeff was too far away to get a glimpse of his mother's face. The organ began to play, and it sounded such a long way off he wondered if *he* might not be dead and watching his own funeral. He stared at the minister but didn't listen to the service. He kept thinking, If only I might kiss her cold white face and fall to my knees beside her, begging forgiveness! But he couldn't do that, he knew. They wouldn't let him.

Finally it was over. Every one had left the church but the Lorimer household. With the others, Jeff tiptoed up to the casket for a last long look at the face of her he loved—and had killed. And as he looked down at her, still so proud and beautiful even in death, feeling began to surge through him once more like sap returning to a tree. He realized he must get a firm grip on himself if he were to pull through. It seemed impossible that his mother was lying dead here before him. So many times he had seen her sleeping, and she looked that way now. Only this time he wouldn't be able to wake her with a softly called "Mother!" or a gentle kiss on her cheek. She would never wake again! Countless times since Uncle Hal had brought him the incredible news of his mother's passing, he had agonized through this moment in his imagination. Now it was here.

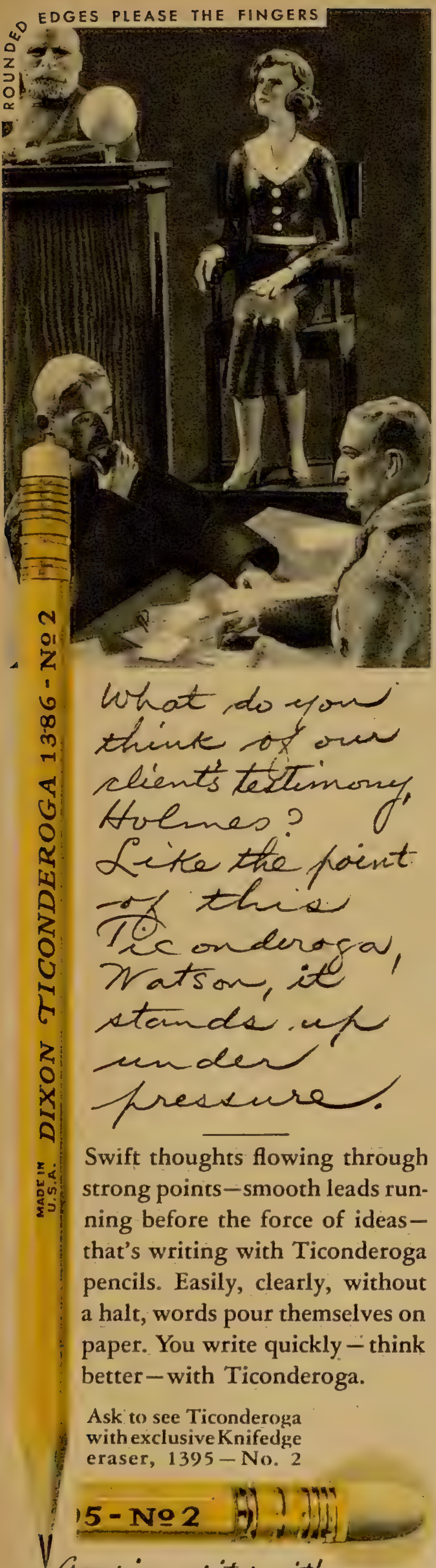
A HAND tightening over his made Jeff turn. Ogden was beside him, looking up with big bewildered eyes that were swimming with tears. Though a hurricane had swept through Jeff, taking most of him with it, there still remained his affection for his little brother, and now he saw in the boy's eyes the hero worship that had not dimmed even a little.

It was like a tonic. Jeff straightened. He stood Ogden in front of him, pressing his shoulders reassuringly as they both looked down into the casket. Then he gently urged the lad to move along, turning him over to Nat. When he rejoined the detectives Jeff was calm and dry-eyed.

It had been previously agreed that there should be no communication in the church between Jeff and his family. So now he walked quickly down the aisle, Nat's heartbroken sobs following him.

Outside, the police were pushing back a restless throng of morbidly curious sensation seekers. When Jeff emerged from the darkened interior of the church an excited murmur swept through the crowd. They had expected to see him in a state of collapse. Instead he was walking straight, dry-eyed and calm. A moment later he was in the police car again, on his way to the Tombs.

"He ain't even shed a tear!" one old woman exclaimed, crossing herself, "and the cover not yet pulled down on his dear mother's face. God save his soul!" . . .


ROUNDED EDGES PLEASE THE FINGERS
DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386 - No 2
MADE IN U.S.A.
5 - No 2

What do you think of our client's testimony, Holmes? Like the point of this Ticonderoga, Watson, it stands up under pressure.

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In Geoffrey Lorimer's study four men were discussing the coming trial of young Jeff Lorimer. The air was thick with smoke and legal verbiage as Andrew Osborne and Thomas Cranston pored over the papers that littered the study table. The third lawyer was at work on the case in Osborne's office. Uncle Hal sat on one of the big divans, smoking a cigar and occasionally making a suggestion.

"The Grand Jury should hand down its indictment tomorrow," Osborne was saying. "The District Attorney presented the evidence yesterday."

"Have you talked with Edwards?" Geoffrey Lorimer asked his brother-in-law.

"I have," Uncle Hal replied. "But we can't expect help from him. A man like Edwards didn't become a District Attorney by helping his friends out of trouble. How long has it been since you saw him, Geoffrey?"

"Before his election. It was at the last Yale alumni dinner I attended—four years ago. How much more legal procedure is necessary before the trial?"

At a nod from Osborne young Cranston began: "The Grand Jury has to hand down the indictment first—and it's certain to be manslaughter. Then your son will be arraigned before the Court of General Sessions for a plea. Naturally, he will plead not guilty, and the indictment will then be changed to second-degree murder—that's murder committed in the heat of passion, you know. And then—" He stopped short when he saw that he had lost their attention. Turning, he saw Pitts standing in the door, suppressed excitement written into every line of his face.

"That young lady is here, Mr. Potter," he said in a voice that was as even as he could hold it. "That young lady you have been looking for—"

Uncle Hal jumped to his feet. "The Fenton girl?" he cried.

"She is downstairs," Pitts announced.

"Bring her up!" Andrew Osborne exclaimed. "Don't stand there—"

"Yes, sir," and Pitts hurried off.

"That's a break," Cranston breathed. "We have combed the city for that girl, Mr. Lorimer."

But Lorimer was frowning. "I have some questions to ask her, too," he announced grimly. His brother-in-law looked up in alarm.

"Better let Osborne do all the talking, Geoffrey," he advised. "She is our chief witness. We don't want to antagonize her."

"By all means we don't!" echoed Andrew Osborne with conviction.

'Tisn't So

by R. E. Doan

CENTURY PLANTS do not bloom only every hundred years. The time of flowering depends upon the plant, climate, etc. In hot countries it blooms every five to eight years; in colder countries it may take from twenty-five to thirty years; seldom longer. After flowering, the plant dies to the ground, but new plants arise from lateral buds.

THE NICKEL (United States five-cent piece) is not made mostly of nickel. It is composed of, approximately, 75 per cent copper and 25 per cent nickel.

AN EEL does not have two hearts. What is often thought to be a second heart in an eel, because of its beating, is really the lymphatic sinus, located in the tail. This is a simple structure filled with lymph; it is not a heart.

STARS are not pointed or especially jagged. Their pointed appearance is an optical illusion. They are so far away that we see them merely as points of light, not as any definite shape.

SNAKES do not charm their prey. A snake's eyes have no hypnotic or fascinating influence over its prey. Naturally, small animals, or even man himself, might conceivably be so frightened by a snake that movement would be temporarily impossible—but this could not happen because of any peculiar power of the snake's eyes.

"She may—" At a signal from Cranston he broke off. Doris Fenton was in the room.

The four men stared at the girl. Doris had been the center of prolonged discussion on their parts. The sum total of their estimate had been: "Cheap adventuress." To find her so vastly different from that preconceived picture was disconcerting. She might have been the daughter, niece, or sister of any one in their own social circle of acquaintances. The frown deepened on Geoffrey Lorimer's face. He stood his ground behind the others. It was Uncle Hal who rose to receive the girl.

"I am Jeff's uncle," he said, smiling and holding out his hand. "We are so glad you have come, Miss Fenton." After a warning look at Lorimer, he introduced her to the others.

"You have given us some anxious moments," Andrew Osborne said. "A lot depends on your testimony. You should not have run away!"

"But I didn't run away! I told Jeff—Mr. Lorimer—that I would come when I was needed!" she exclaimed. "He doesn't think that I ran out on him, does he?" Her anxiety was so patently sincere that Uncle Hal and Osborne exchanged looks.

"Of course not," Osborne hedged. "Naturally, we were worried—with the trial so close."

"But I explained it all to him," the girl insisted—"why it was best for me to keep out of sight."

GEOFFREY LORIMER stepped forward. His eyes were boring into her. "You have seen my son since — his arrest?" he demanded. The others listened with interest.

"Oh, no, Mr. Lorimer! I only wrote him a letter. He didn't want me to come to the jail. That is—" Realizing she had said too much, the blood suddenly flamed into her face.

Osborne came quickly to her rescue. "We understand, my dear. Of course, until now, there has been nothing you could do."

Every one but Geoffrey Lorimer sat down. He stood off to one side, studying the girl, listening closely to every word that fell from her lips. Now the older lawyer leaned forward, speaking in a low, sympathetic voice:

"Young Mr. Lorimer is in a serious predicament. Evidence in his favor is slight and so—shall we say obscure—it is difficult to predict how a jury will react to it."

Doris was straining to catch every word. Much has been said of a clever barrister's sway over juries, Cranston was thinking—too little about their sway over witnesses!

"It seems strange to us," Osborne continued, "that a young man of Mr. Lorimer's background would strike another man on such slight provocation—unless, of course, he had been drinking. But we know he was practically sober. It also seems strange that a man of Howard Locke's worldly experience and his sophistication would force himself so objectionably on a young lady, especially with so

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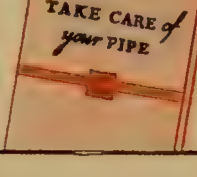
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many other people in the vicinity."

"But it wasn't like that at all!" Doris cried in amazement. "That is why it is all so terrible. Mr. Locke wasn't—attacking me. He was just trying to kiss me and I wouldn't let him. There wasn't anything more to it than that—really!"

The lawyers and Harry Potter looked at each other in surprise. This didn't fit in at all with Jeff's version of what was taking place when he came unexpectedly upon Doris fighting off Locke. Lorimer himself was puzzled.

"Don't you understand, Miss Fenton," Osborne warned, "that any attempt to hide the truth will be extremely dangerous for my client? Don't be ashamed to tell us that Locke was attempting to—to do more than merely steal a kiss."

Doris was stricken. "You think I am lying, don't you?" she asked in a voice husky with emotion.

Osborne was quick to change his manner. "Such testimony isn't going to help Mr. Lorimer. His defense will stand or fall on the fact that he came to the aid of a girl who was fighting to save herself from a dangerous man. No jury will believe that my client became so violent merely because he saw another man attempting to kiss you. It is no crime under any statute to kiss a pretty girl."

Now Geoffrey Lorimer stepped forward. His eyes glistened dangerously. "Look here, Miss—Miss—"

"Fenton," Doris prompted.

"Miss Fenton," Lorimer repeated. "A great deal depends on the story you tell in court. The name of Lorimer is an old one and a fine one, as you know. Until now no stigma has ever been attached to it. The present stigma must be removed!" He was close to shouting the words. "And it won't be removed if you tell the jury the ridiculous story you just told us. Now give us the truth, girl. I'll make it worth your while."

DORIS jumped to her feet. A dangerous spot of color burned in each cheek. Hurt and humiliation had brought tears to her eyes.

Before she could speak, Andrew Osborne put a restraining hand on her arm. "I think, Geoffrey," he said quietly, "that it will be better if Cranston and I talk alone with Miss Fenton. So many of us is confusing." He put all the weight possible into his words, hoping that Lorimer would take the hint. The girl must be handled.

"Osborne is right, Geoffrey," Uncle Hal spoke up. He was already on his feet, smiling at Doris.

Lorimer shrugged and followed him to the door.

Now there were only three of them in the big room, as incongruous a threesome as the old study had ever seen. Cranston crossed to a desk between the windows and spread out his papers. Osborne and Doris sat down again. Everything about the lawyer indicated that what he was about to say was important and confidential.

"My dear Miss Fenton," he began, "you can help us save Mr. Lorimer from the *electric chair.*" He was taking the chance that the girl didn't know that the worst punishment Jeff could get under second-degree murder would be life imprisonment. His words had the desired effect.

At the mention of "electric chair" a tremor ran through Doris. Fear looked out of her blue eyes. "What can I do?" she whispered.

"It is within your power to strengthen Jeff's defense immeasurably."

"But how? Only tell me—"

"BEFORE I answer that question," said the lawyer, "you must realize that what I am about to say is for one purpose only, and in the interests of one person only. My client, Mr. Lorimer. We have investigated you thoroughly. We have learned that you were employed this past winter at a night club called the Palais Rouge. You were a chorus girl in the floor show. You were through work at two thirty each morning and went home alone at that hour. You have recently been in another floor show at a place called Harry and Jack's."

"That is true."

"We have also learned that, prior to the night when you and my client met at Howard Locke's apartment, you had been seen often in company with Locke at other night clubs as late as four o'clock in the morning. You were also a frequent visitor at his apartment, often being alone with him."

"But you talk as if this had been going on for years!" Doris protested. "I only met Mr. Locke a few weeks ago on my way back from Kentucky. I went home for my aunt's funeral."

Osborne nodded. "What I think, Miss Fenton, makes no difference. The point I am trying to make is that no jury will believe that a night-club girl would fight off a wealthy man who tried to kiss her—especially after she had given him the encouragement I have just mentioned. Jeff will receive scant sympathy from such evidence. They will say he had been drinking too much."

Something behind the lawyer's words, something about the tone of his voice, made Doris look up quickly. These words had been a smoke screen behind which his real, his unspoken thoughts were hiding.

"Why not come to the point, Mr. Osborne?" she suggested quietly.

The lawyer's face brightened. He hadn't expected the girl to be so quick to see his point. "I will, gladly, Miss Fenton," he agreed. "You must have realized, after reading the newspaper stories, that Jeff is not getting any the best of it. They are libeling him as a rich playboy, giving him a character and personality that you and I know is false. Naturally, the District Attorney will pounce on that angle. He will try to show that Jeff had no motive for striking Locke but his own selfish pique because of Locke's popularity. But, Miss Fenton, if you will testify on the witness stand that Howard Locke *was* attacking you, and that you cried out for help just as my client came along, it will make a far more convincing story. With those facts before them his action would have more justification in the eyes of the jury." Doris nodded. Heartened, Osborne went further: "And if you will also say that you had been encouraging Howard Locke, then—"

"But I hadn't!" she cried indignantly.

The lawyer held up his hand protestingly. Now he spoke sharply: "Are you the sort of girl who will quibble over such a point and let the man who answered your cries go to the electric chair for his gallantry?"

The girl uttered a low cry. "Don't," she begged—"don't say that." She dropped her face in her hands.

"But that is what will happen," Osborne insisted—"unless you save him. I'm not asking you to perjure yourself. I only ask that you tell a more convincing story. Surely, at least once, you must have led Howard Locke to believe that you found him attractive? Think, now."

"Only because he promised to get me a job. And then I was just pleasant."

"But you dined alone with him in his apartment," the lawyer reminded her. "That was encouragement! You could elaborate on that phase of it, Miss Fenton." He paused, then added—"For Jeff?"

Again Doris sent him a keen look. How much more did he know?

Right here occurred one of those things that are sometimes the result of mental telepathy but more often coincidence. Had lawyer Osborne read the question in the girl's mind? Or had he planned all along to startle her at this point into a full admission of everything? He cleared his throat and fastened his eyes on her.

"We uncovered one more thing during our investigation, Miss Fenton," he said. "You met Jeff prior to that night at Locke's apartment. You were with him at least once at the Palais Rouge where you worked." He paused to watch the effect of his words. She grew so white that he feared she was going to faint. "Why have you been hiding that fact?" he prodded mercilessly. "But for the head waiter we might never have known."

She did not answer. Osborne leaned forward suddenly. "What is the true reason for Jeff's striking down Howard Locke that night?" he shot at her.

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This story of a modern German girl in England is more like a first novel than Miss Feiner's Car Across the Path. It is very readable, but not as moving as it should be.

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"Well, figure out a cheap horseless carriage and I'll lend you the money to make it," said the millionaire.

Ford figured out such a machine, but the millionaire said he had changed his mind.

"I haven't changed my mind," said Ford.

And he hadn't. The only thing he has ever changed has been the models of his machines.—*Roy L. McCardell.*

●

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COVER BY S. A. BOOTH

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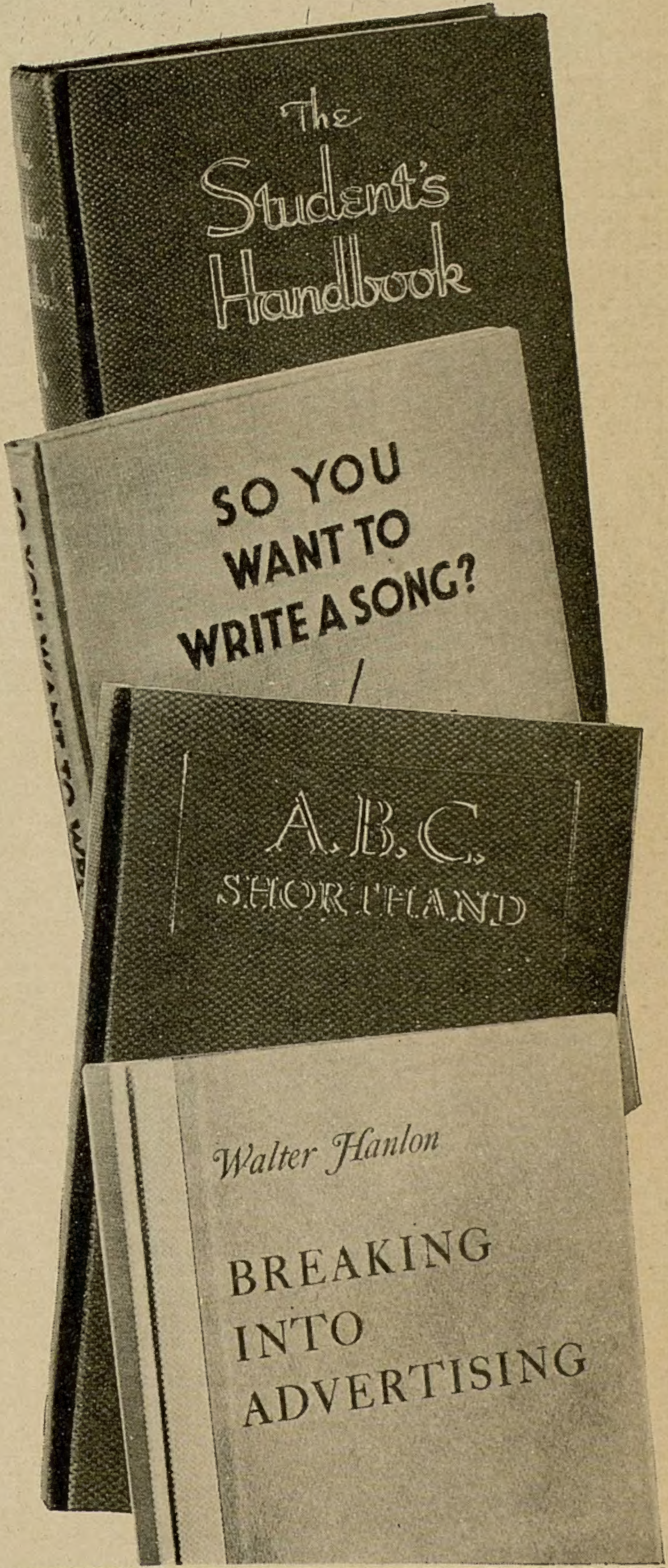

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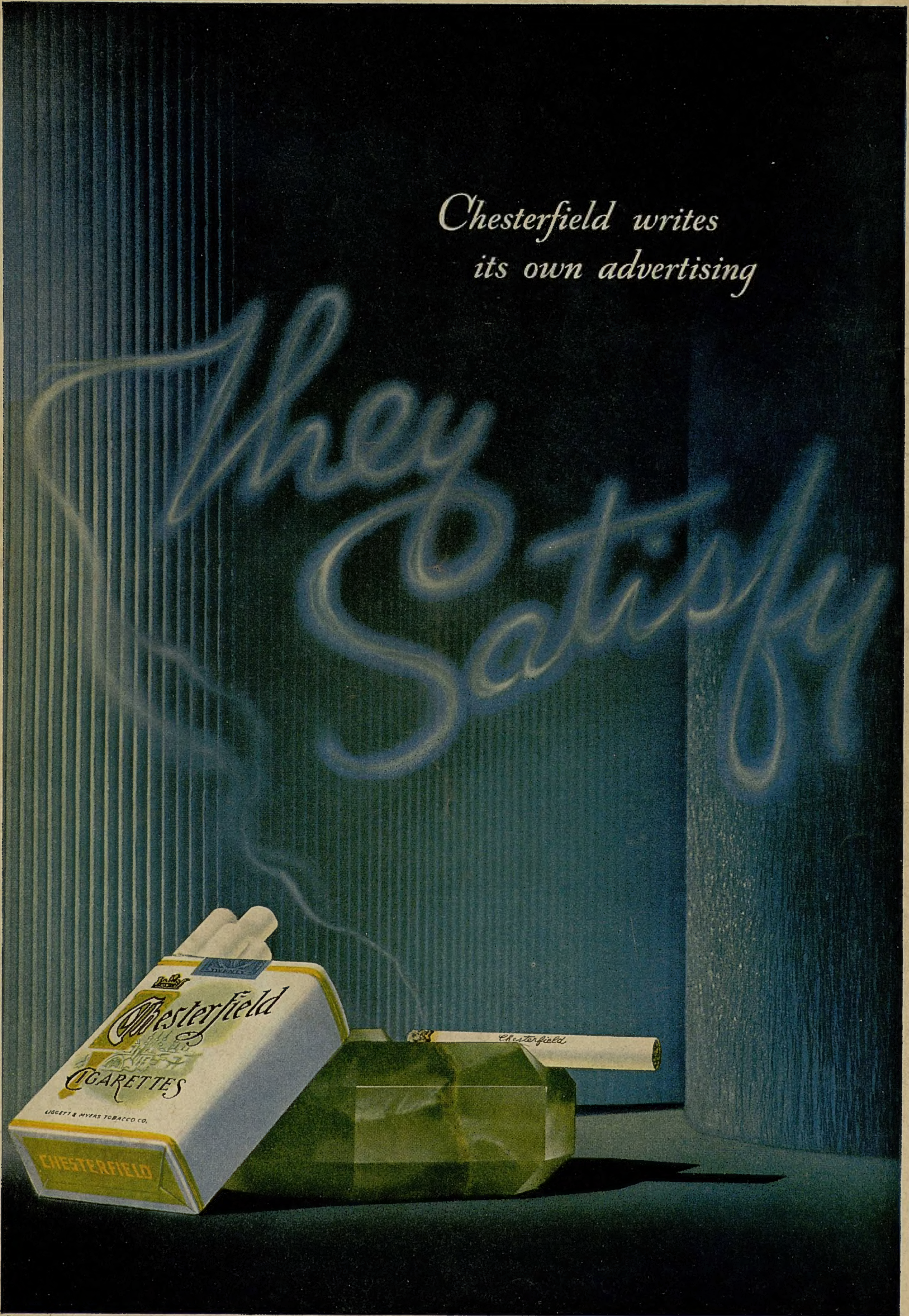
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